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LIFE OF COWPER.*

In the present day, when the highest honours are too often bestowed upon departed genius, without sufficiently regarding the good or evil influence it may have exercised upon the public mind, and when the adornments of art and the labours of criticism are lavished upon the illustration of a text, oftentimes decidedly immoral, and scarcely ever devoted to the advancement of right or religious principles, at this time especially, we are bound to welcome every attempt to diffuse more generally the names and works of those men, who, considering their talents only entrusted to them for the benefit and moral improvement of their fellow-creatures, were unceasingly lifting up their voices in the cause of piety and virtue. We are therefore thankful to Mr. Taylor for affording us, in his Life of Cowper, an opportunity of cherishing, both in our own hearts, and in the hearts of our readers, the remembrance of one, whose meekness and singleness of mind entitle him to our admiration, not less than his poetry and his griefs endear him to our affections.

One of the earliest shocks sustained by the delicate spirit of Cowper was the loss of his mother, who died when he was only six years old. A very delightful essay might be written upon the attachment of literary men to their mothers. Our early and recent history is full of examples. Sir Fulk Greville has recorded "the ingenious sensibleness" of Sir Philip Sidney's parent, who chose to hide herself from the eyes of a "delicate time," and devote her days to the education of her children, and if it had not been for the watchful interest of his mother, one of the most gifted and unfortunate of the sons of genius, might, in our own day, have been a butcher or hosier at Nottingham.

How deep a sensation the death of his mother produced upon the mind of Cowper, may be conceived from those exquisite verses, composed more than fifty years after the event, upon receiving her portrait from his cousin, Anne Bodham;—verses, the most pathetic, perhaps, in our language, and which seem to have been written, as they must ever be read, with eyes full of tears. Not content with eulogizing her virtues in poetry, he made her

picture the subject of melancholy thought in the letters he addressed, at that time, to Lady Hesketh, Mrs. King, and Mr. Johnson. We think this incident in the infant life of Cowper deserving of particular notice. He was sent soon after to large school, according to Hayley, at Market Street, in Hertfordshire, although Cowper says, in the memoir of his own life, that his first school was in Bedfordshire. The melancholy sufferings he underwent are well known; his gentle and almost feminine spirit was ill fitted to carry him through a large school. He became the victim of a petty tyrant, who subjected him to the most humiliating inflictions of his cruelty. Cowper continued at this place until he had reached his eighth year, and the manner in which he received his first religious impressions is so indicative of his excited and imaginative temperament, that we will give the account of it in his touching words.—"One day, as I was sitting alone, upon a bench in the school, melancholy and almost ready to weep, at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, these words of the Psalmist came into my mind, 'I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me.' I applied this unto my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced Christian. Instantly I perceived in myself a briskness and cheerfulness of spirit which I had never before experienced, and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity." To none but a boy of a very extraordinary mind would such feelings as these have suggested themselves. The susceptibility which had already been the cause of so much unhappiness to Cowper at Market Street, contributed towards making him wretched at Westminster, where he was now removed. There can be no doubt that the miseries of his after life were considerably increased, perhaps in some measure originated, by the nervous timidity which his youthful sorrows had nourished and given birth to. The impression left by them upon his mind was never erased, and in the *Tyrocinium* he gave utterance to his sentiments.

While we cannot but regret the plan of education adopted towards Cowper, we wish to be understood as by no means imputing the consequences which resulted from it to the system of public instruction. Our youthful prejudices, indeed, are all enlisted in its favour; it

* The Life of William Cowper, Esq., compiled from his Correspondence and other Authentic Sources of Information. By Thomas Taylor London, 1832.

has its evils, but it still possesses a compensating number of advantages. There is an ancestral dignity about Eton and Winchester, and similar establishments, which imparts a peculiar feeling to the student. His love of fame and virtue is excited by the remembrances living in every old form around him. The writer of this article can say for himself, that he never sat down in that venerable hall, upon whose walls the names of Bennet, of Jones, and of Byron were graven, without feeling all the powers of his understanding deeply excited.

Cowper left Westminster in his eighteenth year, and although he cannot be said to have had any very vivid ideas of the Divine Revelation, his heart was soon open to receive religious consolation. This is proved by his conduct at Market Street and Westminster.—When Dr. Nicholls, the head master, was preparing his pupils for confirmation, Cowper was much affected both by his manner and exhortation. He now for the first time, says Mr. Taylor, attempted prayer in secret, but being little accustomed to that exercise of the heart, and having very childish notions of religion, he found it a difficult and painful task, and was even then alarmed at his own insensibility. We have marked the last remark in italics for the purpose of contrasting it with the following observations of Mr. Taylor in the same page. "Such was the character of young Cowper in his eighteenth year, when he left Westminster School—notwithstanding his previous serious impressions, he seems not to have had any more knowledge of the nature of religion, nor even to have discovered any more concern about it, than many other individuals have been known to feel at an early age, who have never afterwards given it any attention."

We know Cowper to have been a most relentless judge, in later times, of his youthful negligence with regard to religion, and Mr. Taylor may be borne out to a certain degree in what he states. But the fact of a schoolboy being *alarmed at his own insensibility* in prayer, is a most powerful evidence of a mind deeply affected by religious truth; and however the impression might have been afterwards weakened, we do not think it was ever obliterated.

If the plan of education had been unwisely chosen, the profession of the law, for which Cowper's father designed him, was selected with equal want of judgment. His habitual shyness, united to a peculiar sensitiveness of temperament, totally unfitted him for an occupation requiring qualities exactly the contrary. His literary life commenced with his residence in the Temple, in 1752, when he was in his twenty-first year. His efforts were, however, chiefly confined to translations from the ancient and modern poets, and an occasional contribution to a periodical of that day, called *The Connoisseur*. In Mr. Duncombe's *Horace*, pub-

lished in 1759, two of the satires were rendered by Cowper.

He had not been settled long in the Temple, when, according to his own account, he was seized "with such a dejection of spirits as none but those who have felt the same can have the least conception of." He lay down at night in horror, and arose in the morning in despair. His former studies lost their charm, and even his favourite classics could not gain his attention. Some accident at length presented him with Herbert's poems. "This was the only author," he says, "I had any delight in reading. I pored over him all day long; and though I found not in his work what I might have found—a cure for my malady, yet my mind never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading it." Cowper continued the study of these poems until advised by a relative to lay them aside as more "likely to nourish his disorder than to remove it."

We could name many works more adapted to the wants of a person labouring under acute mental depression than Herbert's poems; but a pretty intimate acquaintance with their style enables us to acquit them of any disposition to nourish such a disorder rather than remove it. Herbert is not a melancholy writer; to employ one of his quaint but expressive images, he puts blood into the pale cheeks of death, and teaches us to look upon it as a friend rather than a foe. His piety, too, is always simple and unbogged, and in places where he allows his heart to speak unfettered by the mannerisms and pedantry of the age, his poetry is full of soft and expressive melody. But to return to Cowper. He continued in this deplorable condition for a twelvemonth, when having experienced, he says, the inefficacy of all human means, he at length betook himself to God in prayer; he composed a set of prayers and made frequent use of them. Change of scene having been recommended, he went to Southampton with some friends, and it was at a place called Freemantle, about a mile from the town, that he was one evening visited by an extraordinary power which seemed at once to remove all mourning from his heart. Cowper at first considered the sudden alteration in his feelings to be the effect of a miracle, and his subsequent reference of it to the change of scene and the variety of the place, he attributed to the instigation of Satan. This is another instance of the extraordinary feelings of Cowper. There was surely nothing very impious in supposing the beauty of the weather and the sublimity and serenity of the scene around, to have been instrumental in clearing away the gloom which brooded over his thoughts. To one, indeed, who believes the very air we breathe to be full of the melody of the Omnipresent Spirit, such a belief is perfectly natural. Cowper thought and felt otherwise, and the issue was deplorable. The blessing was of truth converted into a poison, and when he returned to London he burnt his

prayers, and lost at the same moment his thoughts of devotion and of dependence upon God. Such, at least, are his own affecting words. The death of his father, in 1756, aroused him from his lethargy of despair, and by the kindness of a friend he obtained the appointment of reading clerk in the House of Lords. He was now in his thirty-first year, and his anticipated union with his amiable and accomplished cousin promised him a life of happiness. But in Cowper the seeds of misery were early sown and nurtured. His nervous timidity had grown with his growth and strengthened with his years. The mere idea of appearing at the bar of the House of Lords in his official capacity overwhelmed him with alarm. His conduct at this time really seems to verify the character of himself so playfully drawn in a letter to Lady Hesketh, where he says that though not a fool, he had more weakness than the greatest of all fools. After a painful struggle with contending passions he resigned the office and received the clerkship of the journals in its stead. The event proved how lamentable was the exchange. His friend's right of appointment was called in question, and Cowper was desired to prepare himself for examination in the House of Lords. The dreadful issue of the mental agony which he underwent was near at hand. When the day of trial arrived, even his most anxious friends coincided in the propriety of his resigning the appointment. By this occurrence all Cowper's prospects in life were entirely destroyed, and we think in the obstacle it presented to his union with his cousin, to whom he was most warmly attached, may be found one of the great causes of his future misery.

Mr. Taylor very properly argues that the malady which now obscured the poet's understanding can in no way be said to have originated with religion. His recent struggles had reduced his mind to a state of weakness perfectly pitiable. When, therefore, the conviction of his unworthy state pressed suddenly upon him, the effect was as terrible as it was instantaneous. The moment he began to feel acutely that he had lived without God in the world, his sins, both real and imaginary, rose up in array against him. He has left us a record of his sufferings, and they were such as would have drawn blood from any soul. The Sword of the Spirit seemed to guard the Tree of Life from his touch. In every volume he opened he found something that struck him to the heart; even the parable of the barren fig-tree he applied to his own case with a strong persuasion that it was a curse pronounced upon him by the Saviour; and to complete this catalogue of horrors, he was tormented with a fear of immediate judgment.

Mr. James Montgomery, in some remarks upon a subsequent attack of Cowper's malady, has shown very clearly that these delusions were generated in his own distempered mind.

"With regard to Cowper's malady," he says,

"there scarcely needs any other proof that it was not occasioned by his religion than this, that the error on which he stumbled was in direct contradiction to his creed. He believed that he had been predestinated to life, yet under his delusion imagined that God, who cannot lie, repent or change, had in his sole instance, and in one moment, reversed his own decree which had been in force from all eternity. At the same time, by a perversion of the purest principles of Christian obedience, he was so submissive to what he erroneously supposed the will of God, that, to have saved himself from the very destruction which he dreaded, he would not avail himself of any of the means of grace, even presuming they might have been efficacious, because he believed they were forbidden to him."

Among the diseases to which the human eye is subject, is one which has the effect of presenting every object under an aspect totally different from that properly belonging to it; in the case of Cowper the eyes of the understanding appear to have been visited with a like affliction; all the gentle mercies and long suffering kindness of the gospel were unobserved, and one fearful sentence was alone distinctly visible, written in characters of fire—his own heinous sin and the horrors of immediate judgment.

On the 7th of December, 1763, Cowper was removed to St. Alban's and placed under the care of Dr. Cotton, the friend of Young, and peculiarly fitted, by the meekness of his heart and his elegant and polished taste, to minister to the sick mind of the poet. Cowper's torments for some time rather increased than diminished. He beheld every thing through the most exaggerated medium—his recovery was almost miraculous. The cloud of horrors which had in his own words so long hung over his mind, began rapidly to flee away, and the year he passed with Dr. Cotton, after his restoration to mental health, appears to have been one of the most peaceful seasons in his life. At this time he composed two hymns, which he styled specimens of his first Christian thoughts. We cannot refrain from quoting the following verses from that entitled *Retirement*. The storm and the clouds were passed away, and the sweet song of peace was alone heard in his heart.

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

"There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

"There like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness for her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

Cowper removed to Huntingdon in June, 1765, and it is delightful to read his accounts

of the uninterrupted happiness he enjoyed, in his letters to Lady Hesketh and Mrs. Cowper. "As to my personal condition," he assures them, "I am much happier than the day is long; *sunshine and candlelight see me perfectly contented.*" Persons accustomed to read the life of Cowper, unassisted by the perusal of his numerous letters, are apt to forget that his gloom was broken by these pleasant intervals. His residence at Huntingdon terminated soon after the death of Mr. Unwin, and his removal to Olney followed. During the earlier period of his abode in that place, the majority of his hymns were composed. These sacred songs, which have carried hope and consolation into so many dwellings, have been often praised, and by none with more truth and elegance than James Montgomery, a poet resembling Cowper not more in the purity and sweetness of his verse, than in the simple and fervid piety of his life. Viewed only in the light of poetical compositions, the hymns are not entitled to a distinguished rank; they possess little, if any, of that rich imagery which flows like a stream of gold through some of our religious poetry. They have neither the eccentric boldness or grandeur of Quarles, nor the sweet and picturesque fancy, recommended by the most heart-rending pathos, which we meet with in the enthusiastic lays of Crashaw. Perhaps the whole range of our poetry does not contain a composition which so completely paralyses the soul with fear and trembling as the *Dies Irae* of that writer. But the hymns of Cowper have a merit peculiarly their own and resulting from the circumstances under which they were written. They are in fact communings with his own heart, and therefore especially applicable to the alleviation of the common sorrows and troubles of life; they afford faith to the doubting, hope to the desponding, and strength to the tempted. The hymn beginning "God moves in a mysterious way," can never be read without sensations of the most profound awe; it was composed during a lonely walk in the fields at Olney, and as Montgomery has beautifully said, in the twilight of departing reason. Several circumstances may have combined to bring on that second and more dreadful visitation which attacked Cowper in 1773. It is a singular fact, that after his settlement at Olney, his correspondence became less frequent than formerly. This change, owing perhaps to his constant intercourse with Mr. Newton, is we think to be lamented—it deprived him of the advantages his feelings always derived from pleasant and affectionate society—for his letters are the most conversational we have ever read—and threw him too much back upon his own reflections. The loss of a brother, whom he dearly loved, also wounded his heart severely. In adopting, with certain restrictions, Mr. Hayley's opinion of the misery frequently seen to result from "a wild extravagance of devotion," we trust that our meaning will not be misun-

derstood. Cowper's intimacy with Mr. Newton was so close, that "they were seldom seen walking hours apart from each other." It might have been wished that this intercourse had been a little varied by lighter and equally innocent companionship. But an allusion to this subject is sufficient, and we are anxious to pass over the long period of five years during which this most interesting of mourners pined under the weight of anguish unalleviated by the slightest consolation. The unwearying care and solicitude with which his tender nurse, Mrs. Unwin, watched over him throughout his protracted illness, have won her a place by the poet's side in all our bosoms. We are also indebted to her advice for the poems which soon after made their appearance.

It has been remarked that the poems of Cowper were, with few exceptions, written at the request of friends. He composed his hymns to please Mr. Newton; translated the songs of Madame Guyon to oblige Mr. Bull and wrote his Table Talk, Truth, &c. to gratify Mrs. Unwin. His great work, the *Task*, was undertaken entirely at the desire of Lady Austen, and to her suggestion we are to attribute the most celebrated of modern ballads, John Gilpin. His version of Homer was alone the fruit of his uninfluenced choice.

The composition of Table Talk and the Progress of Error furnished him with employment during the winter months. It is not easy to discover in these poems any traces of that morbid depression from which the poet was not then entirely relieved. He found poetry the most effectual opiate of his distress. "When I am in pursuit of pretty images," he writes to Mr. Newton, "or pretty way of expressing them, I forget every thing that is irksome, and like a boy that plays truant, determine to avail myself of the present opportunity to be amused, and to put by the disagreeable reflection that I must after all go home and be whipt again." The chief merits of Table Talk consist in the vivacity and playfulness of the dialogue. The thoughts generally flow in an easy and simple manner, but occasionally the versification assumes a bolder tone, and rolls along with that steady and swanlike course which the bard expressed himself anxious to obtain. Take the beautiful character of Lord Chatham for an example.

"Not so—the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Demothenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She clothed him with authority, and awe
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face.
He stood, as some imitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave, that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;

And every venal stickler for the yoke
Felt himself crush'd at the first word he spoke."

The excellent observation which concludes the poem deserves a cordial approval from every well regulated mind; if genius is to be a sufficient indemnification to its possessor for his contempt of morality and religion—though “Butler's Wit, Pope's Numbers, Prior's Ease,” be combined to ornament every line—we agree with the Christian poet in considering “one madrigal” of Sternhold and Hopkins, one aspiration of a lowly, humble and contrite heart, to be worth them all.

The *Progress of Error* is for the most part weakly written, and the satire of the author sometimes degenerates into caricature. Occidimes, we suspect, never existed as “a pastor of renown” any where save in the writer's imagination, and the characters of Clodius and Gorgonius might have been omitted with advantage. In other parts he is more successful; his apostrophe to Lord Chesterfield, as the modern Petronius, and his attack upon the pandering romance-writers of his day are admirable. We may point out the following exquisite couplet, where the reiteration is peculiarly sweet; he is speaking of music.

“Hark! how it floats upon the dewy air,
Oh, what a dying, dying close was there.”

And the manner in which he ridicules the common idea of supposing the careless trifling away of our time innocent—

“Innocent! oh, if *venerable Time,*
Slain at the foot of Pleasure be no crime.”

The *Progress of Error* was followed by *Truth*, which was composed, we learn, from a letter addressed to Mr. Unwin, soon after its publication, on purpose to inculcate the eleemosynary character of the gospel as a dispensation of mercy in the most absolute sense of the word, to the exclusion of all claims of merit on the part of the receiver; consequently to set the brand of invalidity upon the plea of works.

The volume containing these poems, with some others, appeared in the spring of 1782, and was at first rather coldly received, notwithstanding the care the poet had taken to rub, as he expressed it, the public guns with a coral, recommended by the tinkling of all the bells he could contrive to annex to it.

The acquaintance Cowper made with Lady Austen in the autumn of 1781, was a source of great delight to him, and the happy influences of it are discoverable in his letters. The lady appears, indeed, to have been endowed with every quality necessary to render her company acceptable to the poet. To lively and prepossessing manners were added a cultivated mind and a still rarer and more precious sensibility. The tears, says Cowper, started into her eyes at the recollection of the smallest service. Her conversational powers and her musical talents were equally devoted to his

amusement, and with the most gratifying results. We have already alluded to the accidental occurrence which gave rise to the *Task*, a poem embracing almost every variety of style, both serious and humorous. But it possesses, independent of its poetical merits, a particular interest from the incidental notices scattered through it of the writer's manner of life and occupation. It is in fact the autobiography of the poet, and on that account is read with the same delight with which we peruse the Confessions of Rousseau and the Essays of Montague, except that it is alike free from the affectation of the first and the coarseness of the second. The *Task*, like the Angler of Isaac Walton, immediately enlists the sympathies of the reader in the cause of the writer. We never weary of Walton's company, but “stretch our legs up Tottenham Hill,” and drink “a civil cup” at the Thatched House, and sit down with him after a day's sport under the beech tree close “by the primrose hill,” and finally part from him in sorrow, and long for “the 9th of May,” when we may enjoy his society again—and so it is with Cowper in the *Task*; he takes the reader by the hand, as it were, and leads him into the scenes of his youthful days, when he loved

“ . . . the rural walk, thro' lanes [sheep
Of grassy swath, close cropp'd by nibbling
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs.”

The reader, perhaps, can remember, as well as the poet,—

“How oft, the slice of pocket store consumed”—
he fed—

“On scarlet hips and stony haws,
On blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or shoes austere.”

The first book of the *Task* abounds in the most beautiful pictures of nature. The traveller with the poem in his hand may trace out every haunt commemorated by the poet, He may find the cottage

“Perched upon the green hill's top, but close
Environs'd with a ring of branching elms,
That overhang the thatch,”

and then descending over the rustic bridge, he mounts again, “ankle deep in moss and flowery thyme,” until he reaches the summit. Thomson has not surpassed the landscape which Cowper has drawn of the view from this eminence—every rural sound seems to have an echo, and every tint upon the trees a colour in his verse. The willow with its silver-lined leaf, the deeper green of the elm, and the dark glossy foliage of the oak, are all distinctly marked. We think the *Sofa* bears internal evidence of having been written when the spirits of the author were more than usually exhilarated. It has been the custom of many critics to denounce Cowper's elaborated descriptions of nature, and to compare them with

the more rapid touches of Burns. Admitting for a moment the validity of the criticism, the cause of the difference may be given in Cowper's beautiful words in a letter to Mr. Hill. After observing that the winter season, which generally destroys the flowers of poetry, unfolds his, he continues, "In this respect, therefore, I and my contemporary bards are by no means upon a par. They write when the delightful influences of fine weather, fine prospects, and a brisk motion of the animal spirits make poetry almost the language of nature; and I when icicles depend from all the leaves of the Parnassian laurel, and when a reasonable man would as little expect to succeed in verse as to hear a black-bird whistle."

Poetry, therefore, which was natural in Burns, was an acquirement in Cowper. It was to one the language in which the healthful joy of his heart found utterance, and to the other an instrument of amusement and occupation, to the expulsion of less pleasing reflections. The majority of Burns's poems were composed in the open air—some of the most exquisite, when holding the plough—joy came to him of its own accord; but it had to be allure to the fireside of the melancholy Cowper.

It may be worth while to illustrate our remarks by a passage from each writer. The following address to Evening from the *Task* will answer our purpose—

"Come, Evening, once again season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron steps slow moving, while the
Night [ploy'd
Treads on thy sleeping train; one hand em-
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day;
Not sumptuously adorned, not needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems;
A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
Suffices thee: save that the moon is thine
No less than her's, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come, then, and thou shalt find thy votary
calm,
Or make me so."—*Book iv.* p. 106.

Now contrast this passage with two stanzas from the *Birks of Aberfeldy*.

"Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

"While o'er their heads the hazel's spring,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy."

These verses were composed by Burns while standing under the falls of Aberfeldy

near Moness, and they are warm with the sunshine of a glad and cheerful heart. We differ, however, entirely from the judgment which awards the meed of superior excellence to the pictures of the Scottish bard, and think the invocation to Evening which we have quoted, far more impressively picturesque than any passage of a similar nature to be found in his works. It breathes a grand and sombre solemnity, reminding us of the pathetic prayer to Sleep in the *Oréster* of Euripides.

But dismissing all argument upon the comparative merits of Cowper and Burns, as painters of nature, we are certain that even the most cursory examination of the *Task* will convince the reader, that the delicate organs both of sight and hearing were never in the most celebrated painters or poets more exquisitely modulated than in the bard of Olney. To begin with a domestic image, every student will recognize in

"The glowing hearth
With faint illumination that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits,
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame,"

the strange productions of his own "parlour twilight."

If the reader be partial to winter walks in the woods, he has probably heard the red-breast flitting from tree to tree, and wherever it rests shaking

"From many a twig the pendant drops of ice
That tinkle in the withered leaves below,"

and his wanderings in the early spring mornings must have led him sometimes to those green and silent

"Lanes in which the primrose ere her time
*Peeps through the moss that clothes the haw-
thorn root;*"

or perhaps in the evening, when he has been waiting in the thick copse, and scarcely venturing to move, lest he should disturb the nightingale, he may have seen

"The moonbeam sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves,"

and giving the birds all the light they desired for their music. The number of these exquisite pictures may easily be increased, but we will rest satisfied with defying the most ardent admirer of Burns or any other poet to adduce images of greater delicacy and beauty than those we have given. Cowper possessed also in a very eminent degree that power of portraying the habits of the poor which has rendered Crabb's poetry so celebrated. We can only afford space to the following specimen of "the taper soon extinguished," which he saw

"Dangled along at the cold finger's end,
Just when the day declined."

In the second book the author becomes almost entirely didactic, his object having been

in the first "to allure the reader by characters, by scenery, by imagery, and such poetical embellishments, to the reading of what may profit him." There can be no doubt that he was only deterred by the fear of disgusting the idle reader, from making his compositions entirely and exclusively religious—a sort of exhortation in metre. He declares that he was "compelled and scourged" into the composition of verse, and that if he could have made his own choice, or if he were even permitted to do it then, those hours which he spent in poetry he would devote to God. These expressions in a letter to Mr. Newton in 1786, after the completion of the *Task*, which was published in the summer of 1785. We would gladly proceed in the analysis of the beauty of the *Task*, if our limits did not warn us to forbear.

The close of the year 1784 was rendered gloomy to Cowper by the loss of Lady Austen's society.

"Some of his biographers," says Mr. Taylor, "have unjustly and without the slightest foundation, attempted to cast considerable odium upon the character of Mrs. Unwin for her conduct in this affair, as if all the blame of Cowper's separation from Lady Austen were to be laid at her door. One has even gone so far as to state that her mind was of such a sombre hue, that it rather tended to foster than to dissipate Cowper's melancholy. . . . The fact is, that Cowper never felt any other attachment to either of these ladies than that of pure friendship, and much as he valued the society of Lady Austen, when he found it necessary for his own peace to choose which he should please to retain, he could not hesitate for a moment to prefer the individual who had watched over him with so much tenderness, and probably to the injury of her own health. The whole of his conduct in this affair, and indeed the manner in which he has everywhere spoken of his faithful inmate, proves this indubitably."

Without attempting to decide whether Mrs. Unwin was in fault or not, one thing is quite evident, notwithstanding the negative of Mr. Taylor, that Cowper's separation from Lady Austen was attributable in some measure to her. The probable solution of the mystery is, that Mrs. Unwin viewed with a jealous eye the superior influence exercised over Cowper by their accomplished visitor, and by her consequent dissatisfaction reduced him to the alternative we have mentioned. Mr. Hayley has glossed over this untoward event, but it is clear, from the terms in which Lady Austen spoke to him of the farewell letter written to her by Cowper, that she considered herself the aggrieved party; at any rate the irritation of her feelings, which induced her to burn the letter, has precluded the possibility of obtaining a clear elucidation. Certain it is they parted to meet no more.

Lady Austen was subsequently married to a Mons. de Tardif, a French gentleman of

poetical talents, and died at Paris on the 12th of August, 1802, somewhat more than two years after Cowper.

After the completion of the *Task*, Cowper began to discover that a constant succession of employment was essential to his well being, and he accordingly commenced the most arduous of all his works, the translation of Homer. How deeply his mind was occupied with the adequate performance of this voluntarily undertaken engagement, may be learnt from his correspondence, which for several years after abounds with pleasing anecdotes of his progress. We almost see him now, "as soon as breakfast is over," retiring to the "nutshell of a summer house," crowded "with pinks, roses, and honeysuckle," and lined with "garden mats, and furnished with a table and two chairs," where he remained seldom less than three hours, and often more.

The peculiar tone of the poet's character is shown even in the manner in which he mentions the translation to his friend Mr. Newton. I am inclined to think, he says, that it has a tendency to which I myself am at present a perfect stranger; and in 1791, when the translation was completed, he observed to Mr. Newton, that he thought any person of a spiritual turn may read Homer with advantage. It is probable that unless Cowper had been actuated by some such belief, he would not have persevered with such unremitting patience in the toil, for his idea of the responsibility attendant upon the composition of a book was awful in the extreme. What we have done, he said, when we have written a book, will never be known till the day of judgment.

That Cowper entertained a very just conception of what a translation ought to be, is evident from the letter he addressed to Hayley in 1794, in reply to some observations upon a disputed passage in his *Homer*. We have another reason, besides its critical merit, in making the following extract from this letter; it was nearly the last he wrote to Hayley, and with very few exceptions the last he ever wrote at all.

"Imlac, in *Rasselas*, says—I forget to whom—'You have convinced me that it is impossible to be a poet.' In like manner I might say to his lordship, you have convinced me that it is impossible to be a translator. On his terms I would defy Homer himself, were he alive, to translate the *Paradise Lost* into Greek. Yet Milton had Homer much in his eye when he composed that poem. Whereas Homer never thought of me or my translation. There are minutiæ in every language, which, translated into another, would spoil the version. Such extreme fidelity is, in fact, unfaithful. Such close resemblance takes away all likeness. The original is elegant, easy, natural; the copy is clumsy, constrained, unnatural. To what is this owing? To the adoption of terms not congenial to your purpose, and of a context such as no man writing an original would make use of. Homer is everything that a poet should be. A

translation so made of him will be everything that a translation of Homer should not be. Because it will be written in no language under heaven. It will be English and it will be Greek, and therefore it will be neither. He is the man, whoever he may be, (I do not pretend to be that man myself,) he is the man best qualified as the translator of Homer who has drenched, and steeped, and soaked himself in the effusions of his genius, till he has imbibed their colour to the bone, and who, when he is thus dyed through and through, distinguishing what is essentially Greek from what may be habited in English, rejects the former and is faithful to the latter, as far as the purposes of fine poetry will permit, and no farther; this, I think, may be easily proved. Homer is everywhere remarkable for ease, dignity, energy of expression, grandeur of conception, and a majestic flow of numbers. If we copy him so closely as to make every one of these excellent properties of his absolutely unattainable, which will certainly be the effect of too close a copy, instead of translating, we murder him. Therefore, after all his lordship has said, I still hold freedom indispensable. Freedom, I mean, with respect to the expression; freedom so limited, as never to leave behind the *matter*, but at the same time indulged with a sufficient scope to secure the spirit, and as much as possible of the manner; I say as much as possible, because an English manner must differ from a Greek one, in order to be graceful, and for this there is no remedy. Can an ungraceful awkward translator of Homer be a good one? No! but a graceful, easy, natural, faithful version of him—will not that be a good one? Yes; allow to me but this, and I insist upon it that such a one may be produced upon my principles, and can be produced on no other."

The translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which occupied him five years, was published in two quarto volumes in 1791. It has never obtained a popularity equal to that of Pope, which is indebted for much of its general acceptance to the circumstance of its being rather an English poem than a Grecian. It has not a look of antiquity about it, and the heroes walk about frequently with an air more resembling the court of queen Anne, than of Priam or Agamemnon. At a more convenient season we may probably offer our readers a few remarks upon the comparative merits of the English and other versions of these old Asiatic stories. Italy especially has been frequent in her attempts to render the tale of Troy into her own language.

We pass on rapidly to the latter days of Cowper. In the November of 1793, Hayley paid a second visit to Weston, where he found his friend in apparent health, and enlivened by the society of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Rose, who had arrived from Althorpe, the seat of Earl Spencer, with an invitation to Cowper to meet Gibbon at that place. Although the poet was then in the possession of all his faculties, Mr. Hayley discovered something in his appearance which inclined him to form melancholy forebodings of the future. His situation was

rapidly becoming dreadful in the extreme. The spectacle of Mrs. Unwin, reduced to a state of the most deplorable imbecility, was of itself sufficient to agitate his heart beyond endurance. But her afflictions rather increased than diminished his love, and one of the tenderest poems in this or in any language was composed by him at this time, in token of his unabated attachment. The threads of his "Mary" had indeed wound themselves round his heart.

After various ineffectual changes of place, towards the close of October, 1796, it was thought desirable to remove Cowper and his afflicted companion to Mr. Johnson's house at East Dereham. Three years ago we availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded by a residence in the neighbourhood to make a long-purposed visit to the grave of Cowper. Dereham, our readers are aware, is a town in Norfolk, and remarkable for little save the memory of him who has made it almost sacred ground. We were not aware when we arrived, that Sarah Kerrison, the faithful servant who attended Cowper and Mrs. Unwin during their last years, was then living in the place; but we eagerly sought her out when we had acquired the pleasing intelligence. The cottage in which this faithful domestic resided is situated at the end of the principal street, and presented something of a poetical appearance in the beautiful flowers with which it was ornamented. We shall not soon forget the hours we passed in listening to every trait of the departed poet.

The tears came into our eyes when we thought of his daily visits to the bedside of poor Mrs. Unwin, where he sat folded up in the curtain—the most afflicted of mourners weeping by the most pitiable of sufferers! His first question to Sarah Kerrison in the morning was always to this effect—"Sally, is there life above stairs?"—an inquiry rendered still more affecting by the plaintive tone in which it was uttered. After the decease of Mrs. Unwin, he beheld the corpse, and having gazed upon it for a few moments, uttered a cry of deep and passionate grief, and burst away from the sight. From that day he was never heard to mention her name; but so anxious were his friends to keep his mind from brooding over her whom he had lost that, if we remember aright, some time elapsed before Mrs. Kerrison appeared in his presence in mourning. These precautions proved unnecessary, for he never after referred to the event—a most striking proof indeed, as Mr. Taylor remarks, of the intense anguish of his own sufferings. With an affectionate zeal beyond all praise, Mr. Johnson devoted his time and studies to the amelioration of his relation's miseries. He had the satisfaction of seeing his endeavours sometimes crowned with partial success. Cowper was continually haunted by the fear of accidents befalling him, which were generated by his troubled imagination. He used frequently to express a doubt to Mrs. Kerrison

whether she would find him there in the morning. Mr. Johnson relates a pathetic anecdote, which illustrates this singular delusion. One morning, after breakfast, he placed on the table Villoison, Barnes and Clarke, opening them all, together with the poet's translation, at the place where he had left off a twelvemonth before, but talking with him, as he paced the room, upon the ideas that distressed him, when Cowper said to him—"And are you sure that I shall be here till the book you are reading is finished?" Upon his kinsman assuring him that he would, and pointing out the books, he took up one of them, saying—"I may as well do this for I can do nothing else." The last of Cowper's original compositions was *The Cast Away*, a poem founded on an incident in Anson's voyage, but principally remarkable for the allusion it contains to his own condition. This was the last gleam of that pure fire which was soon to be extinguished for ever in this world! Mr. Taylor has described the last days of the poet with much simplicity and feeling. Most sincerely do we wish that the cloud of delusion might have been chased away from his soul ere he was taken hence. But it was not. So serene and peaceful was his death, that its precise moment was unobserved by those who stood at the foot of his bed. Thus beautifully did the christian poet fall asleep; a slumber only to be broken by the dawn of Paradise and the voices of those whom he loved, and whom we may believe, without presumption, that he met in a land where all tears were wiped away from their eyes.

Although Cowper had resided some years at Dereham, so great was his unwillingness to meet the public observation, that he could never be prevailed on to take his airings in any but the most secluded lanes, and if he thought himself observed, he not unfrequently covered up his face with his hands. To such a painful power had his nervous shyness attained. His personal appearance was therefore scarcely known in the town where he died, and few of its inhabitants can say that they were acquainted with the outward lineaments of the poet. We believe he never attended divine service during the latter years of his life; his reply to any request to that effect invariably being, that he was not worthy.

Cowper was buried in that part of Dereham Church called St. Edmund's Chapel, on Saturday, the 2d of May, 1800. Having died without a will, his affectionate relation, Lady Hesketh, readily became his executrix, and erected a tablet to his memory, the inscription upon which was written by Hayley. The monument is very simple, as becomes the meekness of him whom it commemorates. It consists of a slab of white marble, with *The Task* placed by the side of the Bible, and overhung by a branch of laurel. Underneath are two tablets; the one on the left to the memory of Mary Unwin, and the other on the right in remembrance of Miss Margaret

Perowne, whose sisterly watching of the poet in his last and protracted sickness entitles her to this communion with his name. It was on a delicious summer evening that we made the sketch of the monument of which we have given a brief description, and we yielded to the pleasing fancy, as the sunlight played over that memorial of death, that the poet himself might not be unconscious of the humble aspirations of our heart before it—a belief in some measure countenanced by the poet himself in several of his letters, where he alludes to the probable happiness of the blessed.

We have already commented in passing upon some of the poetical works of Cowper, and we have only space to add a few general remarks.

The admirers of Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge, do not, we suspect, always bear in mind that to Cowper these great poets were indebted for their style, and frequently for their manner. Of the three, Wordsworth presents the most striking resemblance to his master; he looks out upon nature with the same mild and unfevered eye that dwells with equal rapture upon the most lowly and the most sublime objects; upon the eternal hills which lose their heads in the clouds, and the gentle daisy blooming at his feet. But the highest praise in our power to give Cowper's poetry, is the appellation it so truly deserves of *Christian*. He never for an instant forgot the paramount importance of Religion, and looked upon his imagination only as a hand-maid who might be employed in strewing with flowers the path to the Holy Temple. In this light he considered all the embellishments of his verse,—we have, in another part of this article, shown that his own taste would have been gratified by their erasure.

Mr. Taylor has contrasted the productions of Cowper with those of Milton and Young, and he very properly concludes that from both these illustrious writers he differs essentially. Milton may be considered the bard of the Old Testament, and Cowper of the New. The moment our mind enters within the hallowed precincts of Milton's Paradise, we feel oppressed and spell-bound; we know that we tread upon holy ground. His images, too, are all reflected from the most ancient and venerable times: he startles our ears with the war-cries of barbaric legions and the unfurling of ten thousand banners upon the air. His poems are filled, moreover, with the most magnificent displays of earthly power and greatness. The gorgeousness of the Jewish polity—the picturesque pomp of the Roman government—the chaste and sculptured elegance of Athens, have all a place in his verse, and are continually passing before our eyes. His views of religion are rarely practical, and still seldomer experimental. He speaks of it almost constantly like a poet. Cowper, on the contrary, is rarely theoretical, but always striving to be practical. He only seeks to amuse, that he

may instruct: he explains the truths of the gospel with the plainness and dignity of a Christian minister, until the "immortal fragrance," diffused around,

"Tells us whence his treasures are supplied."

In his youth Cowper was an admirer of Cowley, or, as he calls him, the "splendid Cowley," but he imbibed none of the affected quaintness and pedantry which obscured the genius of that most idiomatic of English prose writers. We do not remember more than two or three instances of pedantry in all Cowper's works. One of these occurs in the first book of "The Task," where, after describing the life of the gypsies, he adds—

" The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawney skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim."

The construction of his versification is equally original with his style. It is no more like Milton's than it is like Young's. His pauses are regulated by no rule save his own judgment. His numbers have not the embossed richness of Milton's, or the stately flow frequently attained by Thomson; but they are full, sonorous, and purely English. He has enlarged the stock of poetical phraseology by the application of epithets hitherto confined to prose, and has consequently imparted a healthful strength, if we may so speak, to his compositions, which will preserve them for ages. But it is time to bring these observations to a conclusion, and we cannot do so better than by joining in the sentiment expressed in these lines:

"Poet and saint, to him is justly given
The two most sacred names of earth and heav'n."

We must, however, give a parting word of praise to the elegance with which Mr. Taylor's life of the poet is printed, and the good taste and piety with which it is written. A most beautiful portrait of Cowper adorns the volume.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

BERANGER.*

FRANCE has always been regarded as the classical land of the song. Besides the wit, acuteness, and extreme sensitiveness to slight impressions which distinguish her inhabitants, the cause of their eminent success in this department may perhaps be looked for in the character of their language. Deficient as it is in variety, inadequate to express with accuracy the minute shades of feeling and complicated modes of thought which more philosophical tongues are able to define, it possesses above all others the power of adapting itself to common sentiments and ordinary purposes with energetic felicity. This was probably the definition which Charles V. had in view,

if he was the author of the traditional definition of European languages which appropriates French to the object of conversation with a friend. Now the language of a song is, in fact, the same with that which is held by friends in intimate dialogue with one another. A song is the poem of society. And it has been observed, in corroboration of this estimate of the peculiar aptitude of the French tongue for this species of composition, that it has no poetical diction in the strict acceptance of the phrase. It possesses, indeed, a certain number of metaphors and images, which have been for a long time conventionally appropriated to the use of the versifier; and every peruser of French poetry has felt the wearisome effect produced by the repetition of these "phrases banalées" which so greatly disfigure the usual terseness and simplicity of the language. But these phrases are exceptions, and are immediately perceived to be such by the reader. In our language, on the contrary, (and if we had space on the present occasion we might extend the remark to others, ancient as well as modern,) the phraseology of conversation, and that dedicated to the use of the poet, are, as it were, two perfectly distinct and collateral series of expressions. Some of our modern poets have denied the correctness of this division, and have endeavoured to obliterate the line of demarcation which existed between the "sermo pedestris" and its more elevated neighbour; but their efforts, we apprehend, have produced little effect upon the general taste of the country. Our judgment is still involuntarily shocked by any undue appropriation, on the part of the poet, of those very expressions which are considered most apt and energetic in common life. We believe that a curious philologist might extend this comparison between the two tongues much farther, and show that the English habitually employ, in fact, different languages for several distinct purposes, the French nearly the same for all. We do not commonly use our written English in familiar conversation, but a sort of "lingua franca," in which the ordinary business of life is transacted by all ranks, containing a thousand ellipses and alienations, and substituting common words with a sort of conventional signification for those more classical terms which the dictionary would afford us. A long conversation might be held in English by means of the verbs "go," "get," "take," and three or four more such universal auxiliaries. Yet we should consider the use of many of these truncated phrases as inelegant, even in writing the most ordinary letter; while the language suited to the latter would be equally inapplicable to the objects of the orator or the poet. As there has been said to be, in English, a separate grammatical rule for every word, so there is a separate grammar for every species of composition. Now the French language, as we think, is much more inflexible, and admits of much less violent distortions.

* Chansons Nouvelles et Dernières de P. J. de Beranger. Dédicé à M. Lucien Bonaparte. Paris, 1833. sm. 8vo.

It has ordinarily but one word to express one thought, and that word applicable alike in dialogue, in correspondence, in philosophy, in poetry. Still less does it bend itself to the employment of grammatical or rather ungrammatical license, which can rarely be indulged in without transgressing into vulgarity.

Does not this fact explain, without the necessity of having recourse to more recondite investigations, the superior popularity of French to that of English poetry? We contend that our own bards have approached much nearer to an accurate representation of nature, both objectively and subjectively considered; that the French school has voluntarily submitted to rules which confine and main its energies; that their writers pourtray, while ours embody; that their dramatic personages are artificial, the passions of their stage rather conventional than real. And it is no small justification of our opinion, that more than half the French literary public has of late years substantially adopted the same. Yet the works of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, are the familiar reading of Frenchmen in those classes among which, in England, there prevails an almost total indifference to all our poetical literature. We cannot but apprehend that the cause of their apathy is to be found in the fact, that the language of English verse is not that of the people. It is absolutely unintelligible to them; its images are not habitual to their minds, its very words are foreign to their ears. It is the hieratic dialect of the educated classes only. In France, on the contrary, if the framework of poetry be more artificial than among ourselves, the actual speech is nearly the same with that which passes current in common society. A Frenchman in love, or a Frenchman in a passion of jealousy, may be essentially very different creatures from the Orestes and Orosmanes who strut upon the stage; but the language in which they would convey their sentiments, omitting a few bombastic phrases, would in substance be almost the same; while even of our old drama, which always has been and still remains the most popular portion of our literature among the many, how large a part is written in a tongue absolutely unknown to them! If many of the scenes of Shakspeare present us with the real image of the world in its every-day garb, there is likewise a great proportion of them written in the heroic diction of the stage, which is no more the speech of the commonality than the Hellenized phraseology of Ennius or Terence was that of the Roman populace and legions. Thus the pleasure which they experience, even from the representation of his plays upon the theatre, is but an interrupted and imperfect gratification.

In the composition of pieces which must by their nature aspire to perfect simplicity and intelligibility, such as songs, great difficulty arises to the English writer from the variety of dialects thus dedicated by usage to different

purposes. However satisfied he might be that the concise and energetic expression of a sentiment in adequate language is all that can be required of him, the stubborn principles of our taste come constantly in opposition to the desired uniformity. He cannot and must not descend to the actual language of our streets and parlours. Yet if he deviates into the heroic diction, his original object is unattainable. To combine the two without rendering the artificial juncture too apparent, is the great problem which he has to solve. And so arduous is the solution of this problem, that every one will acknowledge how far more rare and difficult an accomplishment it is to achieve, in English, a song that shall be at once popular and elegant, than to write a tolerable epic canto or dramatic scene. Who does not feel that the minstrelsy of our greatest living songwriter, exquisitely beautiful from the delicacy of its art, neither is, nor ever can be, extensively popular in the true sense of the word?

We should imagine that in the French language the chief difficulty of composition was of an entirely opposite nature. From the absence of a systematic poetical dialect, the great question which tries the skill of the writer is, how to give sufficient elevation to his strains without incurring the danger of bombast and obscurity. He will, therefore, succeed with greatest felicity where least of dignity is required. We conclude, therefore, that it is to him an easier task to compose a popular song, ballad, couplet or "romance," than to succeed in a more serious composition. Lord Byron's poet of society

"In France would write a chanson,
In England a six canto quarto tale."

This writer the most popular now living in Europe, whose volumes, with the prose of the late Paul Courier, from the common manuals of a great proportion of the youth of France, was born in Paris in the year 1780. Notwithstanding the aristocratic prefix of his name, which it has pleased his fancy to abandon of late years, and on which he has commented in his celebrated song, "Je suis vilain et très vilain," his parents belonged to the rank of humble tradespeople. Much of his early life was passed under the roof of an aunt, who kept a small auberge at Péronne in Picardy. There he was likewise educated at a primary school founded by an enthusiast upon the maxims of Rousseau. In this school the urchins, who were thus philosophically drilled into citizenship, were regimented, wore a military costume, sent deputations and presented addresses to Robespierre, Tallien, and other ephemeral dignitaries of the revolution. The abilities of the future poet were early put in requisition on these occasions; and he then imbibed those enthusiastic feelings which he so eloquently refers to at a later period, when the illusions which excited them have partially vanished. Such are the associations which

dictated the following verses, written on casually meeting with a female whom he had seen representing the Goddess of Liberty in one of the revolutionary pageants.

"Est-ce bien vous, vous que j'ai vu si belle," &c.

"Can this be you, whom I beheld so fair,
When round your car exulting myriads came,
And hailed you queen in Her immortal name,
Whose triple flag you waved aloft in air?
Vain of each loud salute, each gazing eye,
Proud in flush'd youth and conscious beauty's
glow,

You moved a goddess through the glittering show,
Goddess of Liberty!

"Stately you rode o'er monarchs' ruined glory,
Around you flashed in steel our armed powers,
Our maidens, while they strew'd your path with
flowers.

Mixed their soft chaunts with hymns of warlike
story :

I, hapless child, whom Chance and Penury
Right scantily nourished with their bitter bread,
I cried, Be thou a mother to my need,
Goddess of Liberty!

"Those days' red scroll is character'd with crime;
Yet could not such mine innocent youth appal;
To my boy's heart my country's love was all,
And hatred for her foes of foreign clime!
For all were then in arms, for her to die;
Each heart was proud, and poverty waxed bold:
O give me back my boyish days of old,
Goddess of Liberty!

"Like lava slumbering in its mountain hoard
The people rests from many a toilsome year:
And twice the stranger legions have been here,
Our Gaulish gold to balance with the sword.
Alas! when France around thee raised her cry,
And symbolized her hopes in Beauty's beam,
Thou wert an idol, and those hopes a dream,
Goddess of Liberty!

"I see thee once again. Time's envious wing
Hath chill'd and tarnish'd those love-darting eyes:
That brow, where many a wintry wrinkle lies,
Yet seems to blush for its departed spring.
Weep not! fond hopes and aspirations high,
Car, flowers, youth, glory, greatness, all are o'er;
And these are past, and thou divine no more,
Goddess of Liberty!"

At fourteen Béranger was apprenticed to a printer, M. Laisney, of whom he speaks in terms of affectionate attachment; and, indolent as he was, he says in one of his songs, that the consciousness of exercising "le métier de Franklin" made him already think himself a philosopher. At seventeen he became domiciled at Paris, under the roof of his father, whose circumstances appear at this time to have been considerably improved by some accession of fortune.

At this period his mind received its decisive impulse towards literary enjoyment. He was not calculated to shine in the more brilliant paths to fame, which presented so tempting a prospect to youthful energy in that turbulent

time. Diminutive in stature, feeble in constitution, and uncomely in appearance, as his portrait avouches and his songs confess, ("J'étais sur cette boule, laid, chétif et souffrant,") he had no temptation to embrace the active life which then solicited enterprising citizens to exertion. Although at a later time he entertained the thought of obtaining a situation in the Egyptian colony, his destiny and inclination combined to make him, what he has ever since remained, a genuine untravelled Parisian. His ambition was confined to visions of poetical distinction; his dreams were of comedies in the elevated style—of dithyrambics suggested by the attractive reveries of Chateaubriand—of an epic poem on the subject of Clovis, for which he was to collect and arrange materials, and to defer the execution to the age of thirty. Poverty and indolence together—for his early life was one of great vicissitudes; the short prosperity of his family was followed by utter destitution; he was often obliged, as himself expresses it, to live on *pantade* for eight days together in order to make up for the expense of the cheapest party of pleasure with the earliest of his Lisettes)—gradually averted the ambitious current of his thoughts. In 1803, in a mixed humour of disappointment and boldness, he made a packet of his juvenile verses, and a dressed them, with a letter, which, he says, was stamped with the impress of republican pride hurt by the necessity of seeking a patron, to Lucien Bonaparte, then eminent as a protector of letters. The brother of the First Consul appears to have treated him not only with generosity, but with kind and delicate attention; and when forced to leave France, he assigned over to the youthful and friendless poet his pension as a member of the Institute.

From that unfortunate epoch the position of Béranger in society, although humble, was established, and sufficient for his very moderate desires. He obtained an insignificant situation in the University, which he did not lose until his political encounter with the government of Louis XVIII. During this peaceful era of his life he gradually abandoned his various schemes of poetical distinction. Living among the people, a close and somewhat satirical observer of the manners and sentiments of society, he imbibed a taste for the simple lyric style, to which he ultimately devoted himself. "Va," he would say to himself on seeing Déaugiers pass in the street, "j'en ferai aussi bien que toi, des chansons, n'était ce pas mes poèmes." His first published essays of this nature, and perhaps his best in the gay and humorous strain, date from the last years of the Empire. It was long before he could be brought to consider these light effusions as entitled to anything more than an ephemeral popularity. Even now he professes to be sceptical as to the durability of his fame. Such are the sentiments he expresses in the preface to the volume whose title is placed at the head of this article.

" Notwithstanding all that friendship has done for me, notwithstanding the approbation of illustrious names and the indulgence shown me by the interpreters of public opinion, I have always believed that my name would not survive me—that my reputation would sink the more swiftly from having been necessarily buoyed up by the party interest which has become attached to it. Men have judged of its duration by its extent; I have formed another calculation in my own mind, which will come true even in my life-time, if I should live to grow old."

In this passage, and in several others of the preface in question, we are inclined to suspect some slight affectation of modesty. But if Beranger really feels what he has here expressed, such an estimate of his own celebrity must be allowed to accord with the general simplicity and want of ostentation which have characterized his life.

His career as a song-writer has in fact passed through three very different stages of celebrity. As an agreeable writer of bacchanalian and slightly satirical songs, the character in which he first appeared, he has, perhaps, no greater claims on immortality than others who have signalized themselves in the same department. Many of these compositions are exquisite in their kind, but we question whether any French songster, or indeed any modern Bacchanal of the south of Europe, can be very deeply penetrated with the true inspiration of the grape. Whether we consider it a credit or a dishonour to our national character, we and our continental brethren of Teutonic descent seem alone to have preserved in much purity the worship of the God of Wine. We find plenty of wit and gaiety in these favourite catches of the Societe du Caveau, but they seem to be always on their weakest ground when they desert love and satire, and confine themselves to the praises of their Ai and Mursaulx. They have nothing of the sublime energy of conviviality which dignifies, for example, the strains of our own lamented Captain Morris.

Beranger's next step carried him into the turbulent arena of politics. Having no military ambition or active enterprize, he had never entered into the warlike enthusiasm of France under the Empire. On the contrary, when the system of wholesale depopulation began to grow unfashionable in the circles of Paris, he aided in the general sentiment, as far as he could do so with safety, by the covert allusions contained in some of his earlier songs (such as *Le Roi d'Yvetot*). Thus far there was a similarity between his political feelings and those of Paul Courier, whose extreme indifference to martial honours had made him shun the most brilliant opportunities of personal advancement. But, unlike the pamphleteer, the poet never "donna dans la Restauration." He never seconded the temporary popularity acquired by the author of the Charter, and never consented to the slightest compromise or con-

cealment of his dislike to foreign occupation and foreign institutions. He refused the odious dignity of the censorship, which was offered him during the Hundred Days; but he welcomed the second restoration with no greater cordiality than the first. And although subsequent events have made him take part against the government of the Barricades with nearly as much energy as he had displayed in combating those whom it dethroned, he has never relaxed his hostility to the exiled family. Witness his eloquent address to Chateaubriand,

" Et tu voudrais t'attacher a leur chute !
Connais donc mieux leur folle vanite :
Au rang des maux qu'au ciel meme elle impute,
Leur couringrat met ta fidelite."

We yet await, with some apprehension, for the reflections of his muse on the recent romance of the Prince Lucchesi Palli. Nevertheless, he appears to have been drawn into the agitated life of a partisan writer against government, in which he has purchased glory probably at the expense of much happiness, less by his own natural disposition than in obedience to the wishes of his friends, and seduced by the temporary applause which greets a useful political ally. He became intimate with the successive leaders of the liberal party. Of these Manuel and Lafitte are the two of whom he seems to speak with the greatest esteem and respect. "I have never known," he says in his preface, "more than one man from whom I could not have become separated if he had arrived at power—that man was Manuel, to whom France still owes a tomb." Here, perhaps, he intends some covert satire on the same persons whom he has slightly touched in his late song, "A mes amis devenus ministres." Under such guidance, the pen of Beranger acquired a degree of bitterness very foreign to his real nature. Harassed by the vengeance of the government against which he had declared war, he fell into the common querulousness of those who choose to consider themselves persecuted, where they have themselves irritated a powerful enemy into open quarrel. But this is the view which the political satirist, of whatever party, uniformly takes of his own case. Whilst unrestrained, he braves power in the boldest terms. His reader would suppose from his language that he and the state were two conflicting giants.

— "There comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I."

But when he falls into tribulation, he becomes in his own eyes an innocent, helpless victim, and his former enemy an unprovoked persecutor. This is a situation of no great dignity, and one which we regret to see occupied by a man of genius and integrity.

Beranger was twice fined and imprisoned—in 1821 and 1828. Hostile as we are, on principle, to all such prosecutions, we must admit that the poet had given strong provocation;

we cannot therefore wonder that the governments of those times should have sought to check the career of a writer who, not contented with openly attacking both the reigning system and its individual supporters, continually represented the rulers of the nation, not as mistaken or ignorant magistrates whose errors ought to be corrected, but as implicable enemies who must be wholly got rid of. But the conduct of the ministers was equally imbecile and unjust, in mixing up, as they were pleased to do in their prosecutions, attacks on themselves with what they termed attacks on decency and religion. The people never fail to detect the paltry artifice by which governments endeavour to identify their own cause with that of religion and morality, and by confounding together separate offences, to add a sort of reciprocal strength to charges of a totally distinct nature, either of which by itself would have been insufficient to secure a conviction. All prosecutions on the ground of vicious intent are odious in principle, except such as are employed against direct violations of public decency. Beranger was reprehensible enough on this score also; but he was too prudent to give his enemies so fair a pretext of attack by rendering public his most licentious productions. Consequently, the government, in order to support its favourite charge of vice and immorality, was fain to fix upon passages which the most scrupulous censorial prudery would have passed over as perfectly innocuous, had they not been indicted by one for whom the Procureur du Roi was laying in wait on other accounts. "On ne voulut pas faire porter le judgement que sur des chansons politiques," says the poet, "et on n'osa pas incriminer les chansons contre les Jesuites; il fallut bon gre mal gre que *l'Ange gardien*" (a bold and witty song, but one not more irreligious in its tendency than half the daily effusions of the Parisian press) "payat pour toutes."

Undoubtedly, if we are to judge of their merit by the effect which they have produced, the political songs of Beranger are the most powerful efforts of this description which have ever been made public. Nor can a foreigner fully enter into their deserts, or with fairness attempt to depreciate that which he cannot wholly understand. Much satire, which appears to the casual reader weak and pointless, derives the whole of its energy from being in accordance with the ephemeral sentiment, from reproducing the joke or anecdote current in the circles of the day. To judge of its value, we must duly estimate not only the real importance of the matter to which the lines refer, but the space which it occupied in the public mind at the time when they were written. But having made this candid avowal of our own insufficiency to decide on such a question, we may the more boldly confess that we cannot feel that the fame of Beranger is much advanced by the great majority of his political songs. His satire seems to us frequently vapid

and spiritless; a happy thought, an ingenuous expression, is too often purchased by many a line of vulgar and insipid common place. The living fire is often wanting, and its absence ill-supplied by the false scintillations of point and epigram, or an exaggerated affectation of sentiment and assumed enthusiasm. It is easy to account for the temporary popularity acquired even by the poorest of these effusions. Beranger, in this, as in all his other capacities, the true poet of the people, has devoutly adopted all the narrow prejudices and mistaken views of national honour, together with all the real patriotic ardour, which distinguish the great mass of uneducated politicians of his country. His poetry is a faithful mirror, representing in succession all the unfounded and grotesque images which for the last eighteen years have been conjured up in the imagination of the Parisian quidnuncs. No illiberal hatred of foreigners has been rejected by his better feelings, no gross excess of national vanity has ever shocked his judgment. And, like many other wits, he never appears so happily inspired as when the subject before him affords an opportunity for exposing to ridicule the religious observances of his country. Here too he flatters and shares to the utmost the prejudices of the vulgar Parisian. The Jesuits appear so constantly present to his imagination as the authors of all evil, that we think a more orthodox joker might retort upon him successfully the language of his famous "Mandement," in which he makes the preacher attribute every crime and misfortune since the creation, to Voltaire and Rousseau.

There is, however, another numerous class of his political songs, or rather small poems, of very various degrees of merit, which appeal to more general feelings, and express the deeper convictions of the poet. Many of these relate to that favourite subject, the military glory of France; some of these are extremely beautiful, others partake more or less of the exaggeration and bad taste which the popularity of the Marseillaise seems to have introduced into French poetry of this description (as where, in "Le Cordon Sanitaire," a grenadier opens a vein for the purpose of assisting in the conversion of the white flag into the tricolor). But none of his appeals to this ready source of French sensibility seem to have attained an equal popularity with that unique effort of the simple poet Désaugiers,

"Dis-moi, soldat, t'en souviens-tu."

Others embrace an extended view of European politics, and the future destiny of the human race, and contain, all of them, the sparkles of that glorious fire which animates the grandest, perhaps, of his national lyrics, and one of the noblest offerings which poetry has made at the shrine of modern civilization, "La Sainte Alliance des Peuples."

"J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre,
Semant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis."

L'air etait calme, et du Dieu de la guerre
Elle etouffait les foudres assoupis :
Ah, disait elle, egaux par la vaillance,
Francais, Anglais, Belge, Russe, ou Germain,
Peuples, formez une Sainte-Alliance,
Et donner vous la main."

We should despair as much of giving by translation any idea of the stately march and dignity of this majestic ode, as of retracing the evanescent grace of the lighter poems, which we have not ventured to attempt. Perhaps the following verses (the original was written in 1829) may excite attention from the solicitude with which Europe has more recently watched the aspect of the heavens in their most threatening quarter.

LE CHANT DU COSSAQUE.

"Thou steed, the Cossack's noble friend,
Bound to the trumpet of the North !

Once more the winds their pinions lend

To that wild war-note issuing forth :

Come bathe thy seething flanks again

In the red streams of rebel Seine !

Snort, my proud courser ! for we go

To trample kings and nations low.

"Thou fret'st not silver with thy foam,
Gold decks not now thy saddle-bow ;

But where our squadrons make their home,

Ours are the treasures of the foe !

And thou ere long shalt find a stall

In arched dome of royal hall.

"Kings, prelates, nobles, fiercely pressed
By vassals struggling to be free,

Have cried, Approach, thou Tartar guest !

To reign o'er them, we'll crouch to thee :

I seize my lance, and cross and crown

Before that signal bow them down.

"A giant phantom met my view,
With blood-shot eye and regal vest :

He cried, My reign begins anew !

And shook his war-axe o'er the West.

Kings of the Huns ! our tribes inherit

Thine ancient realm, thy tameless spirit.

"All Europe's dower of ancient fame,
Arts, temples, learning, laws and rites,

Shall vanish hence in dust and flame,

Where'er thy burning hoof alights :

For where the Cossack's foot hath gone,

The Desert's peace must reign alone !

On, my proud courser ! for we go

To trample kings and nations low."

But if we have formed a correct estimate of the genius of Beranger, it is not by his merits as a political song-writer that he will be finally judged, when called before a more impartial tribunal than that of "La Jeune France," whose prejudices he has thus condescended to flatter. The promise of higher efforts and more generous inspiration was already developing itself in his early attempts, when, at the commencement of his career, he had sufficient judgment to rate at its real value the rapid popularity which these lighter effu-

sions were acquiring. There runs even through his gayest productions an occasional vein of philosophic melancholy and tenderness sufficiently evident to show that his lyre possessed, even then, chords of much more deep and thrilling music than those which he had accustomed himself to strike. Perhaps the vicissitudes of his later life, the prosecutions by which he has suffered, and the counsel which his mind has taken of herself during the many solitary hours of his imprisonments, have tended to mature this germ of poetical sensibility. It is certain, at least, that he has only in his more recent progress fully abandoned himself to those outpourings of deep pathos, mixed with philosophical meditation, which characterise the last and most perfect class of his productions. His muse, deserting the narrow political circle which so long confined her, has made a bold step into the boundless field of thought suggested by the more universal feelings and passions of the human commonwealth. Her efforts aspire rather to the character of odes than of songs, of which they present only the form and lyrical arrangement. The subject is generally found in some reflection suggested by the passing occurrences of the day, or by some picturesque point of view in the exterior of common life, such as it exists among the lower classes, and such as Beranger has long studied and most faithfully expressed it. From these humble topics the poem diverges, like so many of the noblest lyrics of Burns, into a high strain of moral thought, or into the vast maze of meditations which the state and prospects of modern society open to the inquirer. If the tone of these meditations is generally of a melancholy and sceptical cast, dissatisfied with the present, and doubtful of the future, it is at least a scepticism tempered by a strong sympathy with the ordinary domestic feelings and attachments of mankind, which the poet seems to respect as the true and only landmarks of civilization. All this train of ideas is bound together and connected with the original thought by the recurring verses which form the chorus of the song.

In the labour of the chansonnier, this burden occupies the same place with relation to the whole composition which is filled by the rhyme in each couplet of ordinary poetry. The difficulty which he finds in adapting the whole of his little work to this portion of it, which must be, as it were, the key-note of the accord—must express the central thought, to which all the divergent ideas of the poem must be ingeniously attached—is of the same nature with that which the common versifier feels while engaged in the process of "hunting for a rhyme." And the mode in which the songwriter of real genius accomplishes his object differs from that pursued by the mere ballad-maker, just as rhyme is differently handled by the poet and the poetaster. Panard, Colle, and the other easy chansonniers of French so-

society, usually adopted some popular "refrain," and endeavoured, *bon gré mal gré*, to force a number of trivial thoughts into tolerable continuity with this thesis, to use a school expression. And in the same manner every versifier who happens to read these lucubrations will painfully acknowledge with ourselves the toil and vexation of spirit which are endured by a hapless being who has found a rhyme which tickles his ear and is anxious either to find a thought to suit it or to adapt it by violence to the subject which he has in hand. The process by which the man of genius, such as Beranger, develops the sentiment which he has within himself into the form of the tiny and beautiful creature of imagination which it is destined to become, is essentially different from this rough operation. To him, the idea which is to be illustrated first presents itself; a rude and undigested mass. Rarely does it assume a definite shape until after it has long occupied a place in the repositories of his mind. Nor is it by an actual process of labour that this shape is at last evolved, although much labour must be gone through, with little immediate effect in the previous consideration of it. The critical moment of production comes at once, and the result flashes upon the imagination like lightning, frequently during waking hours at night, when the mind of the poet is disengaged from the course of ordinary associations. A single unexpected thought or an unsolicited word then presents itself, and determines the whole futurity of the song. The moral sentiment or purpose which is to be developed, the image under which that sentiment is to be illustrated, the burden, which is, as it were, the mechanical engine by which the scattered portions of the image are to be manufactured into a single figure, all become present to the intellect at one glance. The whole future picture is there, in smaller dimensions, like natural objects seen through a camera lucida. Then the poet, if he pleases, may go to sleep again; in the expressive language of Beranger himself, "*il tient son affaire*." It matters not then whether the execution of the song is finished off in an hour or two of happy humour, or whether, as is more frequently the case with Beranger, it furnishes occupation for a considerable time, the subject being frequently touched and retouched, taken up or laid aside. Whether its completion be the work of days or years is of no consequence to the poet. *Il tient son affaire*. Time and occupation cannot rob him of his idea, for it made its appearance at once, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, perfect and armed at all points.

We have already hinted at the resemblance which appears to us to exist between the poetical characteristics of Beranger and Burns. There are few analogies in the whole range of comparison between the literature of the two nations, which have struck us more forcibly. That such a resemblance should be traced between the Parisian, weak and inert in cor-

poreal frame, and shut out from nature for fifty years between the glaring walls of his narrow streets, and the hardy peasant nurtured in the free air of the Scottish uplands, will surprise none of those who know how far the deep springs of the human mind lie beneath its superficial currents, and how a similar relative position may produce a corresponding similarity of effect on two characters, whose positive circumstances of situation are widely different. Both were raised into notice by the exertion of their mental powers from among the lowest ranks of their countrymen. Both had imbibed the habits and tastes of their fellows, exalted, but not changed, by superior genius. Both aspired, from the beginning, to the distinction of being, emphatically, the popular poets of their respective contemporaries. "*S'il reste de la poésie au monde*," says Beranger in his preface, "*c'est dans ses rangs* (those of le peuple) *qu'il faut la chercher. Qu'on essaie donc d'en faire pour lui.*" Neither of them had acquired the slightest tincture of that over-refinement which makes more educated poets strive to avoid, as hackneyed and trivial, the common topics and feelings of work-day society. Neither, in their simplicity, were apprehensive of being considered vulgar; and, consequently, each has effectually avoided the imputation. The ethical characteristics of their genius are equally similar. Each was actuated by deep pride and consciousness of merit, and each, unfortunately, has carried his assumed independence and haughtiness of mood so far as not only to scorn the outward formalities of social life, but likewise to stigmatize its morality as cant and hypocrisy. If the genius of Burns exhibits more fire and sustained brilliancy, and his homely tenderness possesses a more exquisite pathos, a wider field of observation and habits of more extended thought have given to Beranger a deeper cast of philosophic reflection. Nothing is more remarkable than the magic by which his wild and apparently artless strains occasionally call up in the reader's mind a long and serious train of associations, and lead him unawares into the perplexed labyrinth of metaphysical or political subtleties. We cannot venture to translate, and still less to paraphrase, the singular ballad of "*Les Bohémiens*," one of his most popular efforts, and in which this art seems to us eminently displayed:—

"Sorciers, bateleurs, et filous,
Reste immonde
B'un ancien monde,
Sorciers, bateleurs, et filous,
Gais Bohémiens, d'où venez-vous ?"

"D'où nous venons ? l'on n'en sait rien.
L'hirondelle

D'où vous vient-elle ?

D'où nous venons ! l'on n'en sait rien :
Ou nous irons, le sait-on bien ?

"Sans pays, sans prince, et sans lois,
Notre vie
Est digné d'envie :

Sans pays, sans prince, et sans lois,
L'homme est heureux l'un jour sur trois.

"Voir, c'est avoir. Allons courir !

Vie errante

Est chose envirante :

Voir, c'est avoir. Allons courir !

Car tout voir, c'est tout conquerir.

"Ton oeil ne peut se détacher,

Philosophe

De mince étoffe,

Ton oeil ne peut se détacher,

Du vieux coq de ton vieux clocher."

"Les Bohemiens" are not indeed, the gypsies of Burns; but each poet exhibits alike a strong sympathy with those proletary classes which live in habitual violation of the law, and that far greater number who obey it rather as a powerful enemy than a paternal protector. Smugglers and poachers are great favourites with Beranger. "Jeanne la Rousse" and "Jacques," in his last supplemental collection, are beautiful and pathetic pieces, and more effective attacks on the aristocracy of modern wealth than all that the coarse indignation of our corn-law poets can furnish. "Les Contrebardiers" is less interesting; but it may, perhaps, be more easy to give some idea of its tone and spirit by translation.

"Tis midnight, dark midnight, so forward my boys,

Mules ready, men steady, our work is begun;
Look out for the signal; no bustle, no noise;

But see to the priming of pistol and gun:
There are numbers against us, but lead is not dear,

And dark though it be, yet our balls will see clear.

"Tis the life of a hero, the life that we live, boys,

With deeds full of daring and peril to tell;
Our silks and our trinkets, the gold that we give, boys,

The girls of our mountains remember them well;

Town, castle, and cottage, our traffic they know,
Though the law calls us rogues, yet the people says no.

"Nor whirlwind nor snow-drift our courage affright,

We sleep while the torrents are roaring aloud;
Our hearts they grow bolder, our footsteps more light,

On the peaks of our frontiers, in tempest and cloud;

How oft have we trampled their desolate heath,
And braved from their summit the foemen beneath!

"Skill, labour, and forethought are wasted in vain,
While monarchs with taxes the roads barricade;

So forward, my gallants! on land and on main
We hold in our hands the true balance of trade;

And Heav'n, that protects us, fulfills its design,
To scatter the riches that law would confine.

"Our governors, drunk with the madness of power,

On the free gifts of nature may triple each tax;
Law blights on their branches the fruit and the flower,

In the cabin of labour breaks hammer and axe;
To solace our thirst and the land to enrich,
When God makes a river—Law makes it a ditch.

"What! 'twixt kingdoms united in triumph and woes,

Arts, language, and rights, can they sever the chain,

Or make of one people two nations of foes,
By the protocol-parchment which cuts them in twain?

No! they spin the same wool, the same vintage they drain,

And the smuggler takes heed lest their labour be vain.

"O'er the ramparts of kingdoms the little bird flies,

And no sentinel bids him new monarchs obey;
The hot breath of summer yon rivulet dries,
Which serves as a limit to kings and their sway.

We leap o'er the barriers they bid us revere,
Those blood-purchas'd lines which have cost them so dear.

"The deeds of the smuggler each cottage can sing,

The smuggler whose musket, so deadly and true,

In bidding our mountains' old echo to ring,

May one day, perchance, waken liberty too;
When our country's in peril, her foes full of glee,
She'll cry to the smuggler, come, battle for me!"

The superstitions of the French peasantry afford undoubtedly far less attractive subjects for the poet than the wild supernatural world of Scottish imagination. But such as they are, they too have furnished convenient themes for the excursive reveries of this self-taught philosopher. In attempting to imitate one or two specimens of this class of his compositions, we must again warn the reader that we do not select those which appear to us the best, but those of which we have conceived it most easy to transfer the general tone and sentiment into our own language. And he will readily conclude that poetry, of which the peculiar charm consists in purity and terseness of expression, must appear to great disadvantage in the uncouth garb of a translation.

"LES ETOILES QUI FILENT."

"Berger, tu dis que notre étoile
Regle nos jours et brille aux cieux."

"Oui, mon enfant : mais dans son voile
La nuit le dérobe à nos yeux."

"Berger, sur cet azur tranquille
De lire on te croit le secret :
Quelle est cette étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît?"

" Shepherd ! thou say'st our earthly doom
Obeyes some star's mysterious power."
Yes, my fair child : but night's deep gloom
Veils from our eyes the destined hour.
" Shepherd ! thou read'st the stars aright,
Hast tracked each planet's wandering way ;
Say, what betides you falling light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away ?"

My child, some mortal breathes his last,
His star shoots downward from its sphere ;
That being's latest hours were past
Mid' jovial friends and festive cheer ;
All reckless sped his summon'd sprite
While flushed in evening sleep he lay—
" See ! yet another fleeting light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away ?"

My child, how pure, how bright its beam !
There sank a maiden good and fair ;
This morn repaid each wishful dream,
Each constant sigh, each hour of care ;
This morn her brow with flowers was dight,
She crossed her father's doors to-day—
" See ! yet another passing light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away ?"

Just then, a high and mighty lord,
New-born, in gold and purple sleeping,
His infant breath to Heaven restored,
And left a princely mother weeping !
Courtier, and slave, and parasite
Were gathering round their future prey—
" See ! yet another meteor-light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away ?"

My child, how comet-like it gleamed !
A royal favourite's star was there,
Who laughed our woes to scorn, and deemed
'Twas pride to mock a realm's despair ;
Even now his flatterers hide from sight
The portraits of their God of clay—
" See ! yet another wandering light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away ?"

My child, the blessings of the poor
Wing'd heavenward yonder fleeting soul ;
Distress but gleams from other's store,
From his she reaped a plenteous dole :
From far and near, this very night,
Towards his doors the houseless stray—
" See ! yet another falling light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away ?"

That star controll'd a monarch's fate !
Go ! welcome, son, thy lowly dwelling ;
And envy not the stars of state
In lustre or in size excelling :
For didst thou shine all coldly bright
In useless grandeur, men would say,
'Tis but a passing meteor-light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away ?

"LE JUIF ERRANT."

* One draught to slake these lips unblest,
Christian ! I ask of thee but one ;
The wandering Hebrew wretch thou seest
Whom still the whirlwind hurries on.
Worn down with years, yet aged never,
Upon the day of doom in vain

I dream each night in wildering fever,
Each morn the sun comes forth again,
And whilst I roam, earth turneth ever,
Ever, for ever !

" From age to age it bears me on
O'er dust that once was Greece and Rome,
O'er thousand empires past and gone,
As sea-winds drive the fleeting foam :
The seeds of good that die unblest,
And ill's rich harvest I've beheld,
And new-born worlds from ocean's breast,
That shall outlast the worlds of old.

" My heart is changed, but changed in wrath ;
I fain would succour mortals' woe,
But ere their thanks can bless my path,
The summoning whirlwind bids me go !
Forward ! the sufferer's hand may grasp
The little alms I love to give ;
But may not press with grateful clasp
My passing hand which bids him live.

" If in hot noon's relentless hours,
By shady lea or murmuring wave,
I strive to rest mid summer flowers,
I hear the restless whirlwind rave !
One peaceful dream—one draught of pleasure—
Can such celestial wrath awake ?
A long repose of endless leisure
Might scarce suffice my thirst to slake !

" If by the spot which saw my birth
I long to stand, and gaze alone,
To trace each ridge of mouldering earth,
Each grassy mound, each formless stone ;
The whirlwind comes ! away, away—
Break not thy fathers' funeral sleep ;
Whilst earth abides, thou canst not stay,
No place of rest for thee they keep !

" The Son of God in torture dying,
I mocked him with a fiendish yell—
Beneath my feet the earth is flying—
The whirlwind comes—farewell, farewell !
Ye tyrant sons of wrath and pride,
My marvellous sufferings you see ;
In heartless scorn I dared deride
Not heaven—but wrong'd humanity !"

If we have succeeded in conveying, either by our remarks or our imitations, any idea of the character of this truly original poet, it will be seen that the secret of his success chiefly consists in the universal and popular view which he studies to take of life in every one of its aspects. He despairs to employ no sentiment, no train of ideas, however trivial or common-place, provided they are such as do actually occupy and interest the minds of the million. He recoils before no expression or image, because it has been hacknied by common usage, provided it still finds an echo in the hearts of those to whom it is addressed. The spirit of external nature seldom appeals to his imagination. He does not exhibit or possess any acute sense of its beauties. This is a taste which the inhabitants of most countries only acquire with the progress of refinement, and which even in our highly-advanced

civilization is chiefly confined to the educated few. He is most at home in the crowded dwellings of Paris, in the bivouac of the soldier, or in the cabin of the countryman, in tracing the vague opinions, or expressing the simple desires of the multitude. And hence it arises that Beranger, without the knowledge of a single Greek or Latin author, is to our apprehension by far the most classical poet of the present day, because in the development of his mind and the progress of his genius he pursued the same track which was trodden by the children of a less refined generation. Our impressions, (in modern times,) whether relating to external nature, or to the experience of human life, are mostly received at second hand. We begin to think through the medium of books, before we have begun to observe for ourselves. Hence a standard of reference is early formed in our minds, which, whether it be true or false, is not that which we should have naturally acquired, and widely different from that which the education of circumstances would have led us to adopt. Hence we view all objects as through a glass, which cannot represent them without a certain degree of distortion, and are frequently astonished without reason, when we reflect how widely different an aspect nature and man assume to the educated and the uneducated observer. And notwithstanding all that has been said of the general spread of intelligence, we cannot but apprehend that the barrier between these two classes is increasing rather than diminishing in strength and substance. Hence the great benefit of classical instruction is, that it tends to correct our minds by causing us to intersperse our ideas with those of a race of men who formed their conclusions and drew their observations and their images after a fashion entirely different from our own. They studied universal human nature; we, the factitious character of a particular class. Beranger, without the slightest tincture of classical attainments, has arrived at nearly the same point with them through natural taste and favourable circumstances. He is the poet of modern France, just as Archilochus and Simonides were the poets of their Ionian fellow-citizens, without distinction of high and low. Nor could we find any where poetry so nearly resembling his own (especially in those philosophical ballads which we regard as his most perfect compositions) as in the relics of the early lyric writers of the Anthology. They exhibit the same simple unity of purpose. The poet seems to pour out at once the whole thought with which his mind is pregnant, without curtailing its dimensions or altering its shape to please the taste of fastidious critics. He cares not whether his image is a trivial one, or has been a thousand times repeated before. It is his property, just as it was that of his predecessors, for although he repeats he does not imitate. Hence, in Beranger, as in those ancient fragments, we find

much that appears trite, insipid, and commonplace; but we find withal that true and genuine simplicity which is only attained by consummate art and laborious exertion.

Another point of resemblance between the French chansonnier and these pristine writers, arises (we fear) from confirmed irreligious persuasion, acting upon a kindly, yet melancholy temperament. He may be gay and humorous, bitter, sarcastic, light, and careless by turns on the surface; but plaintiveness is the hidden soul of all his poetry. Futurity is to him only an object of gloomy foreboding. *Carpe diem*, is in his mouth not the trivial commonplace of ordinary conviviality, but a most deep and heartfelt acknowledgment of the only truth which his philosophy recognizes. Youth and pleasure constitute the only substantial good: every day which passes is an irreparable loss, a comrade to be mourned for, as a departed friend. Many of his most beautiful songs do but echo, in many a mournful variation, this thought, which comes so sadly home to the hearts of thousands, which admit of few other thoughts. "Bonsoir," "Encore des Amours," "J'ai cinquante ans," "La Vieillesse," "La Comète de 1832," "Treize à Table,"—all these are but so many exquisite manifestations of that dark importunate spirit, which came at intervals to wrinkle the brows of Anacreon and Melenger beneath their coronals of flowers.

But we must hasten to bring to a close this imperfect tribute of admiration, rendered to a writer whose peculiar beauties a foreign critic must with diffidence attempt to appreciate, although they are such as to endear him more and more to us at every successive perusal. We have been the more tempted to extend to some length these remarks on poems which many may still be disposed to regard as mere fugitive trifles, by the feeling that if the title be denied to their author, France possesses at present no poet of original talent. The established leaders of the classical and romantic schools have enjoyed a popularity, rather exacted by the strenuous efforts of their respective partisans, than proceeding from natural and unextorted admiration. Delavigne and Lamartine, writers whose reputation seems to sustain itself with difficulty, offer, each of them in his own manner, nothing but cold reflections of the brilliancy of Byron. The peculiar fashion in poetry which was set by that daring innovator seems scarcely to have outlasted one generation of readers; and the minor herd of his followers will, of course, fall rapidly into insignificance. As for Victor Hugo, who seems to occupy the most prominent, if not the most exalted place in the French Parnassus of the day, he is far too obscurely sublime in his exalted flights, and too deeply immersed at other times in the shades of bathos, to allow our moderate and timid criticism to attempt an admeasurement of his actual dimensions; and we turn with fresher and fresh-

er enjoyment from the laborious dulness or more laborious extravagance of these and the other poets of the day, to the terse spirit and profound sensibility of a writer whose magic is the more powerful from being apparently exercised by a hand unconscious of its dominion. Even his occasional tameness and insipidity become pleasant to the reader, because they seem inseparably connected with that tender simplicity which tints, as it were, the distance of all his various pictures with its quiet colouring. Many will, no doubt, prefer to regard him as the favourite chansonnier of social enjoyment, wit, and satire. We think that he has higher titles to present fame and future immortality, and that his own exclamation paints most truly the real strength of his lyrical genius.

"Mon Dieu, vous m'avez bien doté :
Je n'ai ni force ni sagesse :
Mais je possède une gaieté
Qui n'offense pas la tristesse."

From the Edinburgh Review.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GOETHE.*

In a former number, we had occasion to make some remarks upon the theory of translation; a subject on which we have no inclination to resume our controversial labours, and to which we should not have alluded at present, had it not been for a sort of challenge offered by Mrs. Austin, in her interesting Preface to the work before us. The conclusion at which she arrives in discussing this topic is, that there are two perfectly distinct aims of translation—the one, to use her own words, where matter alone is to be transferred; the other, where both matter and form. Wherever, she adds, the form and colour of an author is important, a translation, proceeding upon the principle of considering how the author would have written in English, is, in her opinion, a failure; and for this reason, (we are sorry she has selected an instance so little to our taste,) she never can prevail on herself to read Pope's Homer; finding it impossible to take the least interest in a work in which the very peculiarities which she wants to know are effaced, and replaced by others. And she quotes, in support of her own opinion, a passage of Goethe, which she pronounces oracular, and decisive of the point; but in which that author seems to us, according to his usual fashion, to have rather stated the difficulty than resolved the problem.

Unquestionably there is much truth and reason in her arguments, and we are inclined most willingly to admit all the license which she demands, except the actual substantiation of foreign for English idiom. When once the simple rule of taste, which forbids this trans-

gression, is violated, the work in question can no longer be said to be 'rendered into English,' for words alone do not constitute a language; otherwise the interlineations in a Hamiltonian grammar deserve, as far as we can perceive, the honours of accurate and perfect translation. But we are much inclined to fear, that Mrs. Austin's argument on this subject, although its purpose be not confessed, is intended as a covert defence of that most barbarous style which has been introduced of late by too many German scholars and men of talent, under pretence of making us acquainted with the peculiarities of our neighbours; and which only tends at once to corrupt the purity of our native composition, and to occasion in our minds an insuperable dislike to the foreign tongue which we only know through the medium of this hideous travesty. Whether this be the case or not, we are certain that no translator ever stood less in need of an apology on his own behalf than the authoress of these volumes. We can scarcely find the means of expressing, except in language which may be misinterpreted as the diction of indiscriminating flattery, our admiration of the truly extraordinary manner in which she has rendered all their various contents—metaphysical reasonings, political declamation, and social dialogue—into correct, nervous, vernacular English. Most of our readers will remember the interest which was excited by the appearance of the 'German Prince's Travels in England,' and how obstinately, notwithstanding all the assertions of critics and booksellers, and the strongest internal evidence of authenticity, many people persisted in believing the work to have been manufactured at home, merely because the language did not offer the slightest traces of transfusion from a foreign original. The volumes before us evince the same elegance of expression, the same felicitous rendering of each original phrase by its English counterpart, at once with accuracy and freedom, employed on a far more difficult subject; for we have here to deal with Germans speaking of and to their countrymen, and employing allusions and modes of diction appropriate to a truly national subject. Mrs. Austin has demanded, in her Preface, much more extensive powers than we would, perhaps, have willingly confided to her; but in her execution she has in no respect overstepped the limits which the most fastidious partisan of Dryden and Johnson's laws of translation could have laid down. The only license which she has assumed has been the employment of certain technical words, used by the Germans in strict philosophical sense, whose corelatives in our dialect, although not sanctioned by usage, might be pure and classical according to the analogy of the language, and for which we have no current substitutes. And with this slight assistance only she has succeeded in more faithfully representing to us the characteristics of the modern German school of writers, than has

* *Characteristics of Goethe. From the German of Faik von Müller, &c. With notes original and translated, illustrative of German Literature. By Sarah Austin. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1833.*

been done by those numerous translators, who have not scrupled to distort and disfigure our language in the most merciless fashion, under the plea of modelling it to reproduce the peculiar diction and idiom of their original.

There is only one portion of her attempts in the way of translation, which, we must confess, we wish, she had left untried,—namely, her literal versions of passages from Goethe's lyrical pieces and elegies. It is very true that they are most exact, and as elegant as such exactness will permit; and that she apologizes for their insertion as merely intended 'for the convenience of those who do not read German. It would give me extreme pain,' she says, 'that they should be regarded as intended in any degree to represent Goethe's poems. They are intended only to illustrate the text, by showing what is the matter of those poems.' But it would be fairer, we think, to leave her unlearned clients in their original ignorance. It seems almost impossible to read any poem, and more especially light and fugitive pieces such as these, in a literal translation, without extreme distaste; we can hardly picture to ourselves the existence of beauties in the original, when the copy before our eyes presents so melancholy a residuum, exhausted of all grace, life, and elegance. Such a version may indeed be of great value to a learner; and, in the case of a poem such as 'Faust,' where a great moral purpose and a great dramatic plan are developed, interest may probably be found even in the most prosaic and unornamented rendering. But in a book intended for mere English readers, and with respect to poems of which the beauty is of so aerial and evanescent a character, we cannot but think it injustice towards the author to drag him in this unseemly fashion before a cold irreverent audience. Perhaps also Goethe suffers more than any other poet from such exposure; his exquisite sense of melody, and power over the mechanism of verse, having been almost the mightiest instruments of his magic. Great as the musical flexibility of the German language is, no one had imagined before his appearance that it could be employed in such various forms of harmony, each equally consummate and faultless. This is a point on which an English critic may hardly venture to pronounce an opinion; but, in echoing the universal homage paid by Germany to Goethe's unrivalled excellence in this respect, we do but express our own sentiments, founded as they are on imperfect knowledge. There is no modern poet whatever, in reading whom we have derived such constant pleasure from the mere imaginary tones, the idea of melody which verse creates. His own saying respecting Wieland, might be, with still greater truth, applied to himself,—that if any one had shot down a cart-load of words on his desk, he would have found means to arrange them into a beautiful poem. In the employment of ancient metres (which has been successfully

practised by no modern nation except his own) he has equalled in sweetness, and much surpassed in variety, his master Voss, the father of the domestic idyl. The harmony of his Elegies, of 'Reynard the Fox,' of 'Herman and Dorothea,' is peculiar and original, founded on that of the ancients, and yet not precisely the same; a flourishing colony of classical rhythm, transplanted into a barbarous soil. In the octave metre of the Italian romancers, to which he has imparted a melancholy sweetness quite different from the character of his models; in the rapid tones of his ballads;—in rhythmical prose, unrhymed iambics, and the long, irregular, sustained melody of the splendid soliloquies of 'Faust';—his command over the rugged joints and sinews of language, to mould them into smoothness in every possible shape, is equally perfect and inexplicable.

Mrs. Austin has presented us, in these three volumes, with a variety of materials for judging of the character of Goethe, both as a man and an author. The first two are principally occupied with a translation of Falk's little work, 'Goethe Portrayed from Personal Intercourse,' with valuable notes and comments by the译者, containing versions of most of the passages in Goethe's works, to which allusion is made in her text. Falk was a sort of Boswell in his way, a professed eulogist of Goethe; and we are not to look for much philosophical discernment among the indiscriminate praises which he bestows on every part of his hero's character. He seems to have regarded his friend rather as a seraphic creature of pure intellect, than an earthly philosopher; and it appears not a little surprising that such a work can have been published during the lifetime, and almost under the eyes of Goethe himself. But its chief value arises from the conversations which are reported in it. The wonderful versatility of the poet is conspicuous in the declamatory lectures which they contain, delivered by him on an infinite variety of subjects,—always interesting, and frequently rising into lofty eloquence; but creating, upon the whole, that unsatisfactory impression so often produced by the reported sayings of men who speak for display, from the difficulty of distinguishing between their sober earnest, and their voluntary assumption of paradox. Several other little treatises make up the compilation: such as Friedrich von Müller's 'Goethe considered as a Man of Action'; M. Soret's 'Notes on Goethe,' originally published in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*; a couple of Memoirs of the Grand Duke of Weimar and his consort, and fragments of some other works. We are inclined to prefer among these the Memoir of M. Soret, a Genevese gentleman attached to the Court of Weimar. Although, by living in the company of Goethe and his intimates, he has acquired something of the tone prevailing in that coterie, and of the style of vanity and affectation in which, like all other small

societies, they speak of their own especial great man, yet, as a foreigner, he views his subject less after the fashion of a party, and with more general intelligence than the other authors of this compilation; while, from close personal intercourse, he has much valuable information to communicate. We must however confess, that we have looked through these volumes with some feelings of disappointment, perhaps unwarranted, in finding that they add so little to our knowledge of the poet's personal history. Most of his biographers, as far as we have been able to ascertain, have hitherto done little more than compile from his own narratives of different periods of his life; and these narratives are curious, for the most part, rather from the psychological developments which they exhibit, than from any variety of incidents. These he either briefly commemo rates, or hints at after an enigmatical fashion of his own. Probably few points of interest would be found to attract the general reader in the course of a career so little diversified. Goethe was placed in the situation of Privy Counsellor at Weimar, at the age of twenty-six; and almost the whole of his after time was spent in the quiet circle of that little court, and in the fulfilment of the routine duties of his situation. Still, in a work professing to give an account of the illustrious deceased, we expected to find some new details respecting the events of his life; for every life has its adventures, and although they may be in themselves of an ordinary and uninteresting cast, yet common domestic occurrences may contribute powerfully to the development of genius, and leave on such a mind a more inde lible impression than the most varied and exciting actions and sufferings on that of a common adventurer. But Mrs. Austin appears to have abstained purposely from personal details respecting her hero, upon a principle of delicacy, which may, we think, be too rigorously observed. We fully appreciate the honourable feeling which induced her to refuse any extracts from the anonymous gossip of the '*Buchlein von Goethe*'; and to decline rendering her work more popular, and more provocative to our appetite for scandal, by insertions from an unauthenticated and hostile pamphlet. But why pass over such details as her own authorities furnish her with? Why, for instance, omit all M. Soret's anecdotes respecting Goethe's early love affairs? If they contain any thing more than a mere transcript of Goethe's own mystic revelations in the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, we must confess that we should like to have known a little about this important part of a poet's biography. A few such narratives would have interested us more, perhaps, than several of the miscellaneous matters with which she swelled her compilation; such as the *resume* of Schelling's metaphysical system, or the facetious remarks of the Jekyll of Weimar, Herr von Einsiedeln, (the only specimens of German humour which these pages contain,

but adding very little to their liveliness.) In M. Soret's Memoir, we find a very moving episode concerning a certain Lili—a paragon, it should seem, of beauty and intelligence, whom Goethe loved as tenderly as she loved himself: there was no obstacle which it would have been impossible to surmount,—and yet he could not marry her! The elective affinity in this case went so far, that the poet appears to have thought of quitting Weimar and the Privy Council, for a cottage, with Lili, in the backwoods of America. Who was Lili? What was her name, degree, and complexion? How did this promising love-affair arise, and why was it broken off? If Mrs. Austin is able to answer these questions, we are sorry that her reverence for departed genius has induced her to withhold such desirable information. As it is, she has given us no commentary whatever on M. Soret's performance, except one long note on 'Goethe's Golden Jubilee';—a sort of speech-making and musical pageant, enacted at Weimar in 1826, which seems to have been an exhibition agreeably uniting the stately emptiness of an Oxford commemoration, with the vivacious insipidity of a Stratford festival.

But it would be unjust and unreasonable to judge of a work like the present simply as a biographical memoir. It has, in fact, very different claims on our attention. Mrs. Austin has abstained altogether from pronouncing her own opinions respecting Goethe and his works: her object has been to set faithfully before us the portrait which is drawn of him by his countrymen and contemporaries. He is placed not in the point of view in which it might be easiest or more fashionable to contemplate him, but in which he is actually regarded by those who have been bred up in intimacy with his person, and nourished on the literary food contained in his writings. Thus we obtain, as it were, a reflective view of Goethe: for we have the words and sentiments of men who measure him according to the standard of thought which he has himself raised in their minds;—the recollections of a great man proceeding from the pens of his own disciples, while his words are still sounding in their ears, and his ideal presence still fresh in their apprehension. The narratives of such writers possess many of the advantages, together with many of the defects, which attend an autobiography. Their descriptions are more characteristic, the conclusions at which they arrive more congenial with the spirit of the subject of their work, than those of distant and unconnected observers. But, on the other hand, we are to expect from them no impartial criticism, and no discrimination. All these notices of Goethe are in fact little more than so many funeral eulogies. There is no attempt to bring forward the strong points of his genius in a more marked manner, by contrasting them with his weaknesses: he is painted, as Queen Elizabeth was by the artists of her Court, without shade or perspective. Mrs. Austin has thought it

incumbent upon her to adopt without reserve the same laudatory tone, wherever she speaks of her hero in her own person. All that has been urged against him, in this country as well as in his own, is dismissed in a tone of indignant contempt, as if it could only proceed from the scandal-loving and depreciating spirit of the age. We are treated to a constant repetition of the usual circular argument employed in such cases—that if we do not like Goethe, it is because we do not understand him—if he appears to us obscure and enigmatical, it is because we possess not the true feeling of sympathy which would safely conduct us to the solution of all his mysteries.

Of this tendency to the mysterious, which detracts so greatly from the pleasure experienced by the ordinary reader in perusing the works of Goethe, his admirers, of course, speak in the most reverential terms. They desire, in plain language, that we will exercise our faith in receiving, without hesitation, all which appears dark to our unrefined understanding. ‘Goethe,’ says his excellent and undoubting eulogist, Herr von Muller, had ‘a strong liking for the enigmatical, which frequently interferes with the enjoyment of his works. I have heard him often maintain that a work of art, especially a poem, which left nothing to divine, could be no true, consummate work: that its highest destination must be ever to excite to reflection; and that the spectator or reader could never thoroughly enjoy and love it, but when it compelled him to expound it after his own mode of thinking, and to fill it up out of his imagination.’ ‘Goethe,’ says M. Soret, ‘might have revealed himself more distinctly; but mystery was with him the object of a sort of reverence, or the result of a system. We may suppose him to have said, “I will reveal myself only to those who can understand me, and they will divine me at half a word.”’ Mrs. Austin eloquently and warmly, after her fashion, defends her hero against the same charge. ‘The truth is, I have never yet met with a German who affected to understand Goethe throughout. How far this is his fault I do not take upon me to discuss, much less to decide. It is possible that “the mysterious, the sibylline, the incoherent,” in his writings has no meaning; but it seems unlikely.’ And she quotes, in support of the modest deference to superior acquirements, a remarkable passage of Mr. Coleridge with respect to the *Timaeus* of Plato; showing the reasons why it is more probable that the obscurity of the great philosopher argues our want of profoundness than his deficiency in clearness; and concluding, ‘therefore, utterly baffled in all my attempts to understand the ignorance of Plato, I conclude myself ignorant of his understanding.’

This is a doctrine and an illustration, which notwithstanding all our admiration for the departed genius, and our agreement with Mrs. Austin in her general estimate of his merits,

we cannot allow to pass without controversy. The example of Plato bears, in our apprehension, no reasonable analogy to the case of any modern writer. Little as we are aided by the dim external light which ancient history throws on the purpose and character of that philosopher, we may affirm thus much with tolerable certainty; that his writings, for the most part, were not intended for the comprehension of the unassisted reader; that they bear a symbolical character; and that the few to whom they were dedicated, were aided in their study, not merely by superior intelligence and wisdom, but by the actual possession of certain lost canons of construction, keys, or antitypes, perhaps arbitrary in great measure, and certainly enveloped in artificial, intentional concealment. When, therefore, modern authors take Plato and the other early philosophers for their model, and deem their studied and emblematic diction a fit subject of imitation, they are, in fact, like men mimicking arbitrary signs and gestures to which they attach no meaning, but which, among those who first employed them, bore a conventional significance. There is in the present day no sect of transcendentalists—no secret Eleusinian language used among literary men of the higher order. He who writes for the world must use the dialect of the world; and if the general consent of his readers, including his devoted followers, pronounces him unintelligible, we may safely conclude that there is no hidden meaning which a few privileged persons only can develop. Unless it is asserted, that we are to continue to see, like the neophytes of old, darkly and through a glass, where is the use of exalted talent and genius, if they are wasted in exhibiting a gift of tongues! Is not the possessor a barbarian to us? What avails it to the student, that Goethe is pronounced to have possessed an exalted wisdom beyond the reach of vulgar comprehension, if it be enveloped in whole volumes of elaborate ‘amphigouris,’ in verse and prose, in which the bewildered admirer is perpetually in search of a meaning which seems constantly near, and as constantly eludes his grasp?

And it is not the least embarrassing peculiarity which the reader of Goethe has to encounter, that there is no obvious line of distinction in his writings, between the palpable and the indefinite. Almost every one of his more important works (except such as were written for the stage) leads us gradually out of daylight into his favourite region of shadows. When we would willingly content ourselves with remaining exoteric admirers of his genius, he forces us to become the unprofiting hearers of his revelations: for as soon as we become interested in his incidents as facts, in his personages as human beings, they are straightway carried off in a cloud from the surface of the earth, and we are forced to bear them company into a region where they reappear only as abstractions or personified oracles.

All his visions, like Virgil's pageant of the shades, conclude with the ivory gate, which warns us that all we have seen was but a dream. Thus from the dramatic reality of 'Faust,' wonderful in its delineations of character, profound but simple and earnest in its severe philosophy, inviting thought and amply repaying it, we are plunged, in 'Helena,' into an incoherent, revolting mass of unsubstantial contradictions. In 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship,' we travel on for a long while, pleasantly enough, in company with a singular collection of personages, many of whose ways, and much of whose language, are neither very interesting nor always intelligible; but who entertain us, in spite of ourselves, by their mixture of humour and instructiveness, and by the singularity of the adventures which befall them. But no sooner are the principal characters brought within the walls of the fatal castle which is the term of their wanderings, than all their individuality vanishes at once, and we are left to fight our way to the end of the three volumes, through a series of devious, intricate passages of thought, occasionally emerging into light, only to plunge again into deeper gloom. And in the continuation, the travels of Wilhelm Meister, the hero is sent forth no longer to encounter real adventures among creatures of flesh and blood, but as a sort of metaphysical Don Quixote, armed at all points to encounter, in endless controversy, a host of dreamlike, shapeless chimeras; while the wearied reader is kept awake only by his admiration and astonishment at the unwearyed powers of language which are wasted in this unprofitable parade.

Nor is it encouraging to feel ourselves impelled to the conviction, that much of Goethe's obscurity, even in the merely aesthetic parts of his works (to use a German distinction,) arises from habitual cautiousness—from a reluctance to commit himself by embracing decided opinions on any subject. In their didactic portions, this peculiarity is still more evident; his meaning seems constantly half-expressed; it is left incomplete, we will not say from fear, but from a sense of the peculiar position which he occupied—a kind of literary sovereignty watched by jealous rivals. At once a courtier and a man of the world, he lived in society, and was forced to conform to its sentiments, yet anxious all the while to form a reputation of originality. And this reflection leads us seriously to consider the effect produced upon the genius of Goethe by his external circumstances. He may be pronounced singularly fortunate among literary men. From the time of his early youth to his protracted decease, he passed an easy, untroubled life, whose wants were all anticipated; surrounded by admirers, in the bosom of a friendly court, where he was received on terms of equality, such as even the pettiest prince has rarely adopted towards a son of the Muses. Notwithstanding the whispers of his devotees

concerning internal conflicts, mental difficulties, and struggles with the world, his pilgrimage was, after all, little more than a continued sail, with favourable wind and tide, down the stream of time. But it is our deep conviction that all which the poet gained in personal happiness by this singular good fortune, was lost to him in eventual celebrity; and that his genius was diverted from its natural path into a less profitable direction.

In maintaining this opinion, we shall find ourselves in direct opposition to the ordinary partisans of Goethe. They seem to think that any complaint of the undecided and enigmatical tone of his propositions respecting society, morality, and religion, amounts to an accusation of servility. This is by no means the sin with which we think him justly chargeable. Goethe's mind was, naturally, as independent and upright as an enthusiastic love of virtue, and a clear and active intellect, could jointly make it. By living attached to the rulers of a small and powerful monarchy, the friend of the honest, straightforward, benevolent Duke of Weimar, and his more gifted consort, he was not liable to fall into that intentional obsequiousness which degrades the writers who traffic for the favour of greater Princes. There were at Weimar no great interests to be served by the prostitution of literary talent; and Goethe cannot be accused of having, in any one instance of which we are aware, sought or received the wages of an advocate. But the effect of perpetual contact with the world, in blunting the acuteness of genius, seems much more insidious and impalpably progressive. He who devotes himself to society, and has already attained its highest honours, must be constantly thinking of self, of the place which he occupies, and the means of best securing that place; which he soon finds to consist in avoiding all provocations to vehement controversy, and acting quietly and constantly on the defensive. While most of those around him are struggling to change their position or direction, his unconscious effort, like that of a man standing still, is to preserve an equilibrium. All great displays of strength, all violent emotions, are consequently out of his province. This is so marked a peculiarity of Goethe's disposition, both as a man and as a writer, that his eulogists derive it from a supposed natural propensity. 'In Goethe's character,' says Falk, in the first page of Mrs. Austin's translation, 'we find a most sensitive shrinking from all intense impressions, which by every means, and under every circumstance of his life, he sought to ward off from himself.' And, with the true philosophy of a wet-nurse, he proceeds to derive this softness of temperament from the poet's mother, of whom he tells several edifying stories to the same effect. Can this be said, morally, of the author of 'Werter,' the impassioned youth of whom Goethe himself has left the portrait in his memoirs? or physically, of the man who, as

he informs us in his Campaign of 1792, would ride within reach of a battery, in order to experience that strange and exciting sensation known to military men abroad by the name of the cannon-fever! Is not the marked manner in which he avoided all vehement literary agitation, rather to be attributed to the education of circumstances, and the caution early learnt by a man of worldly and ambitious character?

One of the most evident results of Goethe's social relations on his opinions is to be found, as may be expected, in his views of the moral and political destinies of mankind. We are none of those enthusiasts who reject alike the discursive reveries of the poet, and the reasoning of the philosopher, unless these happen to have espoused warmly their own favourite sentiments on matters of common public discussion. We are far from wishing that Goethe had been a partisan in any sense. He might have occupied a place of much more imposing dignity, as arbiter between the prejudices and passions of ordinary men. But there are many who do complain, and we think not unreasonably, that he systematically averted his regards from all the great questions which agitate society. He refused alike to meddle with the petty discussions of the day, and with the vast conflicts which have been fought for years, or for centuries, and which involve the happiness of our own, as well as all future generations. Not only he would not himself look for a moment at any of these things, but his spleen and indignation were vented upon all persons who embraced party with any degree of warmth. Because he knew that naked forms of government are insufficient to make nations happy; therefore, he deemed all men foolish or insane, who would dream of improving society at all, except by the utterance of some thousand sage saws and enigmatical maxims, in verse and prose, of which the general bearing seems to be, to recommend all mankind to exercise the virtues of patience and moderation, and let the world go on as it has hitherto done:—very judicious advice, which we hear every day from the mouths of many privy-councillors who have little in common with Goethe, except his title, and his fondness for the *juste milieu*. Indifference became a fixed idea in his mind, and he embraced it with exclusive and dogmatical ardour. All who attached themselves to any sect or party, with zeal and steadfastness, were dreamers or mountebanks in his imagination, according as he supposed them to be actuated by honest blindness or by hypocrisy. ‘Goethe wanted to observe,’ says Falk; ‘his age wanted to act; and to seize upon every occasion, however slight, which presented itself as a possible reason for action. It was this which once led him to say to me, “Religion and politics are a troubled element for art: I have always kept myself aloof from them as much as possible.” There was but one party, for which, with such views,

he could declare himself, that, namely, under whose influence tranquillity might be expected, or even hoped for, let it be found how it might.’

In Doring's life of Goethe, (a work we believe, of little value, except from the occasional memoranda of Goethe's personal acquaintance which it contains,) the reader will find an account of a conversation with Schulze, in which Goethe's zeal against the zealous is strongly portrayed. Mrs. Austin, of course, makes the most of her favourite's character on this as on other points. ‘That Goethe was indifferent to the progress of human improvement, and the sum of human happiness, appears to me incredible. Indifferent to many of the questions that are most fiercely debated, he might—nay, rather he must—be: for his wide and prophetic glance pierced far beyond the strife of the hour. It was not, surely, that he was indifferent to the welfare of mankind, but that he thought it a pernicious illusion to look for healing to sources whence he was persuaded healing could never come. His labours for the improvement of the human race were unwearied, calm, and systematic. But if the political neutrality be obstinately observed, subjected him to the vehement denunciations of many of his countrymen, it will probably be still more revolting to English readers. It is, however, unreasonable to expect the same earnestness and vehemence in support of any cause or system from a man who sees it with all its limitations and possible attendant evils, as from one who can perceive nothing but advantages. The same clear, serene, far-reaching glance which enabled him to discern “the soul of goodness in things evil,” and thence inclined him to tolerance and indulgence, revealed to him the evil that lurks amid the greatest apparent good, and thus moderated his expectations and tempered his zeal.’

This is eloquent pleading, undoubtedly; but it does not, we think, reach the root of the matter, or evolve the primary motives of Goethe's mind. If there be any moral purport to be arrived at by a general comparison of his works, it amounts only to this; that the highest aim of man is to accommodate himself to the circumstances in which he is placed with relation to the natural world and to his fellows; to attend to his own aesthetic development; to consider the perfection of art as the most consummate scope of all industry; and to leave both social and supernatural interests to take care of themselves. ‘But,’ says Falk, with much *naivete*, ‘it happened that religion and politics, church and state, were exactly the cardinal points within which the age in which he lived was destined to be remodelled.’ (We should like to know ‘within’ what other ‘cardinal points’ any age ever was or can be remodelled.) ‘All action and all science were irresistibly determined to this centre.’ In all ages and countries, religion and politics have

been the great engines of improvement; and, in the history of European kingdoms, those periods are the darkest in which they have been neglected, and art substituted for them as the main object of men's thoughts. To perceive that a strong tendency towards aesthetic development, in the mass of a nation, is often accompanied by a vicious, mean, or insignificant character, we need only look at the pauperism of Greece, and the populace of the streets of Italy. That where obtuseness of feeling, on these points, is compensated by a serious and reflective disposition, strongly excitabile by religion and politics only, the greatest public happiness prevails—Scotland, Holland, and America may witness. The man of superficial refinement, acting upon Goethe's principle, shrinks from the coarse violence and vulgar prejudice which indicate the state of popular feeling in such countries as these. The philosopher who sees a little farther into the great problem of human life, knows that these very defects are signs of the inward health and vigour of the commonwealth. But Goethe, according to Falk, 'would rather talk, in society, of one of Boccaccio's tales, than of matters on which the welfare of Europe was thought to depend.' Such characters as Luther and Coriolanus' (an odd juxtaposition) excited in him a sort of *uncomfortable* feeling, which could only be explained on the hypothesis, that *their natures stood in a sort of mysterious opposition to his.*' Therefore, the reader will look in vain, in Goethe's works, for counsel on any matter of public interest. All is dark; and although acute minds fancy they discover occasional suggestions, which lead them, as they imagine, into the spirit of the author, another page, or another work, will produce quite a contrary impression. On religion, for instance, (and we select this topic not to please English prejudice, which very unreasonably insists on measuring the opinions of foreigners on that subject by the standard of our insular orthodoxy, but merely as affording a strong instance in our favour,) it is quite impossible to attain to any definite view of his sentiments. In early youth, he framed a sort of Pantheistic system for himself. Some of his works bear the occasional impress of a mystic devotion. Even the Catholics have sometimes claimed him for their own. On the other hand, the beautiful little poem, 'Die Geheimnisse,' seems rather to regard Revelation as an ideal scheme than a substantial fact. A remarkable passage in *Wilhelm Meister's 'Wanderjahre'* would seem to indicate that the writer had at last settled down into a sort of ultra-rationalism. But, from the general contemplation of his scattered notions on this subject, only one conclusion can be arrived at; namely, that in his opinion, no sect whatever was, or could be, in the right. Goethe has been compared to Voltaire: in some respects, the comparison does him injustice; but Voltaire had one decided advantage over

him—that of a clear, consistent, intelligible purpose: for, as Herder thought, Schiller wrote, and Goethe himself cited with admiration,

‘Self-contradiction is the only wrong;
And, by the laws of spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
Which acts in strict consistence with itself.’

Goethe's mind, on the contrary, was a power which refused all direction; which wandered without distinct aim or object—given to quarrel with all those who possessed a firmer faith or a more practical disposition. As a poet, he is immortal; as thinker, (pity that two such titles should be divided!) he has formed no school, produced no system; rendered his mind in no respect a portion of the mind of the time in which he lived, and for which he wrote. The admiration which he has achieved is but a barren wreath, whose flowers can never ripen into fruit.

But we must not do Goethe injustice as a man, if we are inclined to think that too cold and cautious a demeanour diminished his literary influence on society. In his mind, early and cherished feelings of patriotism were combined with an ardent personal attachment to his friends, the Duke of Weimar, whom he had accompanied into France, and by whose side he had shared the dangers of the Duke of Brunswick's ill-starred invasion; and his noble-minded Duchess, whose calm and princely dignity, during the disasters of 1806, rebuked even the petulant mood of Napoleon. He felt most acutely the temporary degradation of his sovereign during the miserable years which followed the battle of Jena. The following passage strongly portrays his high-minded loyalty, and will serve also as an admirable specimen of the talents of our graceful and energetic translatress. Falk had related to Goethe some acts of imprudence on the part of the Duke, which had subjected him to the displeasure of his imperial oppressor.

‘Goethe heard me, in silence, up to this point. His eyes now flashed with fire, and he exclaimed, “Enough! What would they have then, these Frenchmen! Are they human? Why do they exact the utterly inhuman? What has the Duke done, that is not worthy of all praise and honour? Since when is it a crime for a man to remain true to his old friends and comrades in misfortune! Is the memory of a high-minded man so utterly nothing in their eyes? Why do they require from the Duke to obliterate all the noblest recollections of his life—the seven year's war—the memory of Frederick the Great, his uncle—all that is great, glorious, and venerable in the former condition of Germany, in which he took an active part, and for which he at last set crown and sceptre on the die? Do they expect that he is to wipe out all this as with a wet sponge from the tablets of his memory, like an ill-reckoned sum, because it pleases his new master? Does

your empire of yesterday, then, already stand so immovably steadfast, that you are exempt from all, even the slightest, fear of participating in the changes of human things! * Formed by nature to be a calm and impartial spectator of events, even I am exasperated when I see men required to perform the impossible. That the Duke assists wounded Prussian officers robbed of their pay; that he lent the lion-hearted Blucher four thousand thalers after the battle of Lubeck, that is what you call a conspiracy!—that seems to you a fit subject for reproach and accusation!

"Let us suppose the case, that to-day or tomorrow misfortune befall your grand army; what would a general or a field-marshall be worth in the Emperor's eyes, who would act precisely as our Duke has acted under these circumstances? I tell you the Duke shall act as he acts, and he must act so! He would do great injustice if ever he acted otherwise! Yes—and even were he thus to lose country and subjects, crown and sceptre, like his ancestor the unfortunate John, yet must he not deviate one hand's-breadth from this noble manner of thinking, and from that which the duty of a man and a prince prescribes in such an emergency.—Misfortune! what is misfortune? This is a misfortune, that a prince should be compelled to endure such things from foreigners: And if it came to the same pass with him, as formerly with his ancestor Duke John; if his ruin were certain and irretrievable, let not that dismay us: we will take our staff in our hands, and accompany our master in his adversity, as old Lucas Kranach† did; we will never forsake him. The women and children, when they meet us in the villages, will cast down their eyes and weep, and say one to another,—That this is old Goethe and the former Duke of Weimar, whom the French Emperor drove from his throne because he was true to his friend in misfortune; because he visited his uncle, the Duke of Brunswick, on his death-bed; because he would not let his old comrades and brothers-in-arms starve!"

We have heard it remarked by an acute, although fanciful, metaphysician, that all thinkers take their part early in life, and become, according to the bent of their dispositions, either Platonists or Aristotelians. It seems to have been Goethe's ambition to combine the two characters. With mind naturally prone to enthusiasm and mysticism, he purposely placed himself in what appears to us a false position;—endeavouring to consider the eternal world in a strictly objective point of view, to observe individual objects without attempting to generalize, and to submit mind and matter alike to the test of experience. He seems to have vo-

luntarily abdicated, as a dangerous pre-eminence, the poetical supremacy which he had so early acquired; and to have laboured, throughout his later life, to neutralize the effect produced by, 'Werter,' 'Faust,' and his earlier dramas, and to persuade mankind that his real vocation was of quite another sort. His admirers are enraptured with what they call his 'manysidedness' (one of the words which Mrs. Austin insists on naturalizing,) that is, as they explain it, his power of withdrawing his mind from itself, 'divesting himself of intellectual identity, becoming that which he contemplated or described, feeling the sensations and thinking the thoughts of other beings.' They endeavour to represent him as at once an accurate observer of nature and art, and a sagacious describer of that world of which he was a citizen, possessed of an acute and learned spirit of human dealings. It is hardly necessary to remark that such praise appears, *a priori*, unphilosophical and ungrounded. There are few instances indeed; may we not say none?—in which the same person has obtained celebrity as a natural philosopher, and as a dramatic delineator of human passion and thought. But we apprehend that neither of these excellences constituted the distinctive characteristic of Goethe's talents. His friends portray his life as one continued course of empirical observation. He studied, they say, the characters of those around him—was ever more anxious to obtain their opinion, and to trace their modes of thinking, than to develop his own;—and it is noticed of him, that in later life, when all persons of distinction who came to Weimar made a point of paying their respects to him, he always preferred seeing his visitors one by one, in order to get as much as possible out of each of them. It will be recollect that Sir Walter Scott described his own self-elected course of mental education in precisely similar terms. The extremely different result which, in the cases of these two great men, followed the same line of practice, will at once convince us of the radical difference which existed between their mental powers. The dramatic or descriptive scene of the English writer are chiefly admirable, as all Europe knows, from what German critics would call their intense objectiveness. They call up to the reader's imagination the most vividly distinct impressions of the things represented, and never remind him for an instant of the peculiarities, or the very existence, of the author himself. The least interesting passages in his works are those comparatively rare ones where he speaks, either expressly or impliedly, in his own person. In the writings of Goethe, on the contrary, the fruits of his observation seldom reappear without having undergone a most curious process of alteration within the ever-active laboratory of his thoughts, and becoming mixed and identified with his own idiosyncrasy. We call a dramatic essay

* We seem to hear the poet echoing the indignant apostrophe of his favourite Prometheus to the new Deities of Olympus:

ΨΕΙ ΟΥΔΑ ΕΠΙΧΩΣΙΣ, ΚΑΙ ΣΟΛΙΣΤΙΣ ΔΗ
ΤΗΝΙΚΗ ΜΗΤΡΗ ΤΟΥΓΧΑΝΑ', ΟΥΣ ΙΝ ΤΗΝΙΚΗ ΣΥΝ
ΔΙΕΘΕΣ ΤΥΓΧΑΝΟΥΣ ΕΠΙΧΩΣΙΣ: ΚΕΙΘΕΡ;

† Lucas Kranach, the painter, petitioned Charles V. to be allowed to share the captivity of his patron, John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, when made prisoner at the battle of Mühlberg; and was actually confined with him for five years.

natural, either where the events are such as might consistently happen, or where the personages are made to act probably in improbable positions. In the novels of Goethe, the events are, for the most part, highly improbable; and the personages act and think after a fashion of their own, wholly different from the ordinary way of the world. We cannot but look on them less as actual characters, than as personified theories or abstractions; or as embodying sometimes wild reveries of the author's own imagination, sometimes those which he had perceived to be generally prevalent among the ardent and fanciful spirits with whom he associated. And with regard to his observations on Art and Nature, they seem to have been always pursued rather in search of arguments to support some preconceived metaphysical theory, than in the true spirit of patient investigation. In this estimate of Goethe's genius, we feel that we are venturing to differ from much which is written and said respecting him in his own country; but we have preferred drawing our own results from a comparison of his works, however imperfect, to echoing the voice of his disciples, who, perhaps, portray him less as he actually was than as we wished to be represented.

His history seems to afford abundant evidence of this peculiar self-deception, or self-misrepresentation. The first work by which the young citizen of Frankfort became at a single start the most prominent character in Germany, was the 'Sorrows of Werter.' It is not easy to decide on the real excellence of a performance, which derived so much of its success from reproducing in a tangible shape the undefined longings and crude sentiments prevalent among a large class of society, in those peaceful but dissatisfied times. But assuredly its magic does not consist in any thing like an approximation to existing characters or probable incidents. There is no individuality or distinct personal character in either of the two lovers; they are generalizations of human passion—symbols of the workings of the young author's mind, excited by those which fermented in the breasts of his comrades, the children of his generation. 'Goetz von Berlichingen' afforded food of another kind to the restless and discontented spirit of these youthful enthusiasts; not by its vivid pictures of ancient times and thoughts, in which it is excelled by many other works of the same description, but by collecting into one centre all the vague feelings of discontent with existing society and institutions which then prevailed; and reproducing them in the character of a magnanimous, honourable rebel, edifying all readers by his noble contempt for laws and lawyers, and his generous assertion of the First Right, and maintaining himself in singleness of purpose against the guile of men in authority. The portrait of Goethe, at this period of his life, is just what might be expected from the character of these early works.

'Goethe was with us,' writes his friend Jacobi, in 1774, 'a handsome youth of five-and-twenty, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, all genius, power, and strength, a spirit of fire with the wings of an eagle, *qui ruit immensus ore profundo*. The more I think him over, the more intensely I feel the impossibility of writing, to one who has neither seen nor heard Goethe, any thing comprehensible concerning this extraordinary creature of God. . . . He is one of the possessed, to whom it is allowed in scarcely any event to act otherwise than involuntarily. It requires to be only an hour in his company to find it in the highest degree ridiculous to desire him to think and act in any other fashion than his own.' Wieland, who saw him for the first time when he removed to Weimar, in 1775, writes of him in the simplicity of his heart:—'Goethe, who *has been with us eight days*, is the greatest genius, and the best and most amiable man whom I know.' Many other instances might be adduced of the impression which he made on society of his fiery unrestrained genius, his extraordinary eloquence, and youthful imagination. How then did it come to pass that so ardent and impetuous a character, at so early an age, assumed at once the cautious habits of a courtier, threw aside by a single effort the romantic tendencies which had so long impelled him, confined his wishes to the possible,—his views to the horizon which bounded the common eye? Sagacity and ambition may have produced such a change in his outward demeanour; but years could hardly have wrought so complete an alteration in the intellectual and moral man. The *apparent* reaction, however, was complete. Admitted into a new world, and becoming conversant with its children, instead of the sympathizing enthusiasts, male and female, in whose company his former years had been passed, Goethe conceived the bitterest distaste to the whole cast of thought and behaviour which himself had so powerfully contributed to produce in Germany. He became so suddenly convinced, that as the world could not be reformed by the yearnings and strivings of philosophers of twenty, it became the duty of an enlightened man steadfastly to oppose himself to all longings after theoretical perfection. With a heart still full of romance, he forced himself to adopt a system coldly and deliberately sceptical—to believe only in the Practical, over which personal experiment and observation had given him the mastery.

But the efforts of Goethe to recall within bounds the wild current of youthful energy, which his own example had sent wandering in all directions but the right, were, to his great disappointment, wholly ineffectual. The Storm-and-Power epoch, as the Germans call it, had commenced, and the ardent leaders of the fashion held on their way—Werter and Berlichingen their watchwords in the charge, inundating the land with supernatural horrors,

exaggerated sentiment, and extravagant mysticism. Numberless lovers, in blue frock-coats and yellow waistcoats, (the *costume de rigueur* of a 'sentimental-passionate ascetic,') raved and despaired at the feet of their respective Charlottes, who came gracefully from parlour and store-room (the favourite retreat of a German heroine) to flirt with their husbands' unmarried friends; and future Goetzes schemed their Utopian revolts, which the approaching time was about to exhibit in stern and savage reality. While the Privy-Counsellor was directing the theatre at Weimar, studying classical antiquity under the auspices of Herder, and going through his apprenticeship in the little world of which he had become a member, the lustre of his general popularity was on the wane, eclipsed by the brilliancy of newer comets. He has recorded a singular instance of the rebellion of the spirit which he had raised against himself, in the narrative of his interviews with young Plessing, in the second part of his 'Memoirs'; an occurrence which he improved into a poem in his worst taste, the 'Harz-Reise im Winter.' A somewhat similar contrast was strongly marked in his first interview with Schiller, in 1787. The latter poet, ten years younger than Goethe in age, and with still greater disparity of disposition, whose 'Robbers' had exercised a similar influence with that formerly produced by the author of *Werter* on the students and young ladies of Germany—who, more recently, in his 'Don Carlos,' had endeavoured to portray ideal excellence in the character of a philanthropic statesman—was not likely to meet with much favour at the hands of the elder author, now waging determined war against enthusiasts of every class. Goethe, moreover, had at this time taken part against the Kantian philosophy; expressed himself adverse to the study of final causes, and all reasoning *a priori*; while Schiller had adopted these and other imaginative doctrines with all the warmth of a partisan. To him, therefore, Goethe appeared 'ein kalter Mensch,' a cold experimentalist, a slave of intellect, and an enemy to reason. But the difference was rather in seeming than in reality; for Goethe's tendency to mysticism, notwithstanding his sedulous endeavours to restrain it, still exercised paramount influence over his mind; while the ardour of Schiller in pursuing the 'high priori road,' was gradually wearing away before the added experience of years. Partialities and prejudices were laid aside by both; and those two noble minds were soon united in intimate friendship, which the early death of Schiller alone divided. His memory was zealously defended by Goethe against his posthumous assailants; and Mrs. Austin has reported some expressions uttered by the latter in conversation, a year only before his death, which form as noble a eulogy as ever orator pronounced over the tomb of departed genius. 'He,' (Schiller) 'strode forward with

awful rapidity. If I was a week without seeing him, when we met I was astounded, and knew not where to lay hold of him, I found him so much further advanced. And so he went on, ever forwards, for forty-six years—then, indeed, he had gone far enough!'

For many years these two poets continued their labours together; a rare, perhaps an unparalleled instance of writers of high and original genius following the same career together, without jealousy or suspicion, and aiding each other by the free intercommunion of their knowledge and fancy. Many of their ballads and miscellaneous poems were composed in a sort of amicable rivalry; and they strongly illustrate the difference that prevailed between their characters. Those of Goethe possess, perhaps, much greater variety of ornament, and display higher flights of imagination; some of them, the 'Bride of Corinth' for instance, are perfect epic compositions in their miniature shape. Yet there is something far-fetched in the conception, and complicated in the structure, of most of them; they seem constantly to suggest, in a dark manner, the existence of some hidden meaning beyond their first and obvious import; and they very rarely appeal to the common sensibilities of our nature. Schiller's, on the contrary, seem all simplicity and earnestness, full of popular sentiment, and natural, unaffected pathos. There could not, in fact, be a stronger external contrast than that between his frank, impetuous, open nature, and the courtier-like reserve and ironical caution of his older companion. Schiller was inclined to trust all the world; he wrought as it were in public, and liked, as Goethe says, to converse with others on any poetical subject which he had undertaken, and to frame and discuss all manner of plans and evidences for his intended work. Goethe laboured on a contrary principle. He always preferred enveloping his own designs in silence, and catching information and assistance obliquely from the minds of others, without exposing his own. This propensity he describes in his mystical manner, calling it 'a superstition which had been confirmed by experience, that I must not speak of an undertaking, if I would have it succeed. A very deep meaning lies in that notion, that a man in search of buried treasure must work in utter silence; must speak not a word, whatever appearance, either terrific or delightful, may present itself. And not less significant is the tradition, that one who is on an adventurous pilgrimage to some precious talisman, through the most lonesome mountain-path or dreary desert, must walk onwards without stopping, nor look around him, though fearfully menacing or sweetly enticing voices follow his footsteps and sound in his ear.' (Mrs. Austin's *Characteristics*, vol. ii. p. 322.)

Many volumes of commentaries have been written on the drama of 'Faust,' and each new expositor has thought it his duty to invent

some theory respecting its object and intention ; attributing to its author numberless ingenious designs which he never dreamt of. But there is some truth, we cannot but think, in the supposition that it records to a certain extent the change in his sentiments and mode of thinking (*Denkungsart*,) which did partially take place within his mind, and which he endeavoured to persuade himself and others had been wholly accomplished. Although not published until 1790, we know that the first part of this extraordinary work was conceived and partly executed many years before ; that its idea was in fact coeval with his earliest poetical plans. It seems to express, in its complete form, the feelings of two very different periods of his life. We see at once that the philosopher in his study, made restless and miserable by his sense of the worthlessness of earthly science, and pouring out his soul in eloquent aspirations after communion with superior essences, is no other than the young and eager student himself, revolving now the subtleties of Spinoza, and now the riddles of Paracelsus. There is not a line which does not bear the impress of some ardent feeling, which had glowed in the bosom of the poet with tenfold fiercer heat than even his own burning words could express. Is it not also possible, although not quite so evident, that the magician, in the second phase of his earthly existence—when the sceptical fiend has taught him to lay aside the study of final causes, and confine his views to practical results—no less represents the writer himself in the self-chosen abasement of his spiritual dignity ? We do not mean that the experiences of the outer world, to which Goethe subjected himself when he abandoned his own inner contemplative being, were of the same nature with the scenes into which he conducts his student-hero. What he meant to represent, (if this theory be true,) was the immediate passage from the speculative to the practical, of whatever particular sort this last might be. And he wished to depict the change as complete at once, far more complete than it could really become, or than it actually was within his own heart. This supposition explains what sometimes appears an inconsistency in the conduct of the piece, when it is merely considered as dramatic, and the personages as stage characters. From the moment in which Faust completes his contract with the fiend, and becomes externally an altered man, the change in his character is also effected ; except in one scene, which appears in rather forced contrast to those which accompany it, there is scarcely any recurrence, even in recollection, to his former state of being. The aspiring Magian is entirely lost in the sensual libertine, or the reckless lover. Even on the Harz, surrounded by mysteries, in the exciting atmosphere of a half-revelation of the spiritual world, he shows scarcely any desire to penetrate into the higher secrets of the place ; he exhibits little cu-

riosity or amazement, and no wish except to find out the prettiest witch for his partner in the waltz. He acquiesces without reluctance in Mephistophele's suggestion to keep out of the crowd, and find out some quiet nook beyond the crush and turmoil of the festival ; even as the young courtier at Weimar sought to avoid the public exhibition of his talents, and the excitement of bustling society, and tied down his genius to the purpose of amusing and delighting a small circle, and piling together miscellaneous instruction for himself.

For several years after his establishment at Weimar, Goethe wrought comparatively little for his reputation. His labours were principally confined to the production of lighter pieces for society and the stage, in the management of which he took a prominent and highly useful part, at once directing public taste, and encouraging native and imported talent. Weimar soon became, and continued for many years, a place of pilgrimage, to which literary men resorted from all parts of Germany ; some for instruction and entertainment, others in search of patronage. 'Bertuch, the father, who was treasurer to the Duke, used, in after times, to speak with great glee of a singular head in the accounts which he had to submit in those days. It consisted almost entirely of breeches, waistcoats, shoes and stockings, for German literati ; who came wandering within Weimar's gates, slenderly provided with those articles.' Meanwhile the poet occupied his mind in studies of a very extensive, but very desultory nature. He seems to have early adopted the resolution to know something of everything. His favourite empirical philosophy admonished him to collect observations from all quarters, to form no theories, but to lay steadily and surely the foundation for future inductions. Such were the principles he laid down for himself ; but the innate poetical and generalizing tendency of his mind directed all his struggles to very different results. He had always been an admirer of art ; he drew, etched, (indifferently enough, we fancy,) studied music, botany, chemistry, natural philosophy, and learnt a little of every language of which a grammar and vocabulary could be procured. He gradually adopted the notion that nature had intended him less for a poet than a great experimentalist and discoverer in physical science. He imagined a new theory of vegetation—as wild and rhapsodical as ever presented itself to the brain of an early philosopher, before Bacon had bidden experience supply the place of fiction. And, by that singular contradiction, of which his life affords so many instances, he insisted that this theory was deduced from no imaginary process of reasoning, but from his own actual remarks ; and was extremely discomposed whenever practical botanists treated his visionary scheme as a 'poesie manquee,' instead of respecting it as a real discovery. He writes from Naples in 1786—I must, moreover, tell you in confi-

dence, that I am very near the whole secret of the generation and organization of plants, and that it is the simplest thing that can be imagined. Under this sky one may make the most beautiful observations. The main point, where the germ really lodges, I have discovered beyond all doubt; all the rest I have a general view of, only some points must be more distinctly made out. The archetypal plant (*Urpflanze*) will be the strangest creature in the world, which Nature herself shall envy one. With this model, and the key to it, one may then invent plants *ad infinitum*, which *must* be consistent; i. e. which, if they do not exist, yet might exist, and are not mere picturesque shows and shadows, but have an inward truth and necessity. The same law will be applicable to all animal bodies.' This is rather a Platonic piece of natural history. But he expanded the same idea, in 1797, into the form of a very beautiful elegy, (the '*Metamorphosis of Plants*,') for which shape it seems much more fit than for that of an elementary treatise. A very singular passage in Falk (vol. i. p. 70,) would seem (could we feel certain in reading any discourse or production of this extraordinary man, in his later years, that his words are really to be understood as expressing definite opinions) to indicate, that he assumed a similar hypothesis as the basis of his views of the whole series of creation.

More eloquent inspiration breathes in none of Goethe's elaborate works, than in those delightful '*Letters from Italy*,' from which we have extracted the above quotation. None exhibit more strongly the struggle which existed between the imaginative tendency of his genius, and his cherished practical doctrines. They lay open to us the very heart of the poet; and every object of which he speaks with real feeling, is coloured with the tints of his high-wrought enthusiasm. But in those very details on which he seems to pride himself—acute remarks on society, tasteful criticisms on art, graphic descriptions of scenery—in these, we think, the most ordinary book of travels often surpasses him. He has noted down all his impressions with sedulous minuteness, but without selection or discrimination; so that the whole would be tedious from its prolixity, were it not for the occasional outbreaks of the poetical spirit through this undigested mass of observations. From very early youth, the desire of seeing Italy had been incessantly present to Goethe's mind—a constant and even painful sensation. No man has described so well what none ever felt more acutely, that unconquerable, indefinable sentiment, which seems an original passion in many minds—that yearning after change of place, that attraction towards the distant and unseen, which envelopes foreign climates and scenery in hues of imaginary brightness. This feeling had thrilled a thousand times within the heart of the youthful poet, exciting the same wild longing which his *Faust* expresses, when

wandering forth, a wearied student, from his closet, to feel the influence of the sunset.

'For Matter aids not with corporeal wings
The Spirit's light imaginings:
Yet to each soul that hidden pulse is given,
That whispering voice which beckons her away,
When o'er our heads, lost in the expanse of hea-
ven,

The lark entunes her thrilling lay;
When sweeping o'er the forest-brake
The eagle's mighty pinions strain,
And o'er wild heath and marshy lake
Speeds to his home the banded crane.'

This restless feeling was exalted and dignified, in respect to Italy, by the desire to behold the source of nearly all which makes life ideal. There never yet was a student with a soul in the slightest degree elevated above the mere routine of classical instruction, in whose mind, at one period or another of his life, the wish to visit the shores of the Mediterranean, and to worship the spirit of the Past in its holiest shrine, the City of the Soul, has not amounted to an importunate longing. But among the greater number of those who are not early enabled to fulfil their wish, the cares and manifold distractions of the world gradually deaden the edge of this peculiar sentiment, until its acuteness survives in recollection only. It was, on the contrary, a singularity in Goethe's mind, that in him the enthusiasm of youth retained all its freshness, at a time of life when most look back upon it as a loss past recalling, and others, who still possess, are rather apt to conceal it, from habitual fear of ridicule. Perhaps, too, the quiet and almost collegiate character of the little circle in which Goethe lived, tended to keep alive these juvenile feelings: which are to soon stifled among the bustle of more active society. He felt and wrote like a schoolboy, when, at the age of seven-and-thirty, his long-cherished hope of seeing Italy was at last on the point of fulfilment. He longed, like his own Mignon, after the land of the orange and myrtle: he counted the degrees of latitude as he advanced, and fancied that every southern breeze brought with it the airs of a more favoured climate. 'God be thanked,' he writes from Venice, 'that I am enabled once more to love all which I have valued from my earliest youth! How happy I feel myself in venturing once more to approach the classical authors! For I may now unburden my mind and acknowledge my own weakness: For many years I have not dared to look into any Latin writer, or to contemplate anything which renewed the idea of Italy in my mind. If such an impression was produced by accident, it caused me the most acute suffering. Herder often used to taunt me with learning all my Latin out of Spinoza; for he had remarked that this was the only Latin book which I read: he did not know how sedulously I was obliged to guard myself from the ancients, how I took refuge from the very

anguish of my spirit in those abstruse generalities. Had I not taken the resolution which I am now fulfilling, I must have gone to utter ruin: to such maturity had the desire to see these objects with my own eyes arrived in my mind. Historical knowledge availed me nothing: the things themselves stood only at a hand's-breadth from me, but parted by an impenetrable wall. And now, the impression which they produce on me is scarcely as if I saw them for the first time, but rather as if I were revisiting them.'—'At last,' he writes a few weeks later from Rome, 'I have reached the capital of the world! The desire to arrive at Rome, was so great, increased so strongly with every moment, that all attempt at delay was vain, and I remained only three hours in Florence. Now I am here and at rest, tranquillized, as it seems, for the rest of my life. For it may well be said that a new life dawns within us, when we see that with our eyes as a whole, which we knew before only by fragments and by rote. All the dreams of my youth I now behold in actual life: the first copperplate prints which I remember (my father had the views of Rome hanging in an ante-chamber) are now become a reality, and all which I have long known in pictures and etchings, prints and woodcuts, plaster and cork, stands collected before me. Wherever I go, I fall in with some acquaintance in a new world: it is all as I had imagined it, and yet all new. Even the same I can say of my own observations and ideas. I have had no absolutely new thoughts—have found nothing entirely strange; but my old ideas are become so pronounced, so lively, so connected, that they may pass for new ones. When Pygmalion's Elia, whom he had fashioned to the fullest resemblance of his wish, and to whom he had given as much truth and existence as the artist can, at length came before him and exclaimed, I am she! how different was the living creature from the sculptured stone!' Naples affected him, if possible still more powerfully. 'When I attempt to write words, pictures only will present themselves to my mind; the fruitful land, the free ocean, the vapoury islands, the smoking mountain; and I do not find within myself the organs wherewith to reproduce all this in description. I have seen much, and thought much more: the world opens itself farther and farther, and all which I have long known becomes now, for the first time, truly mine. How early man knows; how late he is enabled to use his knowledge! And yet the world is but a simple wheel, similar to itself in every point of its revolution, and appearing to us so strange and multiform, only because we are ourselves carried around with it.'

It was not until his return from Italy that Goethe's mind can be said to have received its full development, and to have displayed, with greater maturity of powers, the same activity which had characterised his early youth. It

was then that he published, within the space of a very few years, *Faust*, *Tasso*, *Iphigenie*, *Reineke*, *Fuchs*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and his works on optics and botany, besides miscellaneous pieces;—the whole comprehending, either in substance or episode, almost every species of composition. To attempt a critical analysis of all, or any of these works, would equally exceed our limits and our powers. Of 'Wilhelm Meister,' in some respects the most remarkable of them all, we shall only observe here, that of all Goethe's works of fiction, it deserves, perhaps, the least attention from the reader who is only attracted by incident, character, or description; but affords matter of peculiar interest to him who considers it as deciphering, according to the author's adopted conclusions, the riddle of human life; who loves to pursue the workings of his mind, and to track the strange, enigmatical, tortuous wanderings of his genius; or to engage in the ever-baffled, yet ever-attractive, chase after his meaning, through the labyrinth of his flowing style and multifarious imagery. No book has been more extensively misunderstood; some rejecting it as an unintelligible treatise on metaphysics under the garb of an ill-arranged fiction; others again praising it as displaying wonderful knowledge of the actual world, and delineating a host of natural characters and situations. We cannot understand the merit which is attributed to it in this respect. To us the characters, with one or two exceptions, seem rather like personifications of so many different trains of thought, than like real beings, such as we meet with in the world. Or rather they have a twofold existence; the one as creatures of pure intellect under different modifications; the other as managers and actresses, barons and shopkeepers, who are introduced performing their ordinary affairs, and represented to the life in their household garbs and daily necessities, with the minuteness of a Dutch painting:—but their adventures, their passions, the more exalted part of their domestic history which furnishes the ordinary stuff of dramas and romances, all appear incongruous, far-fetched, unnatural. As for the extreme vulgarity with which this performance has been reproached, the slovenly dressings and undressings, the dirty cookery, the gross and greasy eatings, drinkings, and love-makings, with which it abounds, one observation is perhaps important—that if this unpleasant singularity do partly proceed from that want of sufficient feeling for the physical dignity of man's nature, which has been said we know not how justly, to characterise both Goethe and Germany, it is perhaps in a greater measure owing to the system which the writer had deliberately adopted; that the real circumstances of life in all their variety, without concealment or refinement, were the fittest subject to which the reader could apply his attention. Upon the whole, the perusal of this strange romance draws us on with irresistible

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captivation, wandering from one half-resolved doubt to another, still less satisfactorily answered, until, at the end of each long and dreamy stage in our pilgrimage, we feel half convinced that the author has been sedulously mystifying us,—half inclined to believe that there lurks some profound revelation in the pages which we have read: thus alternately attracted and repulsed, constantly tempted to throw down the book altogether, we are yet carried on, as by an involuntary agency, to the end of the three long volumes, to close them at last with the conviction that the author is one of the inspired—a man of true and original powers, although we cannot make our own idiosyncrasy coincide with his, or answer why he is at times so unfathomably deep, at others so inane and superficial.

The remainder of Goethe's more important original works, produced at a later period of his life, and many of them within the last fifteen years, exhibit, we think, but too manifest proof that the fertility of his mind had outlasted both the fire of his genius and the discretion of his better taste. We are quite aware how strongly this opinion is at variance with most of the judgments which have been passed by his compatriots on their great national author;—by critics who, undoubtedly, are qualified by education and habit to feel, comprehend, and estimate him far better than ourselves. But we do not set our sentence in opposition to theirs; for we perceive immediately that the premises from which we reason are entirely different. Our standards of taste are so widely, so irreconcilably apart, that what to us appears a gradual degeneracy from the simple into the unintelligible, from fact and nature into paradox and affectation, is esteemed by them a gradual advance towards perfection. Goethe, they say, was ever learning, ever instructing himself as well as others; his mastery was obtained by a true and vast comprehension of the world and its manifold contents; and as he acquired every day fresh intelligence, so he strengthened and sharpened his power of expressing that intelligence. All this is founded on views widely different from our own, both of the strength of Goethe's character, and of the immutable laws of art and human nature. Posterity will judge whether our English realism, of which Goethe himself and the host of his followers speak with such extreme contempt, or the idealism of Germany, be the truest medium through which the objects of thought are contemplated; or whether there be a mixture of right and wrong in both principles, and the discovery of the real laws of taste and imagination is to belong to happier times, and a more instructed society. In the meantime we are bound to reverence the writer whom the most literary nation of Europe selects as the worthiest representative of her genius—we are not blind to the innumerable beauties which sparkle through the dross of his meanest performances—but it

would be mere cant and affectation to join in the praise of humour and pathos which we cannot relish; of sentiments manipulated, softened, and smoothed away, until we can no longer sympathize with what remains of them; of philosophy which appears to us sometimes incomprehensibly mysterious—such as we find them in the principal of Goethe's later works, —the 'West-Oestlicher Divan,' 'Wilhelm Meister's Travels,' and the lately published 'Continuation of Faust.' After long hovering over the boundary-line between the real and unreal, Goethe's muse seems at last to have deserted the day, and taken her flight into the land of shadows, where English intellect cannot presume to follow her.

For these reasons we much prefer to contemplate Goethe's character, in his declining years, as the critical head of German literature, and the umpire and legislator of Art, in the extended sense in which his countrymen apply the word, rather than in his capacity of original author. He possessed among his fellow-citizens the same authority which, half a century before, the Patriarch of Ferney had so widely exercised, but with more benevolent philosophy, and among a generation schooled to distrust the brilliant paradoxes which had misled their fathers. Never, perhaps, was literary pre-eminence so widely recognized and for so long a time, as that which he enjoyed, especially from the death of Schiller and Wieland to his own. In reviewing the ever-varying aspect of European society during the last half century, it is pleasant to turn our glance from that turbulent external world to the quiet microcosm of Weimar, and behold Goethe—whose dictatorship outlived the German Empire, the French Revolution, the Rhenish Confederacy, the dynasty of Napoleon, and the Holy Alliance—calmly surveying, with no troubled or changeful eye, the successive waves which burst and raged impotently at his feet. Up to his very last moment, the activity of his mind was undiminished; he was as insatiable in his thirst for information as any of the young companions in whose society he delighted. Philology, art, and natural history, were passing in constant review before him; on whatever subject he was addressed, he always found, 'au courant du jour'; whether in discussing the productions of the modern French school, which he terms the 'literature du desespoir,' the odes and tragedies of the most popular modern Italian authors, or the various works of our own later writers, with whom, in many departments, he had a very extensive acquaintance. If his notions on England and English society were somewhat confused, and founded on hasty assumptions, (as we should be apt to conclude from the dialogue contained in the German Prince's Travels in England, if correctly reported by that ingenious writer,) we attribute this less to want of information, than to the habitual rapidity with which he was

wont to convert the various matter which his insatiable curiosity received from all quarters into the form of a theory. He took a deep interest in the progress of Lord Byron's life and authorship,—beginning, perhaps, from the notion which he entertained that *Manfred* was an imitation of his own *Faust*;—an idea more true in reality than it may appear at first sight; for although Lord Byron was certainly unacquainted both with the language and the poem, yet it is impossible not to perceive, upon comparison of the two dramas, that the spirit and tendency of the earlier one had, by some indirect channel, penetrated into the mind of the English author, and become a portion of his thoughts. But Goethe appears, generally speaking, to have taken less interest in our imaginative and philosophical literature, than in the progress of our industry, the practical discoveries of our men of science, and, still more, in the narratives of our travellers and colonists. Here, the bigoted realism of which he accused us was in its right place; and the value of our sedulous diligence in the collection and arrangement of facts was duly estimated. When we add to these studies his zealous and unwearied exertions to render popular Oriental, Romaic, and Spanish literature and the poetical fragments of the inferior European tribes, by translation and criticism, and consider also the constant claims of society on his time, we shall hardly find a similar instance of persevering energy continuing to the most advanced age, or a mind whose original strength has lasted so long and so well. To retain in old age the full power of mental enjoyment, when the soul is too often occupied only by mournful sympathy with the decay of its earthly companion;—to carry the wakeful curiosity and apprehensiveness of youth, together with the collected energy of manhood, even to the very gates of death, and meet that event at last in such tranquil guise, that it scarcely appears more than a casual halt in the passage from temporal to eternal contemplation;—this is the true *Eugenia* of the ancients and their much-desired *Euthanasia*.

In the thirty-third volume of Goethe's works, now before us, we find a collection of *Reviews* written by him for the *Frankfurter Gelehrten Anzeigen*, in 1772 and 1773, and for the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung* of Jena, in 1804, 1805, and 1806; while another volume contains his remarks on, and extracts from, various recent works,—among others the Tragedies of Manzoni. How long, how wonderful a train of associations is called up by the aspect of these little books! The mind's eye is fatigued and dazzled by the long succession of images, the phantasmatogoria of sixty years—

* In dim and shadowy vision of the past
Seen far remote, as country which hath left
The traveller's speedy step, retiring back
From morn till even—

all of which passed in substance and reality

before the eyes of this patriarch. He abode among us, in his latter years, like the old Venetian republic, connecting what may be called ancient with modern history; for the rapid march of events has anticipated time, and made us look upon the period of his youth as an age gone by. In our country, those years have witnessed the decay of the dominion of Pope and Johnson; the rise of the latter empire, as Byron insisted upon calling it,—the dynasty of a class of writers whose taste and style were mainly formed by importations from Germany, principally furnished by Goethe himself, aided by Schiller, Wieland, and Kotzebue, in their respective capacities. They have seen this school attain an extent of popularity which literature had never before enjoyed in England; and have seen it finally dwindle and decay by the successive deaths or Abdications of the chiefs of its aristocracy. In Germany still greater changes have taken place: a language has been refined, almost from barbarism, to a degree of elegance and polish of which it had not been thought susceptible, and from which, in the opinion of some, it is already beginning to degenerate. And during all this time, the founder of the new sect has inhabited his academy by the banks of Ilm, and exercised a critical sovereignty over forty millions of his fellow-Germans; appealed to, first as the youthful and ardent discoverer of the mine; next, in full manhood, as its most successful and persevering explorer; lastly, in his old age, as the surviving witness of the days of its lavish wealth,—of the luxury and gorgeousness which it spread around,—of its gradually decreasing productiveness, perhaps of its final abandonment.

Upon the whole, we cannot, after using our best endeavours, adopt the Teutonic mode of judging this great writer, which it is the main object of the present work to recommend to us. But we are not the less admirers of his genius, and conscious of the extraordinary influence he has exerted on cotemporary literature, both within and without his country;—in this island especially, where numbers have imbibed, from intermediate transfusion, a portion of his spirit, who are utterly ignorant of his language and his works. With this feeling, it is a subject of regret to us that Mrs Austin has employed her unusual knowledge of that tongue, and her eminent talents for composition, on such service as the present. Where is the use of endeavouring to make an unlearned public acquainted with the vague, circumlocutory eulogies poured forth by the admirers of Goethe, when Goethe himself—the author—is absolutely unknown among them? Forty volumes of his works are on our shelves; sixteen posthumous ones are in course of publication; of all this mass, how much is penetrable by the English reader? A few German students may peruse Mrs. Austin's volumes as a matter of curiosity and interest; but to them

the original is attainable, and she cannot expect that the great body of those whom she wishes to instruct can derive much benefit from these detached notices of a writer of whom they are completely ignorant, except by reputation. She announces, in her present work, that she has undertaken to translate the correspondence between Goethe and his friend Zelter, and we doubt not that she will thus communicate to us much curious information; but were it not too late to dissuade her from a labour already commenced, we would most earnestly request her to do something towards removing our ignorance of the writer before she introduces us farther to the man. We know of no translator who has shown one-tenth part of the capability which she has evinced for undertaking so difficult a task. We have, indeed, a translation of 'Wilhelm Meister' by the hand of a master of the language; but its author has adopted, upon principle, that Anglo-Teutonic style, which no scolding or admonition will ever make palatable to our prejudiced taste; and it is, moreover, a work, which, as a whole, it is perhaps impossible to read with advantage in any tongue but the original. But Goethe, in his prose composition, is, as it seems to us, one of those writers who might be most easily made known to us by fragments; because his several works seldom present a distinct unity of object, but consist, for the most part, of a number of detached trains of thought, alternately taken up and laid aside. His tales, romances, and reviews, his memoirs, (hitherto exceedingly ill translated,) and their still more interesting continuation in the Italian travels, the Campaign of 1792 and the 'und Jahres Hefte,' (from which the notes to the volumes before us contain most interesting extracts,) all these might surely afford materials which, when wrought on by such a hand as Mrs. Austin's, would do more towards imparting to the British public some knowledge of the great idol of their Teutonic brethren, than if some persevering translator were to render accessible to us all the heavy volumes of insipid or paradoxical commentary, whith which his admirers have sought to overlay correct criticism, and to deter the student from forming a free and impartial estimate of his character and powers.

From the *Athenaeum*.

INTERIOR OF SOUTHERN AUSTRALIA.*

NEW HOLLAND, or, as it is now called, Australia, is an Island, or rather continent, after its own kind. The trees are ever green, which is more than can be said of the ground: the

animals are not fierce, which has not been always said of the people; the rivers, instead of running towards the sea, run in many instances inland: their waters, unlike those of European rivers, are occasionally salt; the plains and hills, wherever they have been explored, are found fitter for pasturage than grain; and the climate is so favourable to human nature, that physicians are almost unknown. But there is no continuous green-sward as in England; the grasses grow in tufts, at distances from each other, like dabbled cauliflower; the woods are, in their nature, hard and heavy, and suitable mainly for cabinet work; there are few rivulets or small streams; and the land is visited every thirty or forty years by a draught so intense, that the lowest plains are parched, the lakes dried up, and the chief rivers—and some of them are large ones; actually stop in their course, and trees rise where waters ran. The chief productions of this splendid mainland are wool, grain, and butter and cheese; the chief inhabitants are convicts, or their descendants; and as the whole belongs, without dispute, to England, there is a certainty of its becoming, in course of time, the seat of empire, where our laws and language will, as in America, be established beyond the reach of fortune. No country under the sun is increasing in numerical strength like Australia: the tide of emigration, by free will, as well as by compulsion of the law, has for a long time flowed to that settlement: all those, (and they are not few,) who do not like to run the risk of becoming Americans, sail for the east; and we may see, as we glance our eye over the map, that the names of the old isle are revived in the new: we have Cumberland, Westmoreland, Northumberland, and hundreds of others equally well known, which show what the settlers are thinking about, and to what land they are looking.

We are but as yet making ourselves acquainted with Australia: our navigators have put a belt about it; but our travellers have not yet penetrated far inland; and we can only guess that the many noble rivers which belong to it run not wholly through deserts, but water rich alluvial plains and pastoral mountains. The reports of Commissioner Biggs, the writings of Wentworth, the very interesting volumes of Mr. P. Cunningham, the surveys of Oxley, and the travels of Allan Cunningham the botanist, have made us intimate with the people and the country around the coast, and even far inland. But Capt. Sturt has done more than any one else—he has traversed fearlessly no less than 3222 English miles, exploring the courses of rivers, examining the hills, and woods, and vales, and laying all down in a map with the accuracy of a sworn surveyor. Oxley travelled 1600 miles, Allan Cunningham 2000, and other adventurers have their hundreds to talk about; but the travels of Sturt are by far the most extensive and im-

* Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia, during the Years 1828, 1829, 1830, and 1831: with Observations on the Soil, Climate, and General Resources of the Colony of New South Wales. By Capt. Charles Sturt, 39th Regiment, F. R. S. and F. R. G. S. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

portant. We lament, however, that he performed them during the years of drought; every where he found the beasts of the field, and even the fowls of the air, retiring before the heat and the drying up of the streams; and we never remember to have read any thing so touching, as when, burning with thirst, he rushed with his companions over an arid desert to a broad and noble river, and, lying down to drink, found its waters salt!

The introduction contains many interesting particulars regarding the progress of the colony; and bestows some well-merited praise upon the amiable and enterprising M'Arthurs, who introduced sheep-farming, and produced the first fine wool; but we hasten from the author's speculations upon the climate and the country, though ingenious and probable, to the actual discoveries which he made in the interior during his two journeys. In the month of September 1822, Capt. Sturt received the Governor's commands to take proper assistants with him, and explore the country from the Valley of Wellington to the extensive marshes in which, it may be remembered, Oxley lost the great river Macquarie. As the former survey was made during a wet season, it was hoped that a dry one would be more propitious; and accordingly our adventurers began their expedition, well armed, for fear of attacks from the natives, with provisions in their boats, and everything suitable for the undertaking.

The Macquarie continued to flow broad and deep, bearing the expedition along through many a wild wood and extensive plain. Wher-ever Sturt went, he found hordes of savages: they seemed to have no fixed habitations, and no settled employment; their time was spent in providing for the wants of the day: they usually carried fishing-nets and spears; some of them had dogs,—and we are warranted in saying, from the experience of our adventurers, that they are neither so fierce of nature nor so void of talent, as has been hitherto represented. It is said, that in Ireland the peasantry used to set fire to their shealings, or cabins, rather than pay half-a-crown of hearth tax; they seem to be imitated in this by the natives of New Holland:—

"Continuing our journey on the following morning, we at first kept on the banks of the creek, and at about a quarter of a mile from where he had slept, came upon a numerous tribe of natives. A young girl sitting by the fire was the first to observe us as we were slowly approaching her. She was so excessively alarmed, that she had not the power to run away; but threw herself on the ground and screamed violently. We now observed a number of huts out of which the natives issued, little dreaming of the spectacle they were to behold. But the moment they saw us, they started back; their huts were in a moment in flames, and each with a firebrand ran to and fro with hideous yells, thrusting them into every bush they passed. I walked my horse quietly towards an old man who stood more for-

ward than the rest, as if he intended to devote himself for the preservation of his tribe. I had intended speaking to him, but on a nearer approach I remarked that he trembled so violently that it was impossible to expect that I could obtain any information from him; and as I had not time for explanations, I left him to form his own conjectures as to what we were, and continued to move towards a thick brush, into which they did not venture to follow us."

In another attempt to get into conversation with the tribes of the desert, our travellers are more successful:—

"As we were travelling through a forest we surprised a hunting party of natives. Mr. Hume and I were considerably in front of our party at the time, and he only had his gun with him. We had been moving along so quietly that we were not for some time observed by them. There were seated on the ground, under a tree, and two others were busily employed on one of the lower branches cutting out honey. As soon as they saw us, four of them ran away; but the fifth, who wore a cap of emu feathers, stood for a moment looking at us, and then very deliberately dropped out of the tree to the ground. I then advanced towards him, but before I got round a bush that intervened, he had darted away. I was fearful he was gone to collect his tribe, and, under this impression, rode quickly back for my gun to support Mr. Hume. On my arrival, I found the native was before me. He stood about twenty paces from Mr. Hume, who was endeavouring to explain what he was; but seeing me approach he immediately poised his spear at him, as being the nearest. Mr. Hume then unslung his carbine, and presented it; but, as it was evident my appearance had startled the savage, I pulled up; and he immediately lowered his weapon. His coolness and courage surprised me, and increased my desire to communicate with him. He had evidently taken both man and horse for one animal, and as long as Mr. Hume kept his seat, the native remained upon his guard; but when he saw him dismount, after the first astonishment had subsided, he stuck his spear into the ground, and walked fearlessly up to him. We easily made him comprehend that we were in search of water; when he pointed to the west, as indicating that we should supply our wants there. He gave his information in a frank and manly way, without the least embarrassment, and when the party passed, he stepped back to avoid the animals, without the smallest confusion. I am sure he was a very brave man; and I left him with the most favourable impressions, and not without hope, that he would follow us."

On reaching the marshes into which the Macquarie empties itself, into the narrative of Oxley, Captain Sturt - and where water had been, indeed, but he not only could not find the marshes, but he lost the Macquarie itself. The river, hitherto deep and broad, disappeared all at once in the dusty desert; and though the country was explored for upward of twenty miles round, it did not re-appear, and the travellers went in search of other streams. The country is low, and covered with reeds

and shells; Sturt inclines to the belief, that as the Macquarie has no tributary streams, it is swallowed up in seasons of drought by the burning deserts; and, that in moist seasons, it spreads its waters out into extensive marshes, and uniting into a stream again continues its course. From the lowlands, where they lost the stream, they proceeded in a north-westerly direction: they could find no water anywhere to allay their thirst; at last, when about to abandon themselves to despair, a noble river burst on their view—the result is well described:—

"The channel of the river was from seventy to eighty yards broad, and enclosed an unbroken sheet of water, evidently very deep, and literally covered with pelicans and other wild fowl. Our surprise and delight may better be imagined than described. Our difficulties seemed to be at an end, for here was a river that promised to reward all our exertions, and which appeared every moment to increase in importance to our imagination. Coming from the N. E., and flowing to the S. W., it had a capacity of channel that proved that we were as far from its source as from its termination. The paths of the natives on either side of it were like well trodden roads; and the trees that overhung it were of beautiful and gigantic growth.

"Its banks were too precipitous to allow of our watering the cattle, but the men eagerly descended to quench their thirst, which a powerful sun contributed to increase; nor shall I ever forget the cry of amazement that followed their doing so, or the looks of terror and disappointment with which they called out to inform me that the water was so salt as to be unfit to drink! This was, indeed, too true: on tasting it, I found it extremely nauseous, and strongly impregnated with salt, being apparently a mixture of sea and fresh water. Whence this arose, whether from local causes, or from a communication with some inland sea, I know not, but the discovery was certainly a blow for which I was not prepared."

This new river they baptized the Darling: they followed its stream for awhile, and found what may be called a native village—almost the only thing of the kind discovered in the country:—

"On the 5th, the river led us to the southward and westward. Early in the day, we passed a group of seventy huts, capable of holding from twelve to fifteen men each. They appeared to be permanent habitations, and all of them fronted the same point of the compass. In searching amongst them, we observed two beautifully made nets of about ninety yards in length. The one had much larger meshes than the other, and was, most probably, intended to take kangaroos; but the other was evidently a fishing net.

"In one hut, the floor of which was swept with particular care, a number of white balls, as of pulverized shells or lime, had been deposited—the use of which we could not divine. A trench was formed round the hut to prevent the rain from running under it, and the whole was arranged with more than ordinary attention."

These inland tribes seem superior in look and manners to the squalid wretches who infest the coast, and sometimes spread terror among the settlers:—

"The natives of the Darling are a clean-limbed, well-conditioned race, generally speaking. They seemingly occupy permanent huts, but their tribe did not bear any proportion to the size or number of their habitations. It was evident their population had been thinned. The customs of these distant tribes, as far as we could judge, were similar to those of the mountain blacks, and they are essentially the same people, although their language differs. They lacerate their bodies, but do not extract the front teeth. We saw but few cloaks among them, since the opossum does not inhabit the interior. Those that were noticed, were made of the red kangaroo skin. In appearance, these men are stouter in the bust than at the lower extremities; they have broad noses, sunken eyes, overhanging eyebrows, and thick lips. The men are much better looking than the women. Both go perfectly naked, if I except the former, who wear nets over the loins and across the forehead, and bones through the cartilages of the nose. Their chief food is fish, of which they have great supplies in the river; still they have their seasons for hunting their emus and kangaroos. The nets they use for this purpose, as well as for fishing, are of great length, and are made upon large frames. These people do not appear to have warlike habits, nor do they take any pride in their arms, which differ little from those used by the inland tribes, and are assimilated to them as far as the materials will allow. One powerful man, however, had a regular trident, for which Mr. Hume offered many things without success. He plainly intimated to us that he had a use for it, but whether against an enemy or to secure prey, we could not understand. I was most anxious to have ascertained if any religious ceremonies obtained among them, but the difficulty of making them comprehend our meaning was insurmountable; and to the same cause may be attributed the circumstance of my being unable to collect any satisfactory vocabulary of their language. They evinced a strange perversity, or obstinacy rather, in repeating words, although it was evident that they knew they were meant as questions. The pole we observed in the creek, on the evening previously to our making the Darling, was not the only one that fell under our notice; our impression, therefore, that they were fixed by the natives to propitiate some deity, was confirmed. It would appear that the white pigment was an indication of mourning. Whether these people have an idea of a superintending Providence I doubt, but they evidently dread evil agency. On the whole I should say they are a people, at present, at the very bottom of the scale of humanity."

Our travellers fell in with the Darling again, many miles in advance to the south-west—its waters were deeper and not quite so salt as on their first acquaintance. After having advanced into the country 1272 miles, the expedition returned without loss of life, having discovered an almost navigable river, and ascer-

tained that the Macquarie in a dry season, runs no farther than where Oxley in his map lays down the marshes. The land explored, was not rich nor inviting to the settler: but the interest which formerly belonged to the Macquarie, was now transferred to the Darling; and men marvelled whither so large a river could run, and a fresh expedition to its banks was talked of.

In September 1829, Capt. Sturt received a command from the Governor, to proceed to Camden, and trace the course of the river Morumbidgee, or such rivers as were connected with it; some hope was entertained that the Darling might be fallen in with, as it appeared to direct its course towards the latitudes in which his line of journey lay. The second journey, amounting in length to nearly two thousand miles, was most successfully performed. The Morumbidgee was followed in its westerly course till it joined a hitherto undiscovered river, sixty-seven yards wide at the mouth, which was named "The Murray," in honour of Sir George Murray. Farther on, the united streams are increased by the salt waters of the Darling, and the three rivers, under the name of the Murray, empty themselves into the salt lake of Alexandrina, and pass into the sea at Encounter Bay, near Cape Jervis. The exploring party were picked men: Mr. M'Leay, a volunteer, accompanied them, and the whole were guided by the counsel and example of Sturt, who seems to have shown all the courage, fortitude, forbearance, and hardihood of body necessary for success. The expedition moved forward in two boats; the lands through which they sailed, were often beautiful and sometimes rich; nor was their journey without its dangers—they were often embarrassed by the sudden contractions and expansions of the river, and often menaced by the wild tribes, who, in parties of fifties and hundreds, roamed armed along its banks. The following passage shows some of the impediments which the Morumbidgee presented: it also introduces us to the river Murray:—

"We rose in the morning with feelings of apprehension and uncertainty; and, indeed, with great doubts on our minds whether we were not thus early destined to witness the wreck and the defeat of the expedition. The men got slowly and cautiously into the boat, and placed themselves so as to leave no part undefended. Hopkinson stood at the bow, ready with poles to turn her head from any thing upon which she might be drifting. Thus prepared, we allowed her to go with the stream. By extreme care and attention on the part of the men, we passed this formidable barrier. Hopkinson in particular exerted himself, and more than once leapt from the boat upon apparently rotten logs of wood, that I should not have judged capable of bearing his weight, the more effectually to save the boat. It might have been imagined that where such a quantity of timber had accumulated, a clearer channel would have been found below, but such was not the

case. In every reach we had to encounter fresh difficulties. In some places huge trees lay athwart the stream, under whose arched branches we were obliged to pass; but, generally speaking, they had been carried, roots foremost, by the current, and, therefore, presented so many points to receive us, that, at the rate at which we were going, had we struck full upon any one of them, it would have gone through and through the boat. About noon we stopped to repair, or rather to take down the remains of our awning, which had been torn away; and to breathe a moment from the state of apprehension and anxiety in which our minds had been kept during the morning. About one, we again started. The men looked anxiously out a-head; for the singular change in the river had impressed on them an idea, that we were approaching its termination, or near some adventure. On a sudden, the river took a general southern direction, but, in its tortuous course, swept round to every point of the compass with the greatest irregularity. We were carried at a fearful rate down its gloomy and contracted banks, and in such a moment of excitement, had little time to pay attention to the country through which we were passing. It was, however, observed, that chalybeate-springs were numerous close to the water's edge. At 3 p. m., Hopkinson called out that we were approaching a junction, and in less than a minute afterwards, we were hurried into a broad and noble river.

"It is impossible for me to describe the effect of so instantaneous a change of circumstances upon us. The boats were allowed to drift along at pleasure, and such was the force with which we had been shot out of the Morumbidgee, that we were carried nearly to the bank opposite its embouchure, whilst we continued to gaze in silent astonishment on the capacious channel we had entered; and when we looked for that by which we had been led into it, we could hardly believe that the insignificant gap that presented itself to us, was, indeed, the termination of the beautiful and noble stream whose course we had thus successfully followed. I can only compare the relief we experienced to that which the seaman feels on weathering the rock upon which he expected his vessel would have struck—to the calm which succeeds moments of feverish anxiety, when the dread of danger is succeeded by the certainty of escape."

That the natives saw not this invasion without alarm, is sufficiently manifest in the following very graphic description—a warlike tribe who happened to see the boats, rushed spear in hand into a shallow part of the stream to attack them—their escape was next to miraculous:

"It was with considerable apprehension that I observed the river to be shoaling fast, more especially as a huge sand-bank, a little below us, and on the same side on which the natives had gathered, projected nearly a third-way across the channel. To this sand-bank, they ran with tumultuous uproar, and covered it over in a dense mass. Some of the chiefs advanced to the water to be nearer their victims, and turned from

time to time to direct their followers. With every pacific disposition, and an extreme reluctance to take away life, I foresaw that it would be impossible any longer to avoid an engagement, yet with such fearful numbers against us, I was doubtful of the result. The spectacle we had witnessed had been one of the most appalling kind, and sufficient to shake the firmness of most men; but at that trying moment my little band preserved their temper and coolness, and if anything could be gleaned from their countenances, it was that they had determined on an obstinate resistance. I now explained to them that their only chance of escape depended, or would depend, on their firmness. I desired that after the first volley had been fired, M'Leay and three of the men would attend to the defence of the boat with bayonets only, while I, Hopkinson, and Harris, would keep up the fire as being more used to it. I ordered, however, that no shot was to be fired until after I had discharged both my barrels. I then delivered their arms to the men, which had as yet been kept in the place appropriated for them, and at the same time some rounds of loose cartridge. The men assured me they would follow my instructions, and thus prepared, having already lowered the sail, we drifted onwards with the current. As we neared the sand-bank, I stood up and made signs to the natives to desist; but without success. I took up my gun, therefore, and cocking it, had already brought it down to a level. A few seconds more would have closed the life of the nearest of the savages: the distance was too trifling for me to doubt the fatal effects of the discharge; for I was determined to take deadly aim, in hopes that the fall of one man might save the lives of many. But at the very moment, when my hand was on the trigger, and my eye was along the barrel, my purpose was checked by M'Leay, who called to me that another party of blacks had made their appearance upon the left bank of the river. Turning round, I observed four men at the top of their speed. The foremost of them as soon as he got a-head of the boat, threw himself from a considerable height into the water. He struggled across the channel to the sand-bank, and in an incredibly short space of time, stood in front of the savage against whom my aim had been directed. Seizing him by the throat, he pushed him backwards, and forcing all who were in the water upon the bank, he trod its margin with a vehemence and an agitation that were exceedingly striking. At one moment pointing to the boat, at another shaking his clenched hand in the faces of the most forward, and stamping with passion on the sand; his voice, that was at first distinct and clear, was lost in hoarse murmurs. Two of the four natives remained on the left bank of the river, but the third followed his leader (who proved to be the remarkable savage I have previously noticed) to the scene of action. The reader will imagine our feelings on this occasion; it is impossible to describe them. We were so wholly lost in interest at the scene that was passing, that the boat was allowed to drift at pleasure. For my own part I was overwhelmed with astonishment, and in truth stunned and confused; so singular, so un-

expected, and so strikingly providential, had been our escape."

The valley through which the Murray runs, seems worthy of the consideration of the government:

"The valley of the Murray, at its entrance, cannot be less than four miles in breadth. The river does not occupy the centre, but inclines to either side, according to its windings, and thus the flats are of greater or less extent, according to the distance of the river from the base of the hills. It is to be remarked, that the bottom of the valley is extremely level, and extensively covered with reeds. From the latter circumstance, one would be led to infer that these flats are subject to overflow, and no doubt can exist as to the fact of their being, at least partially, if not wholly, under water at times. A country in a state of nature is, however, so different from one in a state of cultivation, that it is hazardous to give an opinion as to its practical *availability*, if I may use such a term. I should, undoubtedly, say the marshes of the Macquarie were frequently covered with water, and that they were wholly unfit for any one purpose whatever. It is evident from the marks of the reeds upon the banks, that the flood covers them occasionally to the depth of three feet, and the reeds are so densely embodied and so close to the river side that the natives cannot walk along it. The reeds are the broad flag-reed (*arundo phragmatis*), and grow on a stiff earthy loam, without any accompanying vegetation; indeed, they form so solid a mass that the sun cannot penetrate to the ground to nourish vegetation. On the other hand, the valley of the Murray, though covered with reeds in most places, is not so in all. There is no mark upon the reeds by which to judge as to the height of inundation, neither are they of the same kind as those which cover the marshes of the Macquarie. They are the species of round reed of which the South Sea islanders make their arrows, and stand sufficiently open, not only to allow of a passage through, but for the abundant growth of grass among them. Still, I have no doubt that parts of the valley are subject to flood; but, as I have already remarked, I do not know whether these parts are either deeply or frequently covered. Rain must fall simultaneously in the S. E. angle of the island in the intertropical regions, and at the heads of all the tributaries of the main stream, ere its effects can be felt in the lower parts of the Murray. If the valley of the Murray is not subject to flood, it has only recently gained a height above the influence of the river, and still retains all the character of flooded land. In either case, however, it contains land that is of the very richest kind—soil that is the pure accumulation of vegetable matter, and is as black as ebony. If its hundreds of thousands of acres were practically available, I should not hesitate to pronounce it one of the richest spots of equal extent on earth, and highly favoured in other respects. How far it is available remains to be proved; and an opinion upon either side would be hazardous, although that of its liability to flood would, most probably, be nearest to truth. It is, however, certain that

any part of the valley would require much labour before it could be brought under cultivation, and that even its most available spots would require almost as much trouble to clear them as the forest tract, for nothing is more difficult to destroy than reeds. Breaking the sod, would, naturally, raise the level of the ground, and lateral drains would, most probably, carry off all floods; but, then the latter, at least, is the operation of an advanced stage of husbandry only. I would, however, observe, that there are many parts of the valley decidedly above the reach of flood. I have, in the above observations, been more particularly alluding to the lowest and broadest portions of it. I trust I shall be understood as not wishing to overrate this discovery on the one hand, or on the other, to include its whole extent in one sweeping clause of condemnation."

We heartily recommend these volumes to public notice. They are full of interest; well and modestly written; carefully illustrated; and, on the whole, make us better acquainted with the interior of Australia and its native tribes, than any other work we have hitherto met with. We shall return to them again.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

In our last notice we principally confined ourselves to the narrative parts of Captain Sturt's volumes: the difficulties he had to contend with, the means by which he overcame them, the extent to which he succeeded in penetrating hitherto unknown regions, and the general features of the country through which he passed. We must now say something as to the results of the expedition, in a scientific and practical point of view; and examine how far they improve our acquaintance with the geography and natural history of our Australian colonies, or hold out hopes of favourable locations to future emigrants.

The eastern shore of Australia presents, as its general character, a range of hills, running at a greater or less distance from the sea; approaching it, opposite Sydney, within about forty miles, but retiring further as we ascend to the northward. This range goes by the name of the Blue Mountains, and rises to the altitude of between 3000 and 4000 feet. Further south, rather in the rear of this range, and at a greater distance from the coast, is a second, called the Australian Alps, stretching as it were, across the south-east corner of the island [or continent, as it may be called]; of which we have very little information, save that their peaks are covered with snow all the year round. This, in a medium latitude of 36°, would justify us in assigning them an elevation of 10,000 or 12,000 feet, if the application of general rules were at all admissible to a country where *jackasses*^{*} are taught to whis-

tle, and *quadrupeds* hop on their tail and hind legs. The Blue Mountains, however, are the most important feature, as from them arise the greater number of the rivers, on which the fertility and inhabitable nature of a country must always be closely dependent. Of these rivers, such as rise on the eastern side have a short and easy course to the sea; they do not, however, gain it by the most direct route, but those to the south of Sydney have an inclination northwards, while those to the north, have an inclination southwards; thus showing the general dip of country, both north and south, to be tending towards the capital. This disposition may be said to prevail from Shoal Haven to Port Macquarie, a line of coast including the most thickly inhabited and fertile parts of the colony. Those rivers, on the contrary, which arise on the west of this range, pursue their course into the long, flat deserts of the interior, where they were supposed, by Surveyor-General Oxley, to terminate in a great inland sea. The ascertaining of this point was one of the first objects of Captain Sturt's expedition.

In noticing the geographical facts which we have attempted to describe, Captain Sturt remarks:

"It is singular, that there is no pass or break in these mountains, by which any of the rivers of the interior can escape in an easterly direction. Their spine is unbroken. The consequence is, that there is a complete division of the eastern and western waters, and that streams, the heads of which are close to each other, flow away in opposite directions; the one to pursue a short course to the sea; the other to fall into a level and depressed interior, the character of which will be noticed in its proper place."

To us this appears anything but singular: indeed, it was, perhaps, one of the first observations in physical geography, that rivers arising on the opposite slopes of the highest lands, ran in different directions. A glance at the Andes, which from one side send down the Amazon through such an extensive course, while from the other countless small streams seek the nearest sea—or at the Rocky Mountains of North America, supplying the Missouri to the Atlantic, and the Columbia to the Pacific—or, finally, at the high central Table of Asia, whence rivers flow to all the seas by which it is surrounded, will at once show the generality of this observation. On the contrary, that a river should cut through a mountain range is so unusual, that the supposed impossibility of it had, probably, been the cause of so long concealing the course of the Niger, until Mr. Lander successfully traced it, through a singular defile, to its final termination in the Bight of Benin.

The Macquarie was one of those Australian rivers flowing into the interior, on which Captain Sturt made his first expedition in search of this unknown sea. The general character

* A species of bird, to which the colonists have given this name from its singular voice. (*Dactyl gigantea*, Leach.)

of these rivers varies but little. They leave their mountain source with vigour and impetuosity : swollen by the rains, which, except in seasons of drought, are generally abundant, they rush forward with rapid torrent, and roll along, constantly overflowing their banks. Soon, however, the descent of their bed becomes less precipitous ; unlike the European rivers, they are fed by few or no tributary streams ; their course becomes more difficult, more impeded. The trees, which they themselves had swept along in their strength, now collect in their beds, and retard the advance of their waters. The current fails : they have reached the dead flats of the interior. Rushes spring up, and divide their bed ; sand-banks rise, and show their thirsty backs ; or, perhaps, a stiff clay soil comes to offer it resistance. The power to cut through it is lost, and the river terminates in a swamp, and a plain covered with reeds.

This termination is much influenced by the nature of the season. Mr. Oxley, whose journey was made after excessive falls of rain, lost the river in a deep marsh of great extent. Captain Sturt, who set out after a long continued drought, describes the river as ceasing to flow where "the soil was a stiff clay ; the reeds, closely embodied, rising to a height of ten or twelve feet ; and the waters, in some places, ankle deep, but, in general, scarce sufficient to cover the surface." The variations of seasons, so remarkable as to cause these differences, seem to recur with almost periodical regularity in the colony :

"Those season, during which no rain falls, appear, from the observations of former writers, to occur every ten or twelve years ; and it is somewhat singular that no cause has been assigned for such periodical visitations. Whether the state of the interior has anything to do with them, and whether the wet or dry condition of the marshes at all regulate the seasons, is a question upon which I will not venture to give any decisive opinion. But most assuredly, when the interior is dry the seasons are dry, and *vice versa*. Indeed, not only is this the case, but rains, from excessive duration in the first year after a drought, decrease gradually year after year, until they wholly cease for a time. It seems not improbable, therefore, that the state of the interior does, in some measure, regulate the fall of rain upon the eastern ranges, which appears to decrease in quantity yearly as the marshes become exhausted, and cease altogether, when they no longer contain any water. A drought will naturally follow until such time as the air becomes surcharged with clouds or vapour from the ocean, which being no longer able to sustain their own weight, descend upon the mountains, and being conveyed by hundreds of streams into the western lowlands, again fill the marshes, and cause the recurrence of regular seasons."

It is certainly too much to require that an officer, sent on an expedition of discovery, should be meteorologist, botanist, and zoologist,

in addition to undertaking the objects with which he is more immediately charged ; but we cannot avoid noticing the singular assumption and contradiction involved in the above sentence : assumption, inasmuch as it is necessary to the theory that the colony should, for ten successive years, derive its supply of rain from the marshes of the interior ; but, on the eleventh or twelfth, be supplied by "the clouds and vapours from the ocean, with a stock, not only sufficient to water the colony, but to fill the marshes for another decennial period ;" contradiction, for we are assured, in one sentence, that "when the interior is dry the seasons are dry," while the very next informs us, that rains of the greatest duration fall "the first year after a drought." In this latter case, it is evident, the author has simply inverted the consequence : had he told us, that when the season was dry the interior became dry, he would have placed matters in a more natural order.

A necessary result of these violent rains is, that the rivers are subject to be raised by floods to a great height. Mr. Oxley mentions, as nothing uncommon, the floods rising to a height of forty or fifty feet, in a rapid mountain stream named the Boyne, which he found south of Gatcombe Head. As a provision against such swells, the rivers of the interior are all furnished with double banks—the outer to answer on those occasions, the inner to contain their ordinary stream. The space between the two banks is an alluvial flat, generally of the richest kind ; and is distinguished by botanical productions not to be found in any other situation. Thus,

"The blue-gum trees, again, were never observed to extend beyond the secondary embankments of the rivers, occupying that ground alone which was subject to flood and covered with reeds. The trees waved over the marshes of the Macquarie, but were not observed to the westward of them for many miles ; yet they reappeared upon the banks of New-Year's Creek as suddenly as they had disappeared after we left the marshes, and grew along the line of the Darling to an unusual size. But it is remarkable, that even in the midst of the marshes, the blue-gum trees were strictly confined to the immediate flooded spaces on which the reeds prevailed, or to the very beds of the water-courses. Where the ground was elevated, or out of the reach of flood, the box (*unnamed*) alone occupied it ; and, though the branches of these trees might be interwoven together, the one never left its wet and reedy bed, the other never descended from its more elevated position."

Captain Sturt was able, subsequently, to generalize this fact into the observation, that an apparent connexion always subsisted between the geological formation of a country and its vegetable productions : "so strong, indeed, was this connexion, that I had little difficulty, after a short experience, in judging of the rock that formed the basis of the country

over which I was travelling, from the kind of tree or herbage that flourished in the soil above it." The observation, indeed, is not original, even as referring to Australia; but it is always gratifying to find the results noticed by men of experience, bearing out the anticipations formed by men of science. The ultimate application of this fact to purposes of practical utility, is a point to which our author has not alluded. We shall, therefore, supply the omission, by giving one or two instances of such application, from an interesting paper on geology, read by Mr. A. Berry before the Philosophical Society of Australia.

"The plants produced on our clay soil contain, generally, little or no alkaline salt; perhaps, because it does not exist in the soil. Tobacco abounds in alkaline salt; it is not, therefore, proper for such soils; and although the plant will vegetate in them, its quality must be inferior. The clay soil is equally unfitted for the vine, because the roots will penetrate to the aluminous schistus, which will either poison the plant or communicate an inferior flavour to the grape. Again, the vine will grow luxuriantly in the mere alluvial soil, and the fruit will be large, but the juices watery. The truth of these remarks is beautifully exemplified by this country in a state of nature, where, in the midst of iron-bound gum-tree forests, we meet with circumscribed spaces, in which plants of a different description are growing with tropical luxuriance."

The vegetable productions of Australia have, perhaps, had the greatest share of consideration. Sir Joseph Banks, in Captain Cook's voyage—Mr. White, who accompanied Governor Phillips—Mr. Allan Cunningham, who, in addition to several excursions made by himself, was officially attached, as botanist, to the expedition of Surveyor-General Oxley, but above all, Mr. Robert Brown, naturalist to the unfortunate expedition under Captain Flinders, have furnished us with most important and valuable information on this head. The present work adds nothing to our previous knowledge here: this Captain Sturt candidly confesses: "Our botanical specimens were as scanty as our zoological: indeed, the expedition may, as regards these two particulars, almost be said to have been unproductive." (Vol. ii. p. 183.) Of course, we mean not to impute this as blame. The task of conducting an exploring party through hitherto untried regions; of supporting the men's spirits, and animating them to fresh exertions "in a barren and dry land," where their lips cracked and their tongues clove to their mouths beneath a scorching sun; the cares of dragging the necessary provisions through a sandy soil, where the oxen sank to their knees at every step, or of navigating an unknown river, where shoals lay at every turn, trees in every reach, with their branches ready to tear from stem to stern the frail bark which bore them; while the banks were lined with treacherous natives, thirsting for blood and eager to gratify their

cannibal appetites on the little party that for the first time penetrated their gloomy wilds; all these, with the necessary attention to the regions through which they passed, to observing the depths of rivers, the heights and bearings of distant hills, and the general features of the country, were surely sufficient for any one man; and we feel no hesitation in saying, that these various and important duties were well and ably executed by Capt. Sturt.

The plants of Australia as far as examined, are rather novel than useful. Four-fifths of them, according to Cunningham, are *eucalypti*, and other genera of *myrtaceæ*. One of them, the blue-gum tree received its botanical appellation, *eucalyptus piperita*, from White, in consequence of yielding an oil that in its nature and medical powers much resembled our oil of peppermint. Another, the red-gum tree, is so uncommonly productive of resin, as much as sixty gallons flowing from a single tree, that it has got the name of *eucalyptus resinifera*. The native fruit trees are in general bad, and scarce produce anything worth eating, but, *en revanche*, all those that have been transplanted there have thriven beyond all calculation: the orange yields its golden fruits, the vine its ruby clusters, and peaches are so plenty that Wentworth tells us he has seen hogs (perhaps *de grege Epicuri*) fed on them.

Geology seems to have benefitted more by our author's expeditions, but we could scarcely hope to make his observations on this subject interesting without referring them to some system. He seems to have found primary formations rather rare, as might have been anticipated in so flat and unvaried a country. Granite ranges, however, did occasionally occur, as beyond Yass plains, where they succeeded old red sandstone, and stretched as "far as the banks of the Morumbidgee River, over an open forest country broken into hill and dale." Such formations were generally marked by the best verdure. Alluvial depositions prevail, but more especially towards the interior part of the country, which, though at present not containing anything like a sea or lake, bears marks of having been, at no very remote period, the bed of a great inland collection of waters. Captain Sturt says,

"My impressions, when travelling the country to the west and N. W. of the marshes of the Macquarie, was, that I was traversing a country of comparatively recent formation. The sandy nature of its soil, the great want of vegetable decay, the salsolaceous character of its plants, the appearance of its isolated hills and flooded tracts, and its trifling elevations above the sea, severally contributed to strengthen these impressions on my mind."

The alluvial formation to the N. W. of Sydney is so general and complete, that during the whole of the first expedition, (that up the Macquarie,) "not a single stone or pebble was picked up on any of the plains, and the only rock-formation discovered, was a small

freestone tract near the Darling River. There was not a pebble of any kind either in the bed of the Castlereagh, or in the creeks falling into it." A similar fact is noticed with respect to the Ganges, along which, Malte-Brun says, "not a pebble exists for 400 miles from its mouth."

Caverns are found to exist here, as with us, in the limestone strata. From their great importance to geological science, they have attracted much attention; and many gentlemen have been to examine their contents. We are not, we regret to say, in possession of any scientific account of such investigations; we can, therefore, only present our readers with the few observations Captain Sturt ventures:

"The caves into which I penetrated, did not present anything particular to my observation; they differed little from caves of a similar description into which I had penetrated in Europe. Large masses of stalactites hung from their roofs, and a corresponding formation incrusted their floors. They comprised various chambers or compartments, the most remote of which terminated at a deep chasm that was full of water. A close examination of these caves has led to the discovery of some organic remains, bones of various animals imbedded in a light red soil; but I am not aware that the remains of any extinct species have been found, or that any fossils have been met with in the limestone itself. There can, however, be little doubt but that the same causes operated in depositing these moulderings remains in the caves of Kirkdale and those of Wellington Valley."

In this, and one other sentence in which Captain Sturt refers to these caves, he is evidently under the mistake of supposing that Dr. Buckland accounted for the collection of bones in the Kirkdale caverns, by referring them to the action of water. Our readers are aware that not only these, but similar cavities in Germany, have been evinced to have served as dens to successive generations of hyenas, by whom the bones were accumulated. Now, as we are unaware that Australia possesses any such beasts of prey, a new and very interesting source of inquiry is here presented; and we must regret very much that Captain Sturt was not a little more particular in mentioning the description of bones found, to what animals they belonged, in what state they presented themselves, whether broken or whole, whether rolled and rounded so as to evince the action of water, or with their edges sharp and defined. These and many other such circumstances it would be necessary to know, before a proper opinion could be formed on this question. Of minerals, coal and iron are the principal. Coal is abundant, not so bituminous as ours, burning clearly and rapidly. It is getting daily more into demand at Sydney, accordingly as wood becomes more scarce. It can be had at the pit's mouth for five shillings a ton, but the expenses of carriage raise it to twenty shillings at Sydney. Iron is little worked; indeed, it can be little object, while,

as Mr. P. Cunningham says, they can purchase English iron on the quay at Sydney for three halfpence a pound.

Of their animals we shall say little. Their most remarkable peculiarity, the *marsupium* or pouch in which the young spend some part of their lives before being fully born, is sufficiently well known. The reason for such a formation is still to be investigated; nor do we know even of a probable hypothesis respecting it. Sir Charles Bell was the last to propound one, but, in doing so, was candid enough to record an objection to it which is quite fatal. We either heard or read somewhere lately, not, however, as it strikes us, from competent authority, that some of the animals which had been transplanted from this country were beginning to show traces of a marsupiate formation. We have before said, that general principles have no reference to Australia, so that, respecting this fact, we neither venture to affirm nor deny. *Fides ejus rei penes auctores erit.*

As to the prospects which the newly-discovered tracts hold out to settlers, they are very poor. Every remove from Sydney, as long as Sydney is the only place where the conveniences of life can be procured, is an obstacle hard to be got over; but one much more insuperable is to be found in the recurrence of those droughts from which the interior in particular suffers so much, that what Mr. Oxley had navigated as a broad and rapid river, Captain Sturt walked through as a muddy bed, with a remote succession of turbid pools. We cannot terminate this notice, which has already run to a greater length than we had intended, without expressing our deep regret that these expeditions should have terminated so unhappily for their excellent leader. With his own simple and affecting account of his sufferings, we shall conclude,—again heartily recommending the work to the notice of our readers:—

"Notwithstanding that I have in my dedication alluded to the causes that prevented the earlier appearance of this work, I feel it due both to myself and the public here to state, that during these expeditions my health had suffered so much, that I was unable to bear up against the effects of exposure, bodily labour, poverty of diet, and the anxiety of mind to which I was subjected. A residence on Norfolk Island, under peculiarly harassing circumstances, completed that which the above causes had commenced; and, after a succession of attacks, I became totally blind, and am still unable either to read what I pen, or to venture abroad without an attendant. When it is recollect, that I have been unassisted in this work in any one particular, I hope some excuse will be found for its imperfections. A wish to contribute to the public good led me to undertake those journeys which have cost me so much. The same feeling actuates me in recording their results; and I have the satisfaction to know, that my path among a large and savage population was a bloodless one; and

that my intercourse with them was such as to lesson the danger to future adventurers upon such hazardous enterprises, and to give them hope where I had so often despaired. Something more powerful than human foresight or human prudence, appeared to avert the calamities and dangers with which I and my companions were so frequently threatened; and had it not been for the guidance and protection we received from the Providence of that good and all-wise Being to whose care we committed ourselves, we should, ere this, have ceased to rank among the number of His earthly creatures."

DIFFERENT IMPORTANCE OF SONG-WRITING IN ENGLAND AND IN FRANCE.

(Being part of an article in the Edinburgh Review.)

We may advert to one or two circumstances which we think must always prevent Be-ranger from ever occupying in other countries, and particularly in our own, the same high and commanding rank which he unquestionably occupies in the literature of France.

The first of these is the different rank and importance of song-writing in the two countries; a difference arising essentially out of the absolute contrast which they present in point of national character. The man who observed that, provided he had the making of the national songs, he cared little who had the making of the laws, uttered an observation in which there was much point and truth, as applied to France, but none whatever as applied to England. Song has never, with us, attained the dignity and importance of a political agent. We grumble abundantly, in prose, over our taxes and national debt, and make it clear as daylight, in occasional pamphlets, or more deliberate octavos, that we are a very miserable and long-suffering people. But the resources of rhyme, or popular ridicule, and music, seem scarcely to have occurred to us as agents in the work of political regeneration. Feeling seriously and permanently, we speak the language of seriousness, and seem, in our appeals to others, to disdain the use of any means of producing effects less earnest or straight-forward than those which have influenced ourselves. They manage these things, if not better, at least very differently, in France. There song has, from the first, had its grave and important office. In times of despotism, it was the safety-valve by which the pent-up vapour of popular discontent found a ready, and it was then thought, a harmless vent. In more modern times, it has invariably been the subtlest and most irresistible instrument by which obnoxious men or measures have been assailed. Vivacious, sensitive, versatile, with an inexhaustible exchequer of self-complacency and good-humour at command, the Frenchman passes rapidly from the sense of suffering to the perception of everything which is, or can be rendered ridiculous in the man, woman,

or thing, which has been the source of his annoyance. Is he jilted? he puts his perfidious mistress to death by an epigram. Is he roughly handled by the ministry? he makes their lives miserable by a 'chanson.' Is his vanity mortified by the success of a literary rival? he withers his laurels by a parody. Ridicule, in some shape or other, is in France the universal solvent, which nothing can resist—an instrument applied indiscriminately to all purposes, good or bad, mean or magnificent; now shaming men out of their vices or absurdities, where a graver monitor would have sought entrance in vain,—now blighting, with its touch, the warmest emotions, and the most generous sentiments;—an unsparing force, which, like the wind,

'Blows where it listeth, laying all things prone,
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.'

Against a course of persevering attacks on the side of the ridiculous, no form of government, no system of education, no code of manners, or even morals, we believe, could long be able in France to maintain its ground. It was Shenstone, we think, who used to bless God that his name was one on which it was impossible for any man to make a pun; but none but a Frenchman can fully appreciate the advantage of such a blessing. A minister who has got a name, which is provocative of puns, or hitches with an unlucky facility into rhyme, can scarcely consider his tenure of office worth more than six months' purchase. Every successive *calembours* diminishes his numbers on a division, and the last new song is sure to leave him in a minority on the civil list. Of all the modes in which poetry can be made subservient to purposes like these, song is evidently the most effective, and universal, and immediate, in its operation. It speaks not to a particular class, but to all; its brevity fixes it in the memory; the creature of the moment, it avails itself of every allusion, every passion, every prejudice of the day: the language of the saloon and the cabaret lie equally within its range; while its outward form appears so trivial and harmless, that even despotic governments are deterred by the dread of ridicule from attempting to interfere with it. The song-writer himself, on the other hand, enjoys some advantages which are peculiarly his own. Instead of being, like the dramatist, the novelist, or the epic poet, the butt of other people's satire, he has the pleasure of being the marksman. If his popularity be not very permanent, at least he has not long to wait for it. He draws on the public at sight, and pockets the discount, in the shape of fame, on the spot. An electric sympathy, like that between the actor and his audience, is established between himself and that public for which he writes; each new production of his muse, caught up and re-echoed with delight upon their part, reaches his ear again in a thousand shapes—not the less delightful even that it

comes accompanied by the dreary melody of street-singers and barrel-organs,—and stirs up his fancy and strengthens his courage for new and higher efforts.

No wonder if in a country like France, where song has long been all-powerful, a writer of Beranger's powers should possess, not merely popularity, but a degree of literary rank and eminence which we in this country find it difficult to understand as enjoyed by any song-writer whatever. To enable us to do so, our government would require to have been what Champfort defined the old French monarchy to be, 'an absolute monarchy tempered by songs.' Confined with us to the expression of individual feeling, and chiefly to domestic themes, our amatory or bacchanalian effusions have seldom employed the pens of our most distinguished poets, and the few good songs we possess seem rather to have been the careless productions of accident; than written on any system or with any study. Not that we want the perception of those qualities wherein the beauty and merit of a song consists; we can relish its wit, or sympathize with its pathos, as keenly as our neighbours; and no really good song which has appeared among us, has ever failed to make its way into, and keep its place in the memory of the public. But unless a complete, and, we think, by no means desirable revolution in our national character were to be effected, and song-writing to become with us, as in France, the great vehicle of public opinion, as well as private feeling, we cannot expect that this department of poetry should be allowed to occupy the same high rank, or that the *Chansonnier* should take his seat beside the epic poet or the dramatist, without awakening our special wonder.

What would even Beranger have been in his own country, had the field of song been as unimportant there as with us;—had his muse confined herself to themes of love and wine, to pastoral ballads, and to little pictures of domestic life, drawn from the auberge, the village fete, the guard-house, or the guinguette? A great and original poet unquestionably—but not the popular idle which he is at present. He himself apologizes for the introduction of these lighter themes, on the ground that they had been the means of be-speaking fame for their graver political companions. We suspect the state of the case to have been just the reverse; and that thousands who would never have bestowed a thought on the former, have been beguiled into studying them, and discovering their excellencies, solely through the importance which his name had acquired by the powerful and caustic wit of his political satires; the tact and boldness with which he had caught and embodied in his verses the essence of popular feeling; and the hardihood with which he had given them to the world. How matters may stand a century hence—is no more difficult to conjecture.

Then, in all probability, the relative importance of his political diatribes, and the calmer and truer inspirations of his muse, will be better appreciated, and the memory of Beranger be known, less as the successful and persevering satirist of the Restoration, than as one who had with equal boldness and success struck out a new path in the midst of a track which appeared the most hackneyed;—by taking the simplest, the most universal feelings,—the most common-place sentiments and images—provided only they were true, unforced and natural—as the groundwork of his poetry, and yet, by the tact and skill employed in their construction, and the felicity of their expression, investing them with a high and peculiar character of originality. 'What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed,' is a better definition of Beranger's style of composition than it was of wit. The oftener the thought has occurred to others, so much the better with him; it is an evidence of its truth—its universality; its power of affecting the fancy and the heart. What remains for him is to impart to this thought, so familiar to all, though till then perhaps vaguely and indefinitely,—form, colour, and existence; so that, when presented to our notice, it is felt at once to be an old acquaintance, and yet awakens all the interest and curiosity with which we regard a new one. We in vain endeavour to recall, in all the works of Beranger, a reflection which strikes us as absolutely new;—an idea or image which has not been long familiar to us in some shape or other. The originality lies entirely in the application and use of the idea, or the point and compactness with which the image is brought out by his hands. In this respect his success is frequently magical. In song-writing, more than anything else, every verse, every expression, is of importance. In longer compositions the excellence of the general plan, the eloquence or pathos of particular passages may make up for the occasional tediousness or feebleness of others. But in these brief compositions, the whole must be perfect; a halting line, a forced turn of expression, is fatal to the effect. No good song, we will venture to say, was ever written in a hurry. The leading idea may be conceived, followed out into its leading details, and the skeleton of the composition struck off at a heat; but all that gives it its characteristic grace and finish, must be the work of careful and persevering labour. Beranger's songs, it may easily be imagined, are not the work of a day. He is, in fact, an extremely slow composer; frequently laying aside the subject on which he is employed for weeks, and patiently waiting, till, by dint of long reflection on the subject, and careful polishing,—by the selection of the happiest allusions,—by the careful elimination of every phrase or usage which appears recherche or ornate,—he has given to the whole that unity and appearance of ease and simplicity at which he aimed. The con-

sequence is, that though by no means so immaculate as is sometimes thought, his manner is unquestionably the most finished of any of the French song-writers.

The point in which Beranger's songs strike us as so superior to English songs in general, is that the plan of the former is invariably most carefully arranged; the latter seem to have no plan at all: each of his forms a complete whole, from which not a verse could be taken away without running the general effect; most of ours might be turned upside down, or half a dozen verses fairly cut out by any critical Procrustes, without materially affecting the connexion of the ideas. Nothing in Beranger's songs seems to have 'dropped in by accident'; each of the details bears on and advances the general result. How well selected is every feature of the picture, which, in a few stanzas, he exhibits of the mental agony of Louis XI. at Plessis les Tours; the warm sun of spring enlightening all around, the cheerful villagers dancing on the green, the pale and shivering tyrant advancing like a phantom in the midst of his guards, in the hope to drive the demon of melancholy from his bosom, by the sight of their harmless gaiety; and then, distracted with the sight of mirth which guilt could not share, flying in despair back to his gloomy towers. With what skill are the incidents arranged in the little piece, entitled *The Fifth of May*—a subject, in the treatment of which, a person of less tact would infallibly have made shipwreck, either on the side of exaggeration or commonplace! Wearied with the sight of foreign invaders, a French soldier has departed a voluntary exile for India. Five years have elapsed, and a longing desire to revisit his country seizes on his mind. He embarks on board a Spanish ship for Europe—he delights himself with the prospect of revisiting his native place, his family—the son whose hand is to close his eyes. He draws near to St. Helena, and while the recollections of its illustrious captive are crowding on his mind, a black flag is suddenly displayed from the rock, announcing that the 'world's great master' had died there, forsaken and alone. The *refrain* of the song embodies the leading idea of the whole composition.

'Pauvre soldat je reverrai la France;
La main d'un fils me fermera les yeux.'

The very same skill and selection of incidents distinguish his comic ballads; such, for instance, as the *Marquis of Carabas*—a most ludicrous picture of the pretensions of the restored noblesse; the *Roi d'Yséto*, a political lesson administered to Buonaparte, which it would have been well if he had followed; and the exquisitely comic little piece of *Le Sénateur*, in which an old dotard praises the attractions of his wife, and the attentions of his friend the senator, in a way which makes the grounds of the senator's complaisance

transparent to all the world except the husband himself.

The following piece, entitled *La pauvre Femme*, from the present volume, which we shall attempt (with due diffidence) to render into English in the measure of the original, possesses a merit of the same kind. It is a picture, in a few stanzas, of the life of an actress—its thoughtless gaiety and prodigality in prosperity, its misery and destitution when misfortune and disease have taken its place.

It snows, it snows, but on the pavement still
She kneels and prays, nor lifts her head;
Beneath these rags through which the blast blows
Shrill,
Shivering she kneels, and waits for bread.
Hither each morn she gropes her weary way,
Winter and summer, there is she.
Blind is the wretched creature! well-a-day!—
Ah! give the blind one charity!

Ah! once far different did that form appear;
That sunken cheek, that colour wan,
The pride of thronged theatres, to hear
Her voice, enraptured Paris ran:
In smiles or tears before her beauty's shrine,
Which of us has not bowed the knee?—
Who owes not to her charms some dreams divine?
Ah! give the blind one charity!

How oft when from the crowded spectacle,
Homeward her rapid coursers flew;
Adoring crowds would on her footsteps dwell,
And loud huzzas her path pursue.
To hand her from the glittering car, that bore
Her home to scenes of mirth and glee,
How many rivals throng'd around her door
Ah! give the blind one charity.

When all the arts to her their homage paid,
How splendid was her gay abode;
What mirrors, marbles, bronzes were displayed,
Tributes by love on love bestow'd:
How duly did the muse her banquets gild,
Faithful to her prosperity:
In every palace will the swallow build!—
Ah! give the poor one charity!

But sad reverse—sudden disease appears;
Her eyes are quenched, her voice is gone,
And here, forlorn and poor, for twenty years,
The blind one kneels and begs alone.
Who once so prompt her generous aid to lend?
What hand more liberal, frank, and free,
Than that she scarcely ventures to extend?—
Ah! give the poor one charity!

Alas for her! for faster falls the snow,
And every limb grows stiff with cold;
That rosary once woke her smile, which now
Her frozen fingers hardly hold.
If bruised beneath so many woes, her heart
By pity still sustain'd may be,
Lest even her faith in heaven itself depart,
Ah! give the blind one charity.

Two other gloomy sketches from life are entitled *Le Vagabond*, and *Jacques*. In the former, a wretched mendicant, poor and misera-

bly old, as he lays him down to die in a ditch by the wayside, vents his complaints against that society which refuses him the means of existence, and then expels him from its bosom for offences which misery alone has prompted. The latter is a scene from the *ancien régime*; a darkly coloured picture of the sufferings of the poor, when, amidst disease, distress, and destitution, their last resources are wrung from them by taxation. The wife tries to awaken her husband from his sleep, which she knows not to be the sleep of death—by the intelligence that the tax-gatherer is demanding admittance.

'Jacque, il me faut troubler ton somme :
Dans le village un gros huissier,
Rude et court, suivi du messier,
C'est pour l'impôt, las ! mon pauvre homme.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Regarde, le jour vient d'éclore,
Jamais se tard tu n'as dormi.
Pour vendre chez le vieux Remi,
On saississait avant l'aurore.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Pas un sous ! Dieu ! je crois l'entendre ;
Ecoute, les chiens aboyer.
Demande un mois pour tout payer ;
Ah ! si le roi pouvait attendre.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Pauvres gens l'impôt nous depouille,
Nous n'avons, accablés de maux,
Pour nous, ton père et six marmots,
Rien que ta beche et ma quenouille.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'On compte avec cette mesure
Un quart d'arpent cher affermé.
Par la misère il est fume,
Il est moissonné par l'usure.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Beaucoup de peine et peu de lucre.
Quand d'un porc aurons nous la chair ?
Tout ce que nourrit est si cher,
Et le sel aussi notre sucre.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Du vin soutendrait ton courage,
Mais les droits l'ont bien rencher ;
Pour en boire un peu, mon cheri,
Vends mon anneau de mariage.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Reverais tu que ton bon ange
Te donne richesse et repos ?
Que sont aux riches les impôts ?
Quelques rats de plus dans leur grange.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Il entre : O ciel, que dois je craindre !
Tu ne dis mot ; quelle paleur !
Hier tu te plaint de la douleur,
Toi, qui souffres tant sans te plaindre,
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Elle appelle en vain ; il rend l'âme.
Pour qui s'épuisse à travailler.
La mort est un doux oreiller.
Bonne gens priez pour sa femme.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici, Monsieur, l'huissier du Roi.'

Beranger's daily personal experience of the annals of the poor, gave him a great advantage over his rivals in the truth and vigour with which he depicts those scenes of suffering 'beneath the huts where poor men lie.' He had seen something of the difficulty of dividing among many the scanty meal which was barely sufficient for one, and of the poor wife selling her marriage ring, her last remembrance of happier days, to procure a little wine for her dying husband—of the fatal connexion, and almost necessity, which exists between want and crime; and with every year the woes of society seem to make a deeper impression on him. In his earlier years, he drowned them in the excitement of personal warfare with kings and cabinets; he forgot them in the love of Lise, or banished them by joyous cups of 'Chambertin and Romanee.' But now, his political mission, as he himself says, terminated; the noise and tumult of political polemics at an end, the giddy fervour and excesses of youth tempered and chastised by the sorrowful experience of age—his mind seems to turn with a livelier and closer sympathy to the contemplation of those evils which unhappily deform the frame of society, and to dwell with earnestness upon every scheme, even though, in the eyes of others, it wear a visionary character, which seems to hold out the promise of a remedy. Across the pretended railery of the song entitled '*Lexfous*', it is not difficult, we think, for instance, to discover that St. Simon is spoken of as one of those 'madmen' to whom society may yet be indebted for its reconstruction upon a better footing. He seems to see more distinctly than he formerly did, the comparative insignificance of the objects which had once appeared to him so important, so intimately connected with the wellbeing of mankind; how little the struggles of parties, or the triumph of one over another, really do to advance the interests of humanity, or widen the sphere of happiness; and almost to wish, that instead of 'giving up to party what was meant for mankind'—instead of wasting the labours of his muse on men and measures, already forgotten, or in the course of being so, he had devoted the earlier part of his career, as he has done the latter, to the contemplation of the more serious problems of society and existence; and, instead of flitting over the surface of all things on the

wings of ridicule, had applied his loftier powers of eloquence and pathos to the correction or cure of those evils by which they have been long afflicted.

Under the influence of those more earnest and exalted views, his later compositions approach more and more to the nature of odes—a title which, even at an earlier period, was bestowed upon them by Constant. Many of the most striking and impressive pieces in the present volume, such as the ‘*Juif Errant*’ ‘*Les quatre Ages historiques*,’ ‘*Le Suicide*,’ ‘*L’Alchimiste*,’ have scarcely anything of the character of songs. They are truly odes conceived in the pure classical spirit of antiquity, not in that pseudo classic taste which at one time rendered the very name of ode in France synonymous with everything tedious and commonplace. What is a dithyramb? said some one about that time, not very familiar with ancient metres. O! something worse than an ode, replied the friend to whom the question was addressed. Beranger’s odes, we think, would suggest very different emotions. Their scene is laid in the world about us, not on Olympus or Parnassus; their machinery consists in human passions, feelings, and errors, not in mythological visions, or poetical personifications of virtues and vices; but they have borrowed from classical antiquity, or rather both have inhaled from the same great source of inspiration, their simple grandeur, their train of reflection and thought coming home to the bosoms of all, and that grace, precision, and polish of expression, which gives unity and completeness to the whole.

We have already said that the songs on political subjects are by no means the most interesting part of the contents of the present volume. To later events, Beranger scarcely alludes. The songs entitled ‘*La Restauration de la Chanson*,’ and ‘*A mes Amis devenus Ministres*,’ and the ‘*Conseil aux Belges*,’ are almost the only two in which such subjects are touched upon. The irony in the latter, where he alludes to his own attachment to kings, is bitter enough; nor is it difficult to perceive that, but for the influence of old recollections, his friends the Ministers, and the Monarch himself, might probably cut very much the same figure in a forthcoming volume of poems, as Charles X. with his Paladins, the Vatismenile, Marchangys, Villeles, and Argensons, did in its predecessors. Increasing years, and a calmer temperament, probably have had their influence too, in tempering his satirical vein.

But our space grows limited, and we prefer passing from politics to matters more personal to the feelings of the poet himself. We shall conclude with one of his songs, in which he announces his intention of bidding adieu to the public, and hanging his harp upon the wall, before his right hand have lost its cunning. ‘Quand à moi,’ says he, in affecting language, ‘qui jusqu’ à présent, n’ai eu qu’à me louer de

la jeunesse, je n’attendrai pas quelle me crie : Arrière bon homme ! laisse nous passer ! Ce que l’ingrate pourrait faire avant peu. Je sors de la lice pendant que j’ai encore la force de m’en éloigner. Trop souvent, au soir de la vie, nous nous laissons surprendre par le sommeil sur la chaise où il vient nous clouer. Mieux vaudrait aller l’attendre au lit dont alors on a si grand besoin. Je me hâte de gagner le mien, quoiqu’il soit un peu dur.’ This valedictory ode, entitled ‘*Adieu, Chansons*,’ we shall endeavour to translate—with no great hopes, we must confess, of success—but with the certainty that those who know Beranger’s works best, will be the most disposed to regard our attempt with indulgence.

Of late, to keep my fading garland green,
I tried to give some sportive measure birth ;
When, lo ! beside me was the Fairy seen,

My nurse of yore beside the tailor’s hearth.
‘The wind,’ she said, ‘upon thy head blows bleak,
The nights grow dark and long, and chill the
sky ;

With twenty years the voice may well be weak
That never sang but when the storm was high.’
Then, songs, adieu ! Bare is my wrinkled brow ;
This time the bird were hush’d—the storm begins
to blow.

‘Those days are over when the heart would bound,
And like a harp to every tone reply ;
When mirth its playful lightnings scattered round,
And made a sunshine in the darkest sky.
Now narrower grows the heaven, more deep the
gloom :

No more the joyous laugh of friends will flow :
Where are they sleeping ? In the silent tomb
Lisette herself is but a shadow now.’
Then, songs, adieu ! Bare is my wrinkled brow ;
Tis time the bird were hush’d—the storm begins
to blow.

‘Bless thou thy lot. Thy simple strains have led
The highborn muse to be the poor man’s guest,
And wafted on the wings of song, have sped
Their way to many a rude unletter’d breast.
The orator a learned throng must find,

Thou didst more boldly against kings conspire,
And to the ditties of the street hast join’d
The high and solemn accents of thy lyre !’
Then, songs, adieu ! Bare is my wrinkled brow ;
Tis time the bird were hush’d—the storm begins
to blow.

‘They pointed shafts that never spared the throne,
Fast as they fell, were gathered from the plain ;
From hand to hand conveyed, and boldly thrown
By laughing thousands to their gaol again.
In vain that throne its thunders would recall,

Three days, and rusty muskets, tamed its pride.
For every shot which pierced its purple pall,
Who but the muse of song the charge supplied ?
Then, songs, adieu ! Bare is my wrinkled brow ;
Tis time the bird were hush’d—the storm begins
to blow.

‘Proud was thy share in that immortal strife,
When men from plunder turn’d in scorn away ;
The bright remembrance, crowning all thy life,
Shall gild with sunshine its declining day.

Go thou, to younger years repeat the tale,
Guide thou their bark—point out the rocks
below;
And when with pride France shall thy pupils hail,
Warm thy cold winter at their youthful glow.
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
'Tis time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins
to blow.

Yes, gentle fairy, at the poet's door
Thou tapp'st in time, and warn'st him to be gone.
Soon in his garret shall he meet, once more,
Oblivion, of repose the sire and son.
Haply some friends, old comrades in the fight,
When I am gone, may wipe their eyes and say;
We can remember when his star wax'd bright,
And Heaven, before it waned, withdrew its
ray!
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
'Tis time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins
to blow.

In thus leaving the arena while his powers are in their full vigour, and reserving to himself 'some space betwixt the theatre and grave,' Beranger probably consults his happiness and his fancy; though, on the part of the public, we cannot but wish the period of his retirement had been a little delayed. We bid adieu to him with admiration and regret, and, we admit, not without a hope that the announcement, in his preface, of his determination not to publish more, is not to be taken too literally. 'At lovers' perjuries,' they say, 'Jove laughs,' and Apollo, we suppose, is just as indulgent to the vows of poets. If, however, we must now take leave of him as a songwriter, we shall be truly happy to hail him in his new character of an historical annalist. He announces his intention of amusing the autumn of age in that peaceful and modest retirement to which he looks forward, by the composition of a species of historical dictionary, embodying the recollections of a life spent under circumstances which gave him access to almost every distinguished man of the time. He looks forward with pleasure to the idea that this task, the discharge of which, he says, requires neither profound knowledge nor talent for prose writing, may tend to correct erroneous opinions, to dispel calumnious accusations, and to remove from great names and actions that glaring or gloomy colouring with which the turbid atmosphere of party has invested them. He smiles at the thought, that one day perhaps his name may be known to the public only as the annalist,—'Le judicieux, le grave Beranger!' That contingency, however, is not very likely. That he may be known as a pains-taking and candid writer of history is possible; but his songs assuredly are immortal; and the name which will be inscribed over his niche in the Temple of Fame, will be that by which he has so often designated himself, 'Bé-ranger le Chansonnier.'

From the *Athenaeum*.

DERMOT MAC MORROGH.*

The ex-Vice President of the United States has made a bold effort to unite politics and poetry—to make the muses pioneers to protocols, and verse the future language of diplomacy. The object of his four cantos, as he very broadly intimates, is two-fold: first, to persuade the Irish to raise their country into an independent nation; and, secondly, to secure for them the sympathy of the Americans in their future struggle. New England is, we are told, the nursery of diplomats for all the states; but of late years the supply has exceeded the demand; and while the Belgic question has given employment to the men of red tape and sealing wax in Europe, their brethren of America have to sit with folded arms, waiting for opportunity to exercise their negotiating powers. Pitying their state, John Quincy Adams casts a poet's glance round the globe, and discovers that Erin has capabilities for being converted into as profitable a Belgium as ever employed the pens of plenipotentiaries. Though motives to insurrection are as plenty as blackberries, the ex-Vice goes back six centuries for one; and he rests his case on the circumstances of the original conquest. To expose the utter absurdity of such reasoning would be a mere waste of time; he might just as well insist on the separation of Languedoc from the crown of France, because it was first annexed to it by the iniquitous Albigensian war. Neither shall we expose the many historical blunders made by the political poet, for there is no reply to the old defence "in such case made and provided"—

Adzoobs! must one swear to the truth of a song?

We are just as little inclined to say anything on the question of Irish independence, which the writer has mooted, because the Irish do not exist as a separate people from the English; there is, in fact, as perfect an identification between the two islands by intermarriages, commercial intercourse, and common properties, as between the counties of York and Cornwall. In Ireland itself, the traveller sees as many English names over shop doors as Milesian; and London displays as large a share of O's and Macs among its denizens as Dublin itself. To restore Irish independence and re-establish the Saxon heptarchy, are proposals equally wise, and prospects equally probable—that is, both approach the consummation of human absurdity.

These cantos are written in the metre of *Don Juan*, and are designed, like that poem, to present a mixture of jest and earnest. Unfortunately, there is no laughing at the jest, and it is impossible to be serious with the earnest:

* Dermot Mac Morrogh; or the Conquest of Ireland; an Historical Tale of the twelfth century. In four cantos. By John Quincy Adams. Boston: Carter and Co. London, Kennett.

The farce is a physic,
The physic a farce is.

But the ex-Vice President of the United States, and the candidate for the Presidency itself, is a person of too much importance to be dismissed with a few cursory remarks: we shall, therefore, give some extracts from this state-paper or poem. We call it a state-paper, for it is pretty well known in America, that the poem was originally designed to catch a few stray votes by pandering to the republican appetite for the abuse of kings, and the vulgar vituperation of Great Britain, which gratifies a noisy, but—both in respectability and numbers—a very contemptible party in America. The following is the description of Dermot's carrying off Dervogilda: the author has followed history in describing her reluctance as only affected:

And up she started, and beheld the chief,
By the pale lamp that glimmer'd in the room;
And feebly shriek'd and wrung her hands for
grief;
And cried, "Alas, how wretched is my doom!"
"Oh! lady fair—my errand here is brief."
Cried Dermot—"fear not; nor indulge in
gloom;
'Tis only, falling on my bended knee
Thy favour to implore.... to go with me."

The lady thought it was a strange request;
And so do I; and so perchance do you.
But when we cannot always choose the best:
Sometimes we have a choice of evils too.
The kneeling prince who waited her behest,
Had in his hand a naked sword, 'tis true:
Suppose she should deny his suit—"of course,"
Thought she—"he surely will resort to force."

- Oh! Agnes! Agnes! what will people say,"
Exclaimed the lady with a briny flood;
- If from the castle, while my lord's away,
I should depart; though to save shedding
blood?"
- But wherefore did my lord at home not stay?"
Said the shrewd maid; "Why leave us here
in mud?"

Two women! sure, he never could surmise,
With Teague, could guard his castle from sur-
prise!

"And where he went is doubtless known to him:
And others too might guess if they should
dare.

The Lady Ursula is tall and slim;
And you have often heard him call her fair—
Though to my judgment 'twere a wondrous whim,
With you, that awkward spindle to compare;
I never saw her; but I've heard them say,
Her face is freckled, and her eyes are gray."

"Fie! Agnes," quoth the lady—"say not so—
My lord that lady does indeed admire
More than she merits. But, Lord Dermot, go—
To the next chamber, while I dress, retire—
The holy Virgin and the angels know,
Against my will I yield to your desire:
I see too clearly we are in your power;
Withdraw—and come again in half an hour."

"Bring me my mirror, Agnes—and the light!"
The lamp and mirror Agnes forthwith brought.
"How deadly pale I look!"—'tis this vile fright
My box of carmine, Agnes—where's your
thought?

How cruel thus to be disturbed at night!"
And then her cheek the deep vermillion caught;
"My ruby drops and sapphire necklace bring;
My golden bracelets and my diamond ring."

Perhaps the curious reader may inquire,
Why at this moment of her deep distress,
The lady thought so much of her attire,
And wasted so much time upon her dress?
Was it a deeper passion to inspire?
But here my ignorance I must confess—
Were it not prov'd I scarcely had believ'd it—I
only give the tale as I receiv'd it.

The costume in this picture is, of course, ridiculous; but of that the author took no heed; he is even regardless of the natural characteristics of Ireland, for he describes the waiting-maid listening to the song of the nightingale, though the bird is not to be found in the island. He, however, deems that some excuse is due to the ladies for having given such a harsh portraiture of Dervogilda; and it is but justice to insert his apologetic stanzas:

No mortal on this earth then, better knows
The charms that women scatter o'er our lives;
Or more intensely feels the bliss that flows
From them, as sisters, mothers, daughters,
wives.

But then I must admit, in verse or prose,
The dull and tedious seldom with them thrives:
They cannot bear a wearisome composer,
And from their very souls despise a proser.

The ladies then, I fear, have flung aside
My book already, and I scarce can blame them;
It tells the story of a faithless bride,
And they may think the poet means to shame
them.

Ah, no! how many are the sex's pride!
They tell by thousands, and I here could name
them.

I show one sinning woman for example;
What swarms of men on all their duties trample;

General Jackson, our author's successful
opponent at the late election, owed his success
in no small degree to his military fame, which
the Americans seem to value the more highly,
as, fortunately for their happiness, it is with
them a rarity. To this circumstance we
probably owe the following philippic against
heroism, containing much good sense and many
bad verses:

Among the critics it has been of yore,
A question whether, when he forms his plan,
An epic poet must, to say no more,
Take for his hero a right honest man.
But I for my part hold the rule a bore;
'Twere well to make him honest if you can;
Into another question it must fall:
Where such a hero can be found at all.

"Heroes are much the same (so Pope avers,)
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede." But this again another question stirs;

If after ages have improved the breed !
And to my memory only one occurs
Adapted to disturb the poet's creed.
Will any mortal ask—who is that one ?
Name him ! Aye, hold a taper to the sun !

'Tis said, the exception only proves the rule—
All other heroes from the days of Pope,
Compounds have been of madman, knave, and
fool,
And thus may be defin'd, without a trope.
All servile followers of the self-same school :

Who hang themselves, whenever they have
rope.

Tillgime shall end, their merits you may scan ;
Among them ere you find an honest man.

So far then from improvement in the breed,
The scale has fallen since the poet's days—
For Charles of Sweden, raving mad indeed,
Deserves at least, of honesty the praise.
Taught Quintus Curtius, when a boy, to read,
It fired his brain, and madden'd all his days.
Till his fate led him to the "barren strand,
The petty fortress, and the dubious hand."

You then who purpose to invoke the Muse,
And in the cause of virtue point the pen ;
Need take no thought, your subjects when you
choose

To look for heroes among honest men :
Stout hearts, fierce passions, lusts to shame the
stews,
And mercy, fitted for the tiger's den ;
These are your heroes of the last disclosure,
Who blood and slaughter see with due composure.

The following is a sly hit at the American militia; we trust that it will be received as a justification of Matthew's portraiture.

Of this event it sickens me to tell—

So dark a tarnish on so bright a cause ;
But I must give the facts as they befall ;
And censure where I cannot yield applause—
They came their country's cruel foes to quell—
To fight for Erin's freedom and her laws.
What shame to see them at the trial day,
Slink from her standard, dastardly away !

But let not Erin suffer in your mind,
If her brave children once were known to flee ;
Consult Columbia's annals, you shall find

The same with those who sought to make her
free.

In sooth, militia men you cannot bind,
To serve for six months when engaged for
three—

Whence you may come to this conclusion just :
On raw militia not too much to trust.

The cantos conclude with the death of Dermot, in which the writer treats us to a touch of the sublime :

Thus was the shame of servitude her lot :
And has been since, from that detested day,
When Dermot all his country's claims forgot,

And basely barter'd all her rights away.
Oh ! could the Muse be heard, his name should
rot

In fresh, immortal, unconsum'd decay—
And be, with Arnold's name transmitted down
First in the roll of infamous renown.

Nor was the hand of vengeful justice slow
In retribution on his head to fall—
For death's relentless hand had laid him low,
Ere he could answer Henry's sovereign call.
From dreams of empire, form'd in fancy's glow
He now awoke ; his hopes were blasted all—
And conscience whisper'd with envenom'd tongue,
That all his tortures from himself had sprung.

* * * * *

And now concentrated, burst forth his rage ;
He curst the day on which he had been born ;
For, on the record of his life, no page
Could speak of comfort to his state forlorn ;
No cordial drop of memory to assuage
Of fell remorse the vital-searching thorn :
A burning fever seiz'd on every vein,
And mortal madness fasten'd on his brain.

And to his wilder'd senses, Erin's saints
Appear with lighted torches in their hands,
Applying scorpion scourges till he faints,

And then reviving him with blazing brands :
While o'er his head a frowning Fury paints
In letters which he reads and understands ;
"Expect no mercy from thy Maker's hand !

THOU HADST NO MERCY ON THY NATIVE LAND."

We hope—indeed, we firmly believe, that the friendly feelings between England and America are too deeply rooted to be shaken by a paper-shot ; and, from the periodicals of the United States, we find that this attempt to make Englishmen of the present day answerable for the crimes committed by their ancestors six centuries ago, has utterly failed. The work, as a literary composition, is contemptible—it scarcely affords two lines fit to increase O'Connell's limited stock of quotations. Some more vigorous effort is necessary before Ireland will produce a harvest of protocols ; and some more judicious appeal to the electors must be made ere John Quincy Adams can drop the Vice from his title. If the next address be made in four cantos, we trust that it will find its way across the Atlantic, for some of the Vice-President's curvettings on his Pegasus are sufficiently amusing ; we wish him health for a fresh effort—

And when he next shall ride abroad,
May we be there to see !

From the *Athenaeum*.

CAPTAIN OWEN'S NARRATIVE.*

The voyages of which these volumes give an account, were undertaken by the command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

* Captain Owen's Narrative of Voyages undertaken to explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar 2 vols. London : Bentley.

Any one who looks at the map of the world, will observe, that the line followed was laid out chiefly for the purpose of correcting and confirming the opinions and observations of earlier voyagers; and any who read these narratives, will perceive that this has not only been accomplished, but that much new and interesting matter has been added to the stock of public knowledge. From works such as the one before us, we reap the only harvest which literature presents of originality: voyages and travels—and the present work partakes of the nature of both—open up new scenes for contemplation: they exhibit new manners and strange customs, and remarkable incidents, and really contribute more to our amusement than the most voluminous novelist, whose trade it is to supply with agreeable fictions the great market of the world. The information which we obtain from such undertakings, is very valuable to a country such as ours, which, oppressed with debt and taxation, prospers only by the daring spirit of its people, and its superior intelligence amongst nations. Our vessels bear us, as if on wings, into every sea; and our officers, mostly men of education and talent, are always desirous to add something to the growing stock of national intelligence: among the latter, Capt. Owen and his brother adventurers, have distinguished themselves both by daring and fortitude; and though all was accomplished at a painful sacrifice of life, we consider the expedition a fortunate and a successful one.

Before we commence our extracts, we cannot help observing, that though, in all known ages of the world, exploring parties have been sent to Africa, we have yet discovered but little of what we desire to know. The southern half of the interior still remains a blank in our maps, and even the coast is but imperfectly known: indeed, the hope held out, by the perseverance of the Landers, of ascending one stream, and so far solving the mighty mystery, at this moment occupies the thoughts of all.

We pass over the preliminary part of the first volume, and introduce our readers to the account given of the orange fields around Rio in South America:—

"The land here is rich and well cultivated, and the oranges are perhaps the finest in the world. There is a peculiarity in the formation of these not generally known; it consists in the part where the seeds are formed being removed near the crown, and in some instances outside the pulp, but beneath the rind, giving it, upon the peel being removed, the appearance of two oranges. The part containing the seed is a kind of excrescence into which is drawn the fibre, and in fact all the objectionable portion of the fruit, leaving the legitimate production free from every impurity, and rendering it the most delicious of its kind. The esculent vegetables are not numerous, and those that are grown are far from being fine; although with proper attention I have no doubt but most of those cultivated in England

would succeed. Water-creases and lettuces are the only vegetables grown as salad; the radishes are a kind of degenerated turnip-radish, and their cabbage and cole are also of a poor description, never forming a head. Bananas, papaws, pumpkins, cucumbers, tomatoes, of many varieties, with most of the other tropical fruits, are in abundance. The vines in general are not good, their culture for wine being forbidden by the common colonial policy, which has so long disgraced Europe by pretending to legislate for Nature. Pine-apples, I was informed, were very fine at the proper season, but those I tasted were greatly inferior to many produced in England."

The navigators passed from that pleasant land, and reached in safety the English River, on the coast of Caffiraria: where they met with "Jem of the Winter":—

"The morning of our arrival, so soon as the day made us visible to the natives, they were observed making preparations on the Maoomo side of the water to pay us a visit. The first who came was 'Jem of the Water,' as he called himself. This fellow was in the native costume, which is literally worse than nothing, consisting only of a straw tube, about a foot long, with a shred of blue dungaree hanging from its upper end. He was ornamented by a necklace of charms, composed of small shells, eagles' talons, brass buttons, coloured beads, medicinal roots, &c. not arranged according to taste, but to produce the effect which he could not hope for without their assistance. He was a good-looking well-made man, and offered his services to supply us with water and guard our casks; an office which he usually performed for the whalers when they entered English River.

"These people have no canoes in the bay or in the rivers falling into it, the native boats already described being the only vessels seen. We were rather surprised to see them continue the use of such awkward and unmanageable craft, employed as they are, not only for continual communication with strangers, but also for fishing and other domestic purposes the owners serving every season in the whalers, by which they become excellent boatmen. The cause of this apparently obstinate retention of ancient habits may, when we come to give some description of these people, be proved not to arise from prejudice or ignorance, but from the unhappy state of their government, riveted on them by the miserable policy of the Portuguese pedlars, and his Most Faithful Majesty's malefactors at their trading establishments."

Of the Portuguese establishment there, Capt. Owen gives the following account:

"The officers in the Portuguese factory, at this time, were Captain Jaques Casimir, who had raised himself from the ranks during the peninsular war; his wife was living with him in the fort. The adjutant also had a wife of Hindoo extraction, who had formerly been a slave at the Cape of Good Hope. The adjutant had resided at this factory about thirty years, ever since its first formation. After the destruction of Colonel Bolt's establishment, this man had been banished,

it was reported, for the murder of his father or brother. The lieutenant was a Canareen of Goa, named Antonio Teixera, banished thence for killing a priest, with whose sister he had an amour. Besides these, there was a surgeon, also a Canareen of Hindoo descent, a well behaved young man. The wife of Casimir was a lady whose character was open to scandal, even on the shores of Africa, and the adjutant was generally drunk all day. We found them extremely kind, and, in many cases, useful, as they supplied us with bullocks, milk, fowls, and vegetables, which they bought from the natives for a mere trifle, and sold to us at a gain of about six hundred per cent. This traffic being their only resource, they take great care to prevent any direct trade between the whalers and natives."

In exploring the river Temby they have an adventure with a hippopotamus:—

" Lieutenant Vidal had just commenced ascending this stream in his boat, when suddenly a violent shock was felt from underneath, and in another moment a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself up from the water, and in a most ferocious and menacing attitude rushed open-mouthed at the boat, and with one grasp of its tremendous jaws, seized and tore seven planks from her side; the creature disappeared for a few seconds and then rose again, apparently intending to repeat the attack, but was fortunately deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled, but, as she was not more than an oar's length from the shore, they succeeded in reaching it before she sank. Her keel, in all probability, touched the back of the animal, which irritating him, occasioned this furious attack, and had he got his upper jaw above the gunwale, the whole broadside must have been torn out. The force of the shock from beneath, previously to the attack, was so violent that her stern was almost lifted out of the water, and Mr. Tambs, the midshipman steering, was thrown overboard, but fortunately rescued before the irritated animal could seize him. The boat was hauled up on a dry spot, and her repairs immediately commenced. The tents were pitched, and those of the party that were not employed as carpenters, amused themselves, the officers in shooting, and the men in strolling about the deserted country round them, being first ordered not to proceed out of hearing."

A native chief more dangerous than the river horse was met with: if the reader, when he pursues Owen's account, will add, that he fell in an attempt to storm at night the English encampment, all will be known that need be told:—

" The following description of their young chief Chinchinany will suffice, with a few exceptions, for that of the whole tribe.

" Round his head, just above the eyes, was a band of fur, somewhat resembling in size and colour a fox's tail, neatly trimmed and smoothed: underneath this his black woolly hair was hidden; but above it grew to its usual length, until at the top, where a circular space was shaved in the manner of the monks and Zoolos; round this

circle was a thick ring of twisted hide, fixed in its position by the curling over of the surrounding hair, which was altogether sufficiently thick to resist a considerable blow. On one side of his head was a single feather of some large bird as an emblem of his rank, and just above his eye-brows a string of small white beads, and another across the nose: close under his chin he wore a quantity of long coarse hair, like the venerable beard of a patriarch, hanging down on his breast: his ears had large slits in their lower lobes, and were made to fall three or four inches, but without any ornaments; these holes in the ears are often used to carry articles of value. Each arm was encircled by a quantity of hair like that tied on his chin, the ends reaching below his elbows. Round his body were tied two strings, with twisted stripes of hide, with the hair on them, much resembling monkeys' tails; the upper row was fastened close under his arms, and hung down about twelve inches, the end of each tail being cut with much precision and regularity; the lower row resembled the upper, and commenced exactly where the latter terminated, until they reached the knees. It bore altogether a great resemblance to the Scotch kilt. On his ankles and wrists he had brass rings or bangles. His shield was of bullock's hide, about five feet long and three and a half broad; down the middle was fixed a long 'tick, tufted with hair, by means of holes cut for the purpose, and projecting above and below beyond the shield about five inches. To this stick were attached his assagayes and spears; the only difference in these weapons is that the former is narrow in the blade and small for throwing, the latter broad and long, with a stronger staff for the thrust."

A hippopotamus trap is a snare unknown to our island poachers:—

" Our distance from the mouth of the river was nine miles, when we gave up the survey. In going down the opposite side to that on which we communicated with the natives, we observed that where the hippopotami, in their passage to and from the river, had broken down the bank, sharp pointed-poles, hardened by fire, were placed by the natives; these were for the purpose of staking them on their descent, and the interpreter informed us that many were caught in this way: they die from the wound shortly after they reach the water, and their huge carcasses, when inflated, float down the river, and are picked up by the natives, who, at this time of famine, sought them with the greatest avidity. Sometimes, when the demand for hippopotamus flesh is great, on account of the scarcity of other articles of food, the natives assemble in the woods, and when the animals come on the plains to graze, run out upon them with loud cries upon which they rush with headlong force upon these stakes, when the skin, hard and tough as it is, cannot resist the violence of the contact, the wood splinters in the desperate wound, and life soon becomes extinct.

" The natives do not confine themselves merely to entrapping the hippopotami, but will

sometimes venture in a body to attack them with their spears. They waylay the huge animal, and, watching the time as he pushes by the thick bushes in which they lie concealed, by a dextrous thrust of their sharp spears, hamstring him, when he falls roaring with anguish and impotent rage to the ground, where, under a repetition of wounds, he soon finishes his career. This method of attack, so replete with danger, is adopted only when there is the greatest demand for hippopotamus flesh, and, as latterly, for their teeth; for, until we set the example, the Portuguese seldom purchased any other ivory than that of the elephant."

A fever peculiar to the country, attacked the ship's crews, and in a short while, carried off many valuable men and officers. The account of the death of Capt. Lechmere, is very affecting:—

" Captain Lechmere had excited so general a feeling of respect and esteem amongst all on board, that the details of his illness will be readily pardoned. This interest in his fate was strongly exemplified in the attachment of his attendant, William Newman, a marine, who was as much concerned as if he had been his nearest relative; he carried him from place to place like a child, as poor Lechmere's fevered fancy dictated, sang to him, fanned him, moistened his lips, and was silent or still as his patient directed, and at last brought him by his special desire into the captain's cabin, where there was already a young midshipman in almost the same hopeless state. As the bell was striking the midnight hour, he sank into the dreamless sleep of death. His last moments were attended with a romantic interest. The fever being very high a short time before his decease, every means were tried to calm him, but in vain; the same impatient, painful, restlessness still prevailed."

Nor is the death of a poor seaman less so:

" On the 11th, a seaman died belonging to the Leven, and on the 14th, a marine named Thomas Waring. This man was in the habit of attending Mr. Daniels (midshipman), a gentleman who, at the time of Waring's death, was with the Manice party. About an hour and a half before his dissolution, he opened his master's chest, carefully placed everything in order, returned to his berth, gave the keys to a comrade, but was too unwell to say to whom they belonged, was shortly afterwards conveyed to his hammock, and in a few minutes was no more."

The natives of Delagoa Bay soften the ravages of this destroying fever in the following manner:—

" It will perhaps be interesting, before quitting this place, to mention the mode adopted by the natives to cure this fever. As soon as the patient feels the first symptoms, he retires to his hut, where he is kept warm until some water in an earthen vessel placed on the fire is boiling hot. It is then placed between his legs, while he sits down and leans over the steam

that arises from it. In the meantime, those around envelop him in mats, by which he is soon covered with perspiration and occasionally half suffocated. The whole is suddenly cast off, and at the same moment he receives a shower of cold water all over his body; he is then hurried to the side of a large fire kindled in the hut, and there placed in a recumbent posture, while blood is extracted from him in small quantities by means of slight incisions on his shoulders, breast, and the back of his hands. The rest is left to Nature, whose resources, powerful as they are, frequently fail to restore the exhausted patient to life, perhaps rather confused by this irregular and apparently desperate effort of art."

One of the most touching parts in these narratives, is where Capt. Owen observes that the death of so many comrades was a melancholy mode of obtaining names for new bays and fresh promontories.

We can afford room for little about Madagascar that is much to its honour: the passages we give, are of a mixed character:—

" A girl, who had engaged herself to accompany a male cousin as interpreter, &c. to a distant island, was daily during her absence, most bitterly lamented by her mother, who, in the fullness of her affection, conjured up the most dismal apprehensions as to her child's fate—' She would be a slave—she would be drowned—she would perish in a foreign clime among those who knew her not.' In fact, no sufferings, however dreadful, could surpass those which this anxious and fond parent was constantly picturing as the lot of her daughter. Yet, at the time of her departure, that very mother was receiving the price of her prostitution from a French paramour. She was absent nearly a year, and on her return the meeting was affecting in the extreme. After mutual tears and embraces, the mother washed her child's feet, and in earnest of her affection afterwards drank the water. The term prostitution, in the sense used by us, when applied to this custom, is perhaps a harsher one than it calls for; as, sanctioned by the general habits of the country, it scarcely deserves the same degree of odium as when practised by people aware of its immoral and sinful tendency; but it is strange how very soon travellers become reconciled to this laxity of virtue, and look upon it in a less heinous light; particularly here, as these women, when attached to a man by marriage, (for they do marry, although polygamists,) are remarkable for their constancy, excepting those of high rank, who, as in other countries, claim a greater license."

" The ladies of this place, and in fact all others on the island of Madagascar, have full license in the indulgence of their fancies or affections, and as in point of number the fair sex muster about three to one, they were ready to embark by hundreds whenever we anchored. Rafaria gave a sumptuous and well-cooked breakfast to the Captain and several officers,

at which was observed a new species of Brède."

The work before us is incomplete, part only having come from the press when these extracts were making out for our printer. We have been much pleased with the portion we have examined.

From the *Spectator*.

MACDOUALL'S VOYAGE TO PATA-GONIA.

This is an entertaining volume; the production of a midshipman, we fancy, attached to the adventurous voyage of survey in the Straits of Magellan, which has not yet, we believe, been completed, or at least the results of which have not yet been made known to the world. But Mr. MACDOUALL, having left the expedition at the end of its first failure in threading these straits, and before the objects of the voyage were half completed, has by his return to England stolen a march upon his comrades and commanders, and given to the public a narrative of such adventures as fell under his own notice. He is an entertaining and a lively writer, of more talent than taste; his work is something like a sea-pie—very various in its contents—and, for those who hunger for relations of danger, toil, and adventure in savage lands, and still more savage seas, very palatable. The wild and hungry shores of these northernmost parts, possess but few objects of curiosity; and such as they are, the same aspect is now presented that appeared before the eyes of early voyagers, and which has long since been so well described; perpetual winds, rocky cliffs, driving currents, a coast utterly destitute of vegetable production save the deep and interminable forests, and a thinly scattered race of human inhabitants, existing upon the shell fish as it takes refuge or is thrown into the interstices of the rocks. The continental territory is only distinguished from the opposite coast of *Terra del Fuego* by the stupendous height of its inhabitants as compared with the diminutive race on the island shore. The following characteristic description of a couple of natives relates to *Terra del Fuego*. These poor creatures, are by courtesy called human, though not much differing, save in their anatomy, from some of the animals whom Sir Charles Bell has so significantly described in his very pleasant and instructive Bridgewater Treatise on the Hand. The scene is in Separation Harbour, and the date 15th February, 1827.

"At the first opportunity, I succeeded in obtaining a passage on shore, in company with Dr. Bowen and Lieutenant Sholl, and, on the boat passing the wigwam which was built on the left of the harbour, we beheld, thrust through the top of it, the head and naked shoulders of the younger savage, who loudly cried out *Che-ree-cow-wow*, *Che-ree-cow-wow*, and these words he continued to bawl out with

the whole strength of his lungs. We landed a few minutes afterwards at the further end of the harbour, where plenty of good water descends from the rocks, and made our way over sharp-pointed rocks to the place they had chosen for erecting the wigwam. When our party came within twenty paces of them, we perceived the old Indian, apparently about fifty years of age, standing with a club raised over his shoulder in an offensive position, and a youth of nineteen, with a long straight stick or lance, which he held in the attitude of throwing at us; seeing us stop, they both indulged in a long hideous guttural vociferation, the harsh and inharmonious tones of which savoured more of the growl than the voice of a human being. Having listened patiently to this strange clatter, we again moved forward, our noses forewarning us of an approach towards the Den of Cacus. The old Indian had lowered his club as we came up, and on our giving him a biscuit, he greedily began to gnaw it, holding it fast with both his hands, and calling out *cheop, cheop*, several times. This, we afterwards found out, was a favourite word of his, the meaning of which we vainly endeavoured to ascertain. As he stood close to the entrance of the wigwam, we offered to move him on one side in order to go in, when he again set up his guttural talk, and exclaimed *petites, petites*, and pointed inside the wigwam, to the opening of which we saw come forward two little girls, in a state of nudity, the eldest about the age of six, the youngest four, who both began to cry at the sight of us; but, giving to each a string of white beads and a piece of biscuit, they both ceased crying, and old Che-ree-cow-wow immediately left off gnawing the biscuit, and set up the cry of *cheop, cheop*, upon which Lieutenant Sholl offered him a string of red ones, which he no sooner beheld then he clutched them with considerable force, and in a moment hid them under his arm-pit. The elder child had its head encircled with a peculiar string of light-coloured small shells, and it was some time before we could persuade the infant to part with them; but the display of some party-coloured beads and a spoon was too much for old Che-ree-cow-wow; he took the shells off the head of the child, but not without first consulting its inclination (for they appeared to be very affectionate to their children, as we observed in several instances,) and, placing it in the hands of Dr. Bowen, made a vigorous clutch at the spoon and beads, which he deposited in the usual hiding place, uttering *cheop, cheop*, with great eagerness and good-humour. The younger was constantly repeating the words he heard with great accuracy, and also busied himself in attempts to pluck out our eyebrows; it so happened, that he took Lieutenant Sholl off his guard, and gave him a severe twinge. It would appear from this circumstance, and their not having any themselves, that they pluck out their own.

" We now all had a dance together, our new acquaintances jumping about and making as much noise as any of us; and the dirty copper-coloured appearance of the elder Indian struck me, while he thus capered about, as being particularly hideous. He was about five feet six inches in height, and exceedingly robust and broad-chested, but had altogether a most miserable appearance; he certainly resembled a devil more than a human being. Having exercised ourselves sufficiently, both the Indians crept upon their hands and knees into the wigwam, the entrance to it being so near the ground as not to allow of any other mode of ingress, and perhaps it may be as well, for the edification of those who never read or saw any, to give some account of these temporary habitations. A great number of long straight branches of trees are fixed in the ground in a circle, at certain distances apart, the area being about fifteen feet; some pliant twigs keep the ends of the branches together, which being bent, form a centre at the top; it is rendered comfortably warm and air-tight by a covering of boughs and seal-skins; the fire is made in the centre, around which they sat in the midst of smoke, which could not possibly escape, there being no aperture at top, but through the doorway, which being so low, rendered its egress almost impossible; but they appear to be very little incommoded by it. Having thus thrust ourselves into the wigwam, we found our friends huddling over the fire, which now burnt very brightly, and keeping the children close to them; they motioned us to sit down likewise, and we arranged ourselves accordingly. They commenced rummaging about the sides of the wigwam, and soon produced some large muscles, which they put into the fire, and while these were cooking, they extended their limbs and drew closer the blaze. Not much relishing a further continuance in the wigwam, we crawled out; and seeing us about to depart, they pointed to the masts of the ship, visible above the headland, and exclaimed *sheroo, sheroo*, by which we understood them to mean the ship, and we beckoned the elder to follow; he pointed to the masts, repeating their word *sheroo*, and came with us some way down the mountain; we then gave him a biscuit to encourage him, but he no sooner received it, than he suddenly changed his mind, and made his way quickly back, waving his hand to bid us farewell as he ran along, repeating the word *sheroo* as long as we were in sight. As the boat passed the wigwam on our return, they both shouted *che-ree-cow-wow*, and continued to utter those words until a turning in the land hid us from their view.

" On visiting the shore the day following, and taking with us a good supply of grog and biscuit, we were so fortunate as to crawl into the wigwam just as its inhabitants were at dinner; they had gathered an immense quantity of limpets and muscles, which they were roast-

ing with great dispatch. Having seated ourselves, the younger Indian displayed a characteristic trait of preference to the mid who accompanied our party, by attempting to pluck out his eyebrows; then taking one of the largest muscles that appeared sufficiently roasted, and giving it a turn or two in his mouth, apparently for the purpose of cooling it, he presented the dainty morsel to my companion, who very politely signified his rejection of the proffered favour by shaking his head; the Indian then transferred the muscle to the hand of the elder child, who brought and held it up to our middy's mouth, at the same time talking to him very prettily in Fuegian; but all was quite useless; neither her persuasions nor mine could induce him to venture on a taste. Old Cheop, perceiving my eyes water from the effects of the smoke, immediately dried them with his dirty fist; for this piece of kindness I gave him a button, which he directly hid between his toes, as he did likewise another given him by my friend. Being now anxious to get him off to the ship, I endeavoured by taking hold of my trousers and other signs to acquaint him, that by going on board he would obtain similar ones; and further to encourage him, I took off my old flushing jacket and put it upon him. These efforts not availing, I drew forth the bottle of grog, at the sight of which he commenced a rattling noise in his throat. I then placed my hand over his eyes, and held the bottle to his mouth, when he swallowed the liquor greedily; before removing my hand from his eyes, I put the bottle in my pocket; when he found it gone, he made eager signs for more, crying out *cheop, cheop*, and uttering other wild and incoherent sounds. The younger Indian stood by all this time, looking up to the sky, with his hands together above his head, and kept calling out *picharee, picharee*, in a piteous tone of voice, but what he meant I could not possibly make out; however, I comforted him also by a taste of the grog, which he gulped down with equally as much *gout* as the elder, and we heard no more about *picharee*. Having by this time gained their entire confidence, I moved down the mountain, inviting the elder Indian to follow, which he did immediately; the younger one taking his station at the door of the wigwam (as if to guard the children,) cried out, "D—n your eyes," an expression he had picked up amongst us, and of which he was perfect master. To prevent the elder Indian from running back, as he had done the day before, we kept him before us: he made his way down the rocks much easier and swifter than we could, although he was barefooted. On arriving at the boat, we bundled him in, one of the sailor's first helping him on with an old pair of canvas trousers. We were soon alongside the ship, and he made his appearance, no doubt for the first time, on board of a man-of-war. He evinced a much greater share of curiosity than the Patago-

nians; he looked around him with much earnestness, gazing sometimes down upon the deck, then up at the rigging, but always kept a lookout to see if I was near him. Captain Stokes ordered him a glass of port wine, which he appeared to like as well as the grog, and finished a second and third glass with great composure of countenance. The doctor, upon this occasion, placed his hand on the top of the Indian's head, to discover if he possessed (as he said) "the organ of veneration," upon which Old Cheop began to pull and rub the doctor's head likewise, in rather a less unceremonious manner. We soon afterwards introduced him to the "middies' berth," and it being then about four o'clock (our tea-time,) we placed before him a basin of warm souchong, made very sweet, into which he immediately put his greasy hand, and he did not seem inclined to withdraw it, until some of us moved the basin, and placed his hands on either side of it, when he raised it to his mouth and drank the whole off. He now refused to take more grog, but observing him eyeing the sugar, we placed a quantity of it before him; on tasting it, his eyes glistened with delight, while he testified the greatest gratification by sucking and licking his fingers; he now pointed to the basin for more tea, which was given to him until he had emptied it six times; he then fell upon some ship's beef and biscuit, which, with a large piece of plum-duff, he very soon conveyed down his throat; but, while thus gloriously stuffing himself, he did not forget the children, for he occasionally placed pieces of beef and pudding under his jacket, next his skin, as he said, for the *petites*. But what he appeared to relish full as much as the pudding, was several "purser's dips," which we gave him; these he finished with an evident "gust," swallowing cotton and all. The candles, however, (to use a nautical phrase,) "choked his luff;" we then made him a tumbler of very sweet grog, which he drank off, scraping up with his finger the undissolved sugar that had settled at the bottom of the glass. Whilst he was thus agreeably engaged, he contrived to secrete every spoon upon the table; some he placed under his arms, and others up his sleeve. We then gave him a small looking-glass, in which he surveyed himself very steadfastly, and turned the glass to observe what was on the other side, and not seeing his face, he turned round again, and was a good deal puzzled when he again saw himself; however, he continued to gaze on, till raising his head, and putting on a most ludicrous smile, he looked attentively at every one in the berth, indulging, at the same time, in a low murmuring gabble, which at length burst out into *cheap, cheap*, and suddenly hid the glass in the usual depository, exclaiming *petites, petites*, and huddled himself up, as if fearful of having it taken away from him. I showed him some drawings of the Patagonians, but he did not seem to recognize them. The time

having arrived when it became advisable to put him on shore, I made an attempt to recover my flushing jacket, but he had concealed under it such an olio of beef, pudding, sugar, candles, and biscuit, that it was prettily bedaubed, nor was he at all inclined to relinquish it. Before placing him in the boat, we stuck on his head a red night-cap, so that he looked like a large ourang-outang; we also made him presents of beads, spoons, and knives, with all of which he was highly pleased. As he went on shore, he amused himself (as was reported) by eating the arming of grease of one of the sea-leads employed in sounding."

Mr. MACDOUALL left the expedition during a rest at Rio Janeiro, after the failure of the first attempt: further reason for his departure we do not see, save that he had supped full of hardship on these bleak shores. He tells us he lacks advancement; the talent he shows will probably secure it to him, and we shall be glad if our recommendation gives him an opportunity. We should, however, have thought better of his claims, if he had persevered along with his comrades—unless, indeed, considerations of health interfered, of which we observe no indications. In any future work, we would counsel Mr. Macdouall to be more scrupulous in the use of the names of absent friends.

From the *Athenaeum*.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF PRIEST-CRAFT.*

THIS is a mad world! A change seems coming over all things. Who ever expected to see the title-page of such a work as this graced with the gentle name of the Howitts! And here is an opening sentence, which we quote as an apology for no further concerning ourselves with the subject-matter of the volume:

"This unfortunate world has been blasted in all ages by evil principles—Kingcraft and Priestcraft."

Well, then, here we shake hands and part with our excellent friend; Kingcraft and Priestcraft shall not trouble the readers of the *Athenaeum*. We have resolved to keep one corner of this "unfortunate world" free from these "contagious blastments;" and, therefore, we resign his work to other and harder critics; and very pretty sport they may find in it, for the historical part halts lamentably. If however, it were our cue to write on the subject, we would have "ecked out the imperfections" of the book by adding a Chapter on Priestcraft as made manifest in the History of the Quakers, a sect among whom, and in defiance of whose professions, it has been as dominant as in any of all the multitudinous variety that pester this pleasant earth. We say not this disrespectfully of the Quakers, for whom we entertain a becoming regard—still less of their

* *A Popular History of Priestcraft in all Ages and Nations.* By William Howitt. London: Wilson.

founder, whose memory we revere; although, with all his early and uncontrollable enthusiasm, no sooner was there a sect to rule over, than he and his associates took on themselves the authority of a priesthood as naturally as if holy hands had been laid on them; but because this truth is a curious illustrative fact which William Howitt has overlooked; the more to be regretted, as it might have proved to his honest and sincere mind that priestcraft was but a form by which the universal spirit of man made itself manifest; it was but a means of obtaining power; and it seems to us a narrow and blind prejudice that can only see it under a triple crown or in lawn sleeves. But we will not be drawn into controversy.

It is due to Mr. Howitt to acknowledge, that if we were at first astonished to read his name in the title-page, we were well pleased to find far better evidence of his connexion with the work—passages full of fine feeling and natural eloquence; and, as the book is not likely to have a very general circulation, we shall not hesitate to transfer some of them into our pages. The following is a splendid piece of eloquence, and reminds us a good deal of the prose of Milton:

"Nothing is more illustrative of the spirit of priestcraft than that the church should have kept up the superstitious belief in the consecration of ground in the minds of the people to the present hour, and that, in spite of education, the poor and the rich should be ridden with the most preposterous notion, that they cannot lie in peace except in ground over which the bishop has said his mummary, and for which he and his rooks, as Sir David Lindsay calls them, have pocketed the fees, and laughed in their sleeves at the gullible foolishness of the people. Does the honest Quaker sleep less sound, or will he arise less cheerfully at the judgment-day from his grave, over which no prelatrical jugglery has been practised, and for which neither prelate nor priest has pocketed a doit? Who has consecrated the sea, into which the British sailor in the cloud of battle-smoke descends, or who goes down, amidst the tears of his comrades, to depths to which no plummet but that of God's omnipresence ever reached? Who has consecrated the battle-field, which opens its pits for its thousands and tens of thousands; or the desert, where the weary traveller lies down to his eternal rest? Who has made holy the sleeping place of the solitary missionary, and of the settlers in new lands? Who, but He, whose hand has hallowed earth from end to end, and from surface to centre, for his pure and almighty fingers have moulded it? Who but He whose eye rests on it day and night, watching its myriads of moving children—the oppressors and the oppressed—the deceivers and the deceived—the hypocrites, and the poor whose souls are darkened with false knowledge and fettered with the bonds of daring selfishness? and on whatever innocent thing that

eye rests, it is hallowed beyond the breath of bishops, and the fees of registers. Who shall need to look for a consecrated spot of earth to lay his bones in, when the struggles and the sorrows, the prayers and the tears of our fellow men, from age to age, have consecrated every atom of this world's surface to the desire of a repose which no human hands can lead to, no human rites can secure? Who shall seek for a more hallowed bed than the bosom of that earth into which Christ himself descended, and in which the bodies of thousands of glorious patriots, and prophets, and martyrs, who were laid in gardens and beneath their paternal trees, and of heroes whose blood and sighs have flowed forth for their fellow men, have been left to peace and the blessings of grateful generations with no rites, no sounds but the silent falling of tears and the aspirations of speechless, but immortal thanks? From side to side, from end to end, the whole world is sanctified by these agencies, beyond the blessings or the curses of priests! God's sunshine flows over it, his providence surrounds it; it is rocked in his arms like the child of his eternal love; his faithful creatures live, and toil, and pray in it; and, in the name of heaven, who shall make it, or who can need it holier for his last resting couch?"

The following is a picture of great truth and beauty:

"One of the most beautiful and impressive rites of the church, is the confirmation of young people as it is seen in the country. On some bright summer morning, you see troops of village boys and girls come marching into the town, headed by the village clerk, or schoolmaster. First one, then another little regiment of these rural embryo Christians is seen advancing from different parts towards the principal church. All are in their best array. Their leader, with an air of unusual solemn dignity, marches straight forward, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but sometimes casting a grave glance behind at his followers. His suit of best black adorns his sturdy person, and his lappels fly wide in the breeze that meets him. His charge come on in garbs of many colours;—the damsels in green and scarlet petticoats; stockings white, black, and gray; gowns of white, bearing testimony to miry roads and provoking brambles; gowns of cotton print of many a dazzling flower-pattern; gowns even of silk in these luxurious days; long, flying, pink sashes, and pink, and yellow, and scarlet bunches in bonnets of many a curious make. The lads stride on with slouching paces that have not been learned in drawing and assembly-rooms, but on the barn-floor, beside the loaded wagon, on the heathy sheep-walk, and in the deep fallow field. They are gloriously robed in corduroy breeches, blue worsted stockings, heavy-nailed ankle-boots, green shag waistcoats, neck-handkerchiefs of red, with long corners that flutter in the wind, and coats shaped by some

semipiterial tailor, whose fashions know no change. Amid the bustling, spruce inhabitants of the town, their walk, their dress, their faces full of ruddy health and sheepish simplicity, mark them out as creatures almost of another tribe. They bring all the spirit of the village—of the solitary farm—of heaths and woods, and rarely frequented fields along with them. You are carried forcibly by your imagination, at the sight of them, into cottage life—into the habits and concerns of the rural population. You feel what daily anticipations—what talk—what an early rising, and bustling preparation there has been in many a lowly dwelling, in many an out-of-the-way hamlet, for this great occasion. How the old people have told over how it was when they went to be confirmed. What a mighty place the church is; what crowds of grand people; what an awful thing the bishop in his wig and robes! How the fond, simple mothers have set forth their sons and daughters; and given them injunction on injunction; and followed them from their doors with eyes filled with tears of pride, of joy, and of anxiety. How the youthful hand, half gay, more than half grotesque, but totally happy, have advanced over hill and dale. The whole joyousness of their holiday feeling is presented to you, as they progressed through bosky lanes and dells, through woods, over the open breezy heaths and hills—the flowers, and the dews, and the green leaves breathing upon them their freshest influence; the blue, cheering sky above them, and the lark sending down, from his highest flight, his music of ineffable gladness. You feel the secret awe that struck into their bosoms as they entered the noisy, glittering, polished, and in their eyes, mighty and proud town; and the notion of the church, the assembled crowds, the imposing ceremony, and the awful bishop and all his clergy, came strongly and distinctly before them.

"Besides these, numbers of vehicles are bringing in other rural neophytes. The carriages of the wealthy drive rapidly and gaily on to inns and houses of friends. Tilted wagons, gigs, ample cars, are all freighted with similar burdens; and many a strange, old, lumbering cart, whose body is smeared with the ruddy marl of the fields it has done service in, whose wheels are heavy with the clinging mire of roads that would make M'Adam aghast, rumbles along, dragged by a bony and shaggy animal, that if it must be honoured with the name of horse, is the very Helot of horses. These open conveyances exhibit groups of young girls, that in the lively air, and shaken to and fro by the rocking of their vehicle, and the jostling of chairs, look like beds of tulips nodding in a strong breeze.

"As you approach the great church the bustle becomes every moment more conspicuous. The clergy are walking in that direction in their black gowns. Groups of the families of the country clergy strike your eyes. Venera-

ble old figures, with their sleek and ruddy faces: their black silk stockings glistening beneath their gowns; their canonical hats set most becomingly above, are walking on, the very images of happiness, with their wives hanging on their arms, and followed by lovely genteel girls, and graceful, growing lads. As the rustics' aspects brought all the spirit of the cottage and the farm to your imagination, they bring all that of the village parsonage. You are transported in a moment to the most perfect little paradises which are to be found in the world—the country dwellings of the English clergy. Those sweet spots, so exactly formed for the '*otium cum dignitate*.' Those medium abodes, betwixt the rudeness and vexations of poverty, and the cumbrous state of aristocratic opulence. Those lovely and picturesque houses, built of all orders and all fashions, yet preserving the one definite, uniform character of the comfortable, the pretensionless, and the accordant with the scenery in which they are placed; houses, some of old framed timber, up which the pear and the apricot, the pyracantha and the vine clamber; or of old, gray, substantial stone; or of more modern and elegant villa architecture, with their roofs which, whether of thatch or slate, or native gray stone, are seen thickly screened from the north, and softened and surmounted to the delighted eye with noble trees: with their broad bay windows, which bring all the sunny glow of the south, at will, into the house; and around which the rose and jasmine breathe their delicious odours. Those sweet abodes, surrounded by their bowery, shady, aromatic shrubberies, and pleasant old-fashioned glebe-crofts—homes in which, under the influence of a wise, good heart, and a good system, domestic happiness may be enjoyed to its highest conception, and whence piety, and cultivation, and health, and comfort, and a thousand blessings to the poor, may spread through the surrounding neighbourhood. Such are the abodes brought before your minds by the sight of the country clergy; such are thousands of their dwellings, scattered through this great and benificent country—in its villages and hidden nooks of scattered population—amid its wild mountains, and along its wilder coasts; endowed by the laws with earthly plenty, and invested by the bright heaven, and its attendant seasons, with the freshest sunshine, the sweetest dews, the most grateful solitude and balmy seclusion."

"But the merry bells call us onward: and lo! the mingled crowds are passing under that ancient and time-worn porch. We enter,—and how beautiful and impressive is the scene! The whole of that mighty and venerable fabric is filled, from side to side with a mixed, yet splendid congregation,—for the rich and the poor, the superb and the simple, there blend into one human mass, whose varieties are but as the contrast of colours in a fine painting,—the spirit of the *tout ensemble* is the nobility of beauty. The

whole of that gorgeous assembly, on which the eye rests in palpable perception of the wealth, refinement, and the elevation of the social life of our country, is hushed in profound attention to the reading of the services of the day by one of the clergymen. They are past ;—the bishop, followed by his clergy, advances to the altar. The solemn organ bursts forth with its thunder of harmonious sound, that rolls through the arched roof above, and covers every living soul with its billows of tumultuous music, and with its appropriate depth of inexpressible feeling, touches the secret springs of wonder and mysterious gladness in the spirit ; and amid its imperial tones the tread of many youthful feet is heard in the aisle. You turn, and behold a scene that brings the tears into your eyes, and the throb of sacred sympathy into your heart. Are they creatures of earth or of heaven ? Are they the everyday forms which fill our houses, and pass us in the streets, and till the solitary fields of earth, and perform the homely duties of the labourer's cottage—those fair, youthful beings, that bend down their bare and beautiful heads beneath the hands of that solemn and dignified old man ? Yes, through the drops that dim our eyes, and the surprise that dazzles them, we discern the children of the rich and the poor kneeling down together, to take upon themselves the eternal weight of their own souls. There side by side, the sons and daughters of the hall, and the sons and daughters of the hut of poverty, are kneeling in the presence of God and man—acknowledging but one nature, one hope, one heaven : and our hearts swell with a triumphant feeling of this homage wrung from the pride of wealth, the arrogance of birth, and the soaring disdain of refined intellect, by the victorious might of Christianity. Yet, even in the midst of this feeling, what a contrast is there in these children ! The sons and daughters of the fortunate, with their cultured forms and cultured features—the girls just budding into the beauty of early womanhood, in their white garbs, and with their hair so simply, yet so gracefully disposed,—the boys, with their open, rosy, yet declined countenances, and their full locks, clustering in vigorous comeliness ;—they look, under the influence of the same feelings, like the children of some more ethereal planet : while the offspring of the poor, with their robust figures and homely dresses ; with their hair, which has had no such sedulous hands, full of love and leisure, to mould it into shining softness—nay, that has, in many instances, had no tending but that of the frosts and winds, and the midsummer scorching of their daily, out-door lives ; and with countenances in which the predominant expressions are awe, and simple credence ; these touch us with equal sympathy for the hardships and disadvantages of their lot.

"Successively over my bowed head those sacred hands are extended, which are to communicate a subtle but divine influence ; and how solemn is the effect of that one grave and deliberate yet earnest voice, which, in the absence

of the organ-tones, in the hushed and heart-generated stillness of the place, is alone heard pronouncing the words of awful import to every youthful recipient of the rite. 'Tis done,—again the tide of music rolls over us, fraught with tenfold kindling of that spirit which has seized upon us ; and amid its celestial exultings, that band of youthful ones has withdrawn, and another has taken its place. Thus it goes on till the whole have been confirmed in the faith in which their sponsors vowed to nurture them, and which they have now vowed to maintain for ever. The bishop delivers his parting exhortation, and solemnly charges them to return home in a manner becoming the sacredness of the occasion and of their present act. Filled with the glow of purest feelings, breathing the very warmest atmosphere of poetry and religious exhortation, we rise up with our neighbours, and depart."

This is very admirable—a little too elaborated perhaps, but still beautiful.

NAPOLEON BREATHING !

An ingenious Frenchman has invented a substance which closely resembles the human flesh in its colour, solidity, and elasticity ; and, in order to exhibit the effects of his discovery, he has modelled a figure of Napoleon, whom he represents reclining on a couch asleep, and breathing. The hands are the best imitated. The fingers are flexible, the nails extremely natural ; and, except that the hard substance of the bones is not so evident to the touch as to the sight, the imitation is almost perfect. The legs and feet, with the toes, may be felt through the silk stockings that cover them. The face is not much better than a painted wax model, except that the colour of the flesh is more like life ; and that it yields to the touch, and is elastic. The closed eyes are too sunken and death-like ; and the eyelashes are not so natural as we have seen them. The imitation of the motion of respiration is merely mechanical, and has been accomplished before in automata. It, however, assists the illusion greatly.

The object of this curious invention is principally that of furnishing models of the human figure, or any of its parts, in a healthy or morbid condition, to resemble the life as closely as possible. In this respect it is valuable to the medical profession, and for public museums, for preserving fac-similes of malformations, or monstrous beings. Greater hardness in the bony substance is desirable. An additional shilling procures a closer examination of the body, which we recommend to our medical readers.

The *Times* suggests that it would be useful in improving the lay-figures of artists. To this we object, that so near an approach to the life, in the colour of the flesh and the form of the features and extremities of the lay-figure, would induce artists to paint still less from the life, and more from the lay-figure, than they do at present.

From the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

STORY OF AN HEIRESS.

I would I were absolute queen of Britain for the space of one calendar month, (no treason to their gracious majesties, whose loyal subject I am.) The sole and single act of my, or, to speak legally, our queenship, should be to abolish, disperse, and utterly annihilate all fashionable boarding schools—to send the French governesses home to their millinery—the English ones to asylums to be supported by the voluntary contributions of all British subjects, who desire wives with heads and hearts—the pupils home to their respective mammas. But what mammas! Fashionable fine-lady mammas. Heigho! our right royal scheme is impracticable. Even an absolute queen is like the "cat if the adage," and must be fain to let "I cannot, wait upon I would."

But wherefore and whence my antipathy to these *soi-disant* mental miseries of Britain's wives and mothers? Because I was trained in their ways, and governed by their laws, until my eighteenth year; and because they sent me forth frivolous and thoughtless, unskilled to find the path to happiness, although I had from nature, beauty, some talent, and quick strong feelings—from fortune, rank, riches, and fashion—doubtful gifts, which embitter woe as often as they heighten bliss.

The events which rendered me an heiress were fraught with shame and sorrow. When I was but a helpless, wailing baby, my mother fled her home and child, and was divorced. My only brother, then a wild but high-spirited youth, shocked at his mother's disgrace, and disgusted with the unhappiness of home, absconded, and put to sea in a merchant vessel trading to the Mediterranean. The vessel perished, and the crew was never more heard of. My father, whose sole heiress I now was, loved me little, and placed me, when only five years old, at a boarding-school of the highest fashion. Soon after, dying, he directed that I should remain at school until the completion of my eighteenth year, at which early age I was to be emancipated from the control of guardians and teachers, and to enter on the unrestrained possession of my princely inheritance. Here was a perilous destiny! It might have been a high and happy one, had I received that mental, moral, and religious culture, due to every rational being, but in especial to those, whose wealth and station confer on them extensive social influence. And in what pursuits were spent those precious years that should have moulded my character to stability and dignity? Exclusively in learning to sing, to dance, to play, to talk, and to dress fashionably—I, who was entrusted with the distribution of so large a portion of the nation's wealth, scarcely knew the names or natures of patriotism, of beneficence, of social duty, or moral responsibility—I, who had nothing to do with life but to enjoy it, was unconsciously an

exile from the land of thought, a stranger to the hallowing influence of study: my pleasures were "all of this noisy world," all drawn from external things. I had no inly springing source of joy—no treasures stored to solace the hidden life. Oh! happy are the children whose infancy reposes on a mother's bosom, whose childhood laughs around her knees, and gazes upward into her loving eyes! Home is the garden where the young affections are reared and fostered, till they rise gradually and grandly into the stateliest passions of the human soul; but I was even an alien from the domestic hearth; the flow of gentle feeling in me lay motionless and chill, "still as a frozen torrent," yet destined to leap to rushing and impetuous life under the first dissolving rays of passion. But these are the reflections of an altered character and a maturer age; not such were the feelings with which the young and high-born Augusta Howard entered on the career of fashionable life.

I was now eighteen, and I resolved to avail myself abundantly of my legal liberty. I took a splendid residence in town, purchased the companionship of a tonnish widow, and delightedly resigned myself to the intoxication of the triumphs that awaited my entrance on the gay world. I trod the spacious apartments of my mansion with a transported and exultant sense of freedom and independence. I danced along, the mistress of its brilliant revels; song, and light, and odour, floated around my steps, and my free heart bounded gaily to the beat of mirthful music—Life seemed a feast—a gorgeous banquet—I, an exempted creature, whom no sorrow nor vicissitude could reach. The young and brave, the affluent and noble, strove for my favour as for honour and happiness; every eye offered homage, every lip was eager to utter praise. Ah! it is something to walk the earth arrayed in beauty, clad in raiment of nature's own glorious form and dye. And what though it be not fadeless? What though the disrobing hand of death must cast it off to "darkness and the worm?" is it not something to have been a portion of the "spirit of delight," a dispenser of so many of the "stray joys" that lie scattered about the highways of the world? Surely loveliness is something more than a mere toy, when but to look on it ennobles the gazer, and raises him nearer to truth and heaven. For me, although in the first giddy years of youth, I knew not how to prize aright any gift of nature: I yet felt that the joy of being beautiful springs from a warmer and purer source than vanity. Still I prized too highly the potency of personal attractions, when I believed them absolute over the affections. I lived to learn that there are hearts which it cannot purchase.

Meantime, the gloss of novelty grew dim; my keen zest for pleasure began to pall, and the monotony of dissipation grew distasteful to me.—The flowery opening of the world's path had been bright and gay; but it was now no longer new, and I began to inquire whether it would lead. I was hourly assailed by the importunities of my

noble suitors; but I was in no haste to abridge the impassive, is well nigh irreclaimable. Our the triumphal reign of vanity. I was a stranger to the only sentiment that could render marriage attractive to one situated as I was, and I consequently regarded it as an event that would diminish my power and independence. I had, too, considerable acuteness; and I believed that many of my most ardent admirers would have been less impassioned, had my dowry been less munificent. In this class I was secretly disposed to rank Lord E——, the handsomest and most assiduous of the competitors for my heart, hand, and estates. I was quite indifferent to him; and his pleadings gratified no better feeling than vanity. But my coldness seemed only to heighten his ardour, and he had the art of making the world believe that he ranked high in my regard. By his pertinacity, and the tyranny of etiquette, I found myself his almost constant partner in the dance, and he neglected no opportunity of exhibiting the deportment of a favoured lover. Reports were constantly circulated of our engagement and approaching union, yet I did not dismiss him from my train: I contented myself with denying any positive encouragement to his pretensions, because, though I did not love him, his society pleased me as well as that of any one else; and I sometimes thought that, should I marry, he deserved reward as much as another. True, there were some young and generous hearts among my suitors—some who might perhaps have loved me disinterestedly, who were captivated by the charms of my gaiety, youth, and fresh enjoyment of life; but love cannot always excite love even in an unoccupied heart, and mine was alike indifferent to all—so that I was in danger of forming the most important decision of my life from motives that ought not to influence the choice of a companion for an hour. But fate, or rather providence, had reserved a painful chastening for my perverted nature. Freed as I was from the ties of kindred or affection, I had no friends through whom death might afflict me, and pecuniary distress could not touch one so high in fortune's favour. There was but one entrance through which moral suffering could pass into my soul, and that entrance it soon found. Nothing seemed so unlikely as that I should ever nourish an unhappy affection, or know the misery of "loving, unloved again;" yet even such was the severe discipline destined to exalt and purify my character.

I was in the habit of attending the parish church of the fashionable neighbourhood in which I resided. I went partly from an idea that it was decorous to do so, but chiefly from custom, and the same craving after crowded assemblies, which would have sent me to an auction or a rout—Neither to service or sermon did I ever lend the smallest attention. It was not that I was an unbeliever. No, I neither believed nor doubted, for I never reflected on the matter at all. This infidelity of levity is a thousand fold more demoralizing than the infidelity of misdirected study.—Wherever thought is, there is also some goodness, some hope of access for truth; but folly, the cold,

courtly preachers were cautious not to disturb the slumbering consciences of their hearers, and the spirit of decorum, rather than that of piety, seemed to actuate them in the discharge of their functions. But a new preacher was sent to us. He was, indeed, a fervent and a true apostle. When he first entered the pulpit, directly opposite to which my pew was situated, I scarcely looked at him, but my ear was soon caught by the solemn harmony of his voice and diction, and I turned towards him my undivided attention. Ah, genius! then first I knew thee—knew thee in thy brightest form, labouring in thy holiest ministry, robed in beauty, and serving truth! It seemed as though my soul had started from a deep, dead slumber, and was listening entranced to the language of its native heaven. I experienced what the eastern monarch vainly sought—a new pleasure: for the first time, I trembled and glowed under the magic sway of a great mind—for the first time, heard lofty thought flowing in music from the lips of him who had embodied and conceived it. Never shall I forget that high and holy strain. It was a noble thing to see that youthful being stand before the mighty of the land, their monitor and moral guide—they, old in years and high in station, the rulers and lawgivers of a great nation—he, devoid of worldly honours and unendowed, save by the energy of his virtuous soul and God-given genius. What moral power was his—what a blessed sphere of usefulness! It was his to wile the wanderer back to virtue by the charms of his eloquent devoutness—to startle the thoughtless by the terrors and the glories of the life to come—to disturb with the awful forethought of death the souls of men who were at peace in their possessions, and lift to immortality the low desires of those who had their hearts and treasures here. Nerved by a sublime sense of the sacredness of his mission, he did not spare to smite at sin, lest it should be found sitting in the high places; but his divinely gentle nature taught him that we "have all of us one human heart," and that the unerring way to it lies through the generous and tender feelings. Charity and entire affection for the whole human family, were the very essence of his moral being, and the saintly fervour of his philanthropy shed a corresponding, though far fainter glow into the bosoms of his hearers. It is not too much to say, that none ever listened to him without becoming, for the time at least, a nobler and more rational creature. And to exert weekly so sacred and benign a power as this, was it not to be a good and faithful server of humanity? For me, virtue and intellect were at once unveiled before me, and they did not pass unhomaged. I imbibed delightedly the grand and exalting sentiments of Christian morality: I had not, indeed, become at once religious, but, thanks to the "natural blessedness" and innocence of morning life, I wished to become so, and this is much, for it is "the desire of wisdom that bringeth to the everlasting kingdom."

I left church, my imagination full of the young

divine. I longed much to meet him in society, and find whether his manners and conversation would dissolve the spell which his genius had cast upon me. My wish was soon gratified, for his society was much courted; and never, among the pretenders to exclusive grace and fashion, did I meet a person of such captivating demeanor and endearing modesty, of mental superiority so charmingly veiled, as Stephen Trevor. Not long after our first acquaintance, I expressed my hearty admiration of him with the frankness natural to my disposition. I could perceive that my doing so arrayed against him the envious jealousy of my admirers, and in especial of Lord E——. They needed not to fear, so long as I could speak of him so unreservedly. The dignity of Trevor's character inspired me with such profound awe, that I could never summon courage to offer him a single compliment; but my bearing towards him was more courteous and respectful than it had ever been to any other man of his years. He, however, had little in common with the circle of which I formed a part; he was sometimes among, but never of us; his selected friends and companions were of a different stamp, and my acquaintance with him was consequently limited to brief and occasional interchanges of conventional courtesy. He knew little of me, but I had perused and re-perused his lovely character, and learned from the perusal how to solve the sage's debated question of "What is virtue?" The Sabbath was now my day of rest, and peace, and joy. I looked forward to it with the rapture of a child who anticipates a holiday. But it was not the Creator whom I thus joyed to worship; it was before his glorious creature that I bent in almost prostrate idolatry. Yes, the flattered, adored, and haughty heiress—she who had trifled with human hearts as with the haubles of an hour, was now pouring out her first affections an unregarded tribute—was won by him who alone had never wooed her favour—to whom her boasted beauty and her boundless wealth were valueless as dust and ashes, and in whose regard the lowest and homeliest christian maiden was of more esteem than she. Yes, imagination, passion, sensibility, long dormant, now awoke—to what a world of suffering! But if suffering, it was also life—life, whose sharpest pangs were worthy and ennobling. Why should I blush to own, and shrink from describing, the heavenliest feeling of my nature? Why not glory that my spirit turned coldly away from the frivolous and base, and bowed in reverent homage at the shrine of worth, and wisdom, and holiness, and genius? Yes, it was through my admiration of these great qualities, that love won its unimpeded way into the far recesses of my soul. Blessed be nature, that gave me strong sympathies, able to struggle up through the trammels of a false and feeble education! Blessed be love—aye, even its very thorns—for by it I was first led into the sweet and quiet world of literature, and felt the infinitely growing joys of knowledge, and learned to gaze delightedly upon the changing and immortal face of nature.

At first I had not thought Trevor beautiful. This I remember distinctly, or I could not now believe it; for so soon as I had marked the mystic intelligence between the outward aspect and the inward heart, his face became to me even as the face of an angel. His soft dark hair flowed meekly away on either side a forehead where mental power and moral grandeur sat fitly enthroned; his eyes shone serenely lustrous with the soul's own holy light; and O the warm benevolence of his bright smile! While he preached, the light from a richly stained oriel window streamed upon his figure, at times shrouding him in such a haze of crimson or golden splendour, that he seemed a heaven-sent seraph circled by a visible glory. There was no sorrowful or paining thought blended with the glad beginnings of my love. Earth and sky seemed brighter than before, human faces wore happier smiles, and all living things were girdled by my widening tenderness. I sought out dear posy, and learnt her sweet low hymns, and chaunted them softly to my own glad heart. I held high commune with the mighty of old, the men of renown, for what but genius can be the interpreter of passion? The world-weariness had passed away; I despaired from afar the transient abode of happiness, and I resigned myself to the current of events, which I hoped would drift me towards it. I knew not of the gulf that yawned between. There was not, perhaps, one of my acquaintance who would not have regarded as a debasement my alliance with a poor curate, such as Trevor, and I was as yet so far tainted with their false notions, as to interpret his slowness in seeking my intimacy into the timidity of a humble admirer. Often, as I caught his eye fixed steadily upon me, I translated its pitying or reproving silentness into the language of admiration, to which I was so much better accustomed. I had not yet attained to true love's perfect humbleness. I knew not that Trevor's unworldliness would reckon a virtue of more account than an estate in a wife's dowry; or that he would never think of finding his life's friend in such a giddy fluttering child of folly as I appeared to be,—as, but for my love of him, I would have been. But I was soon to know the passion's "pain and power," the wasting restlessness of doubt and fear. I soon grew peevish and "impatient-hearted;" as I marked the many occasions of seeking my society, which he let pass unheeded, I grew weary, weary of crowded assemblies, where I in vain watched for his face, and listened for his voice. And when he did come, and when he greeted me with his placid and gracious smile, I felt the sick chill of hopelessness steal over me, as I contrasted his mild indifference with the passionate worship of my own "shut and silent heart." Sometimes I fancied that he was 'rapt too high in heavenly contemplation to dream of earthly love. His enthusiasm too, glowing as it was, was yet so holy, so calm! But is not enthusiasm ever calm, and always holy? And does not true insight into the life of things convince us that the loftiest

and purest intellects are ever twin-born with the warmest hearts, that tenderness and genius are seldom or never divorced? When I witnessed Trevor's fervent piety, and heard his touching eloquence, I felt that they both sprang from the pure depths of an affectionate heart; I knew that he would love loftily, holily, and for ever; but I feared, alas, alas! that I could never be the blessed object of his love. I had found the only human being who could call forth the latent energies and affections of my soul, but his eye was averted, I had no space in his thought. I knew the firm and steady character, on which my weak and turbulent nature could have cast itself so fondly for support, but it had no sympathy with mine. I saw the heaven in which my heart would fain have "set up its everlasting rest," but it rejected me. Sometimes the thought would arise that, could he know of my devotional attachment, he would not fail to yield a rich return. But could the raising of an eye-lash have gained his love, at the risk of revealing my own, the revealment would not have been made. I would have rejected his regard if it sprang from such a source. This is not pride, nor prejudice, nor education; it is the very soul and centre of a woman's being. I was conscious that my face was but too apt to betray my thoughts, and I was terrified lest any one should detect my preference for Trevor. Lord E—— alone suspected it. His jealous eyes were for ever rivited upon my countenance, and he alone read aright my wandering, vacant eye and changing cheek. His shrewdness had long been aware of the impassioned temperament that lurked beneath my sportive manners, and he believed me very capable of lavishing my fortune and affections upon one of Nature's noblemen—a prodigality which he was determined, if possible, to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high character of Trevor, but he had recourse to the sneers and "petty brands which calumny do use," in hopes of depreciating him in my estimation. When he saw with what ineffable scorn I smiled upon such attempts, he artfully insinuated that my partiality was known, and believed to be gently discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time professed his own disbelief of any thing so preposterous, and, in every way, so derogatory to me. This was entirely false, and I thought it so, but the bare imagination of such an indignity caused me to treat Trevor with a haughty coldness well calculated to convict me of impertinent caprice. These, however, were only the feelings that predominated when I was in society; they partook of its pettiness and turbulence; but in solitude, and in the house of prayer, I felt my undeservings, and knew how immeasurably high Trevor ranked above me. One Sunday Trevor was absent from church, and his place was filled by a dull and drowsy preacher. My imagination framed a thousand reasons for so unusual an absence. He might be removed to another charge, gone without a word of parting or preparation, or he might be ill and dying. My worst conjecture had

scarcely erred. Pestilence had caught him in his merciful visits to the dwellings of disease and want, and he lay in imminent danger of death. O what would I not then have given for a right to tend him! Never, in his proud and happy days, did I so passionately wish to be his sister, his betrothed, his wife, or any thing that could be virtuously his. Had I been empress of the world, I would have bartered my crown and sceptre, for the tearful and unquiet happiness of watching by his sick couch. I envied even the hireling nurses who should smooth his pillow, and read his asking eye, and guard his feverish slumber. Poets have celebrated woman's heroism in braving plague or pestilence for those she loves, but it asks none; to do so is but to use a dear and enviable privilege; heroism and fortitude are for her who loves, yet dares not approach to share or lessen the danger of the loved. Accustomed as I was to conceal my feelings, it was yet a hard task to mask my anguish from eyes quickened by jealousy and suspicion. I dared not absent myself from the haunts of dissipation, lest it should be said, that I cared more for the danger of a good man than the heartless idlers whose ridicule I dreaded. I rose from a pillow deluged with salt tears, and bound my aching temples with red-rose wreaths. I danced, when I would fain have knelt to heaven in frantic supplication for that precious life. I laughed with my lips, when the natural language of my heart would have been moans, sorrowful and many. Every day I, like any other slight acquaintance, sent a servant to make complimentary inquiries concerning Trevor's health. One day, in answer to my message, my servant brought me intelligence that the crisis of the fever had arrived, and that his fate would that night be decided. It was added too that the physicians feared the worst. That evening I found it impossible to continue the struggle between the careless seeming and the breaking heart. I shut myself into my own apartment, and gave free course to sorrow. I fled to prayer, and, with incoherent and passionate beseechings, implored that the just man might live, even though I were never more to see him. I read over the church service; as I read, recalling every intonation of that venerated voice, now spent in the ravings of delirium, perhaps soon to be hushed in death! I searched out the text of Scripture on which he used to dwell, and, while I pondered on the awful event which the night might bring forth, a sudden impulse of superstition seized me. I resolved to seek from the sacred book an omen of the morrow's issue; and, opening it at hazard, determined to regard the first verse that should present itself as the oracle of destiny. The words that met my eyes were appallingly appropriate: "He pleased God and was beloved, and living among sinners he was translated. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." These awful words smote me like the fiat of

doom. A wild sad yearning to look even upon the walls that enclosed him seized me; and, with some difficulty, eluding the observation of my domestics, I walked towards Trevor's house unattended and unsheltered, through darkness and driving rain. Streets, over which I had been often borne in triumph and joy, I now trod on foot, in tears, and alone, the pilgrim of grief and love. I reached Trevor's house, and stood on the threshold he had so often crossed on his angel errands of good-will to man, and which he might never more pass but as a journeyer to the grave. O for one last look of his living, breathing form! And there had been times and hours, now fled for ever, when I might have touched his hand, and met his eye, and won his kindly smile, and I had swept past him with haughty seeming and hypocritical coldness! True, my haughtiness and coldness were nothing to him, then, or now, but they were much to my remorseful memory. Convulsive throbings shook my frame, and I had raised the knocker for the purpose of inquiring whether he still lived, when the everhaunting fear of detection restrained me. I passed to the other side, from which I could see the closely curtained windows of the patient's chamber, and could discern, by the faint light within, the gliding forms of his attendants. Long I paced the dark and silent street, gazing upon the walls that held all that I prized on earth—pouring out my heart like water unto one who, in leaving the world, would cast back no regretful thought on me—one, on whom the ponderous tomb might shortly close, and shut me out into the void and dreary world, with unregarded love, and my unpitied weeping.

But morning brought unloped joy: Trevor lived, would live—my prayer had ascended!

After his recovery he visited all his acquaintance, and me among the rest. I now met him for the first time freed from the prying observation of others, and this, together with the joy of seeing him after so painful an absence, imparted a cordiality to my manner, which seemed to fill him with a pleased surprise. But much as I desired to please him, I found it impossible to make any effort towards doing so; my powers of conversation were utterly paralyzed; and, though he stayed a considerable time, I feared that he must think me a most vapid and unintelligent being. Hitherto I had not seen Trevor pay marked attention to any woman, but one evening he came to a concert, accompanied by a matron and a young lady, both strangers to me, the latter a fair and interesting, but not strikingly beautiful girl. Trevor and she seemed to be on intimate and even affectionate terms. I learned her name. It was not his. She was not his sister. I began to know the tortures of jealousy. Next evening I was at a ball. Trevor was not there. We were dancing the quadrille *La Pastorelle*, and I was standing alone, (at that part where the lady's own and opposite partners advance to meet her,) when I heard a lady near me say to another, "So, Mr. Trevor and Miss——are to be married immediately."

This knell of my happiness rung out amid the sounds of music and laughter. The dancers opposite, struck with the blenched and spectral hue of my complexion, cried out at once, "What is the matter? Miss Howard, you are ill;" but with a strong, proud effort, I replied, that I was perfectly well, danced through my part, and then stood beside Lord E——, who was as usual my partner. The ladies were still engaged in the same conversation, "He goes into Devonshire next week, for change of air after his long illness. He is to remain some time on a visit at her father's house. I understand it is a long engagement."

Lord E—— heard these words, and guessed at once the cause of my sudden pallor. I saw that he did, and resolved to defy his penetration. Never had I been so wildly gay, never excited so much admiration as on this miserable evening. The recklessness of despair bewildered me, and in a sort of mad conspiracy with fate against my own happiness, I gave my irrevocable promise to be the wife of Lord E——. A double bar was thus placed between me and the most perfect of God's creatures. He had selected one (doubtless worthy of him) with whom to tread virtue's "ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace," while I, linked in a dull bond with one whom I nor loved nor hated, must pursue the weary round of an existence without aim, or duty, or affection. I was but nineteen, and happiness was over—hope, the life of life, was dead; and the future, imagination's wide domain, nothing but one dim and desolate expanse.

Lord E—— made the most ostentatious preparations for our approaching union, which he took care should be publicly known, so that I was congratulated upon it by my acquaintance, and among the rest by Trevor himself. But the more I reflected, the more I loathed the thought of marrying Lord E——. He could not be blind to my reluctance; but his avarice and vanity were both interested in the fulfilment of my promise. To a man who had desired my love, my unwillingness to fulfil the contract would have been a sufficient cause for dissolving it; but Lord E——had wooed my wealth, and I had promised it to him—how then could I retract? Gladly, indeed, would I have given half my fortune in ransom of my rash pledge, but such a barter was impossible; and I saw no means of escaping the toils which my own folly had woven around me.

One day, while I was revolving these bitter thoughts, and awaiting the affliction of a visit from Lord E——, a letter, in a strange hand, was delivered to me. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR AUGUSTA,—Did you ever hear of a wild youth, your brother, who was supposed to have been lost at sea, when you were a baby? I am that brother; I fear I dare no longer say, that youth. I have passed through as many adventures as would rig out ten modern novels, but which would be out of place in this little brotherly

epistle. At last, however, I was seized with a strange fit of home sickness, and coming to England to recover, I find my pretty little sister a wit, a beauty, and heiress of my heritage. I understand, and you are doubtless also aware, that my father never gave up all hope of my return, and that by his will I am entitled to all his property, except a paltry portion of ten thousand pounds for you. But I have seen you, my dear little girl, and like you vastly, so that you may be sure that I shall not limit your portion as my father did. I candidly confess that I doubt whether I may be able legally to prove my title, though my old nurse, who lives with you, and with whom I have had an interview, recognized me easily. I shall visit you, however, and I am sure when you compare me with my father's portrait, you will acknowledge me to be your loving brother.

"HENRY HOWARD."

I was well aware of the clause in my father's will to which the writer alluded; but it had always seemed to me, and to my guardians, a mere dead letter. Some time before I might have grieved at the prospect of losing my wealth; now it filled me with joy, as affording a hope of relief from Lord E——. I flew to nurse, and found her ready to swear to the stranger's identity with the lost Henry Howard. I seized my pen joyfully, and addressed to him a few hasty lines.

"**MY DEAR BROTHER**—If you be indeed my brother—you shall only need to prove your title to my heart. My sense of justice, and not the mandate of the law, shall restore your inheritance to you. As my portion, I shall accept of nothing but that which is legally mine, until I know whether I shall require it, or whether I can love you well enough to be your debtor."

I had scarcely despatched this billet, when Lord E—— was announced. I received him with unwonted gaiety, for I was charmed to be the first from whom he should hear of my altered circumstances. I longed to take his sordid spirit by surprise, and break triumphantly and at once from his abhorred thrall. He was delighted with my unusual affability, and was more than ever prodigal of his "Adorable Augustas," &c.—more than ever ardent in his vows of unchangeable love. I maliciously drew him on, asking with a soft Lydia-Languish air, whether he could still love me, should any mishance deprive me of my fortune? O what a question! He could imagine no happier lot than to live with me in a cottage upon dry bread, and love, sighs and roses. I professed my satisfaction, and, congratulating him on such a brilliant opportunity of proving his disinterestedness, related what had occurred. To me it was most amusing to witness, first, his incredulity, then his blank dismay, and lastly, his languid professions of constancy, ludicrously mingled with stammering complaints of his own embarrassed circumstances, which would prevent his obeying the dictates of affection by urging his

immediate union. A short postponement would now be necessary, &c. &c. At last, raising his looks to mine, he met my mocking and derisive smile, and saw the joy that danced in my eyes. He thereupon thought proper to discover that I had never loved him, and found it convenient to be mighty indignant therewith. I nodded assent to his sapient conjecture, and, drawing my harp towards me, sang with mock pathos the first line of—"For the lack of gold he's left me O!" Though a release from our engagement was now desirable to him, he was deeply mortified at the manner of it; and, making me a sulky bow, he departed, while I trilled forth in merrier measure,

O! ladies beware of a false young knight,
Who loves and who rides away.

Soon ended Lord E——'s everlasting constancy.

My brother's return, and Lord E——'s consequent desertion, were soon known to the world; and a dangerous illness with which I was at this time seized, was generally ascribed to these causes. But far other were my thoughts. I looked back with thankfulness on my deliverance from the danger of marrying a man so worthless as Lord E—— had proved: and, though the means of beneficence and enjoyment were diminished, I looked forward to a more happy and useful life than I had hitherto led. I had, too, proud resolves of vanquishing my predilection for Trevor; but a passion based upon virtue is so indestructible, and the youthful heart clings with such a fond tenacity even to its defeated hopes, that I could not forego the desire of earning at least his society and friendship. I could not conceal from myself that his passionless esteem would be dearer to me than the undivided homage of a hundred hearts. He had been in Devonshire during my illness, but returned before I had recovered. My supposed misfortunes were a sufficient passport to his kindness; and he who had been reserved and distant in the days of my prosperity, was all assiduity in the season of sickness and reverse of fortune. Every day during my convalescence he made me a long visit, and every day augmented my delight in his society and unrivalled conversation. His visits were those of a Christian pastor, and in that paternal character, he one day expressed his approbation of the cheerful fortitude with which I had sustained such trying misfortunes. I could not bear that he should think I ever loved Lord E——, (for I saw that it was to him he chiefly alluded,) and I impetuously protested that I had ever been indifferent to him, and considered my release a blessing. This avowal seemed to establish a more intimate friendship and confidence between us, in the course of which I learned that it was Trevor's brother, (a Devonshire country gentleman,) and not himself, who was engaged to Miss —, the lady whom I had seen with him at the concert.

Trevor's visits, which had commenced in compassionate kindness towards me, were now continued for his own gratification; and before one brief and happy month had passed away, I had

won the first love of his warm and holy heart, and knew myself his chosen one, his companion through time and through eternity. The long-sought was found—the long-loved was my lover! In describing the origin and progress of his regard, Trevor admitted that his former intentional avoidance of my society was the result of a pre-possession which he feared to indulge, partly from a belief in the report of my engagement to Lord E—, but chiefly from an opinion that my education and habits must have rendered my character uncongenial to his. I too had my confidings to make; but though I shed blissful tears upon the bosom of my dear confessor, when owning my past errors and frivolity, I did not acknowledge that my affection had preceded his own, and I was many months his wedded wife before he learnt to guess how long and hopelessly he had been beloved.

How little do we know of each other's joys or sorrows! When, on the first Sunday after my recovery, I sat in my accustomed place in church, there was not perhaps one of my acquaintance who did not consider me an object of compassion. They did not know the bright reversal of my doom; they could not believe that I was the happiest creature who trod the earth, nor imagine the overswelling tenderness with which I listened to the eloquent preacher, and turned from him to look upon my wan and wasted hand, where sparkled the ring of our betrothalment, as if to assure my throbbing heart that happiness so perfect was not a dream.

Since then years have passed, many and full of blessing. The inheritance whose timely loss gained me my precious Stephen, has reverted to our dutous children, who know how to use it better than did their mother in her days of thoughtlessness and pride. They exemplify the good parent's blessed power to make his children virtuous as himself; and when I see them, in turn, exerting a similar power, and remember that all that they or I possess of goodness, we owe to the influence of one true Christian, I am filled with a sublime sense of the value and exalted dignity of virtue.

My Stephen's hairs are white, but his heart has known no chill. He loves, fondly as ever, the faded face that now, as in its day of bloom, still turns to him for guidance or approval, and I—eternity could not wear out my love for him!

From the Monthly Magazine.

SOME GENTLEMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Sample the Third.

It is painful for me to apologise—and yet I feel that it is my duty to give some sort of an explanation for having left Mr. Gruel so long perched on the corner of a chair. The fact then is—and nobody can be more sorry for it than myself—that I am so completely the slave of

events, as scarcely ever to be under my own command. The last sample of my chequered autobiography was broken off at an interesting point by a most astounding and sudden piece of intelligence, the consequences of which have scarcely left me my own master for a moment since, with the exception of the past fortnight or so. At that period I was lodging and boarding with a highly respectable lady, the widow of a stockbroker and barmaster, in the most retired part of South Mims; where I had no more idea of being suddenly called upon to take an active part in the great drama of life again, than I have at this moment of being hurried from my desk by a troop of Alguazils (circumstances have posited me at Madrid, where we have had a great influx of strangers to witness the recent festivities) on a charge of Don Carlism, or any other equally absurd accusation—and yet before I shall have had time enough to dismiss Mr. Gruel (his Christain name was Erasmus) such a thing, preposterous as it appears, may actually occur; for, as I have frequently noticed, it ever has been, and I suppose ever will be my fate to be the victim of *ex parte* impressions—of statements made behind my back, by persons acquainted only with one side of the case. My name has often been mixed up with transactions at which any gentleman of nice feelings would shudder; but the extreme difficulty and personal inconvenience necessarily attendant on the business of extricating it from the *imbroglio* of warp and woof, have in most instances deterred me from the attempt, and I have said pettishly and indignantly—"World, do your worst!" In fact, I fully agree with that eminent French judge, who would never accept evidence of an attempt to evade the consequence of an accusation by flight as any proof of guilt: "for," said he, "so much do I know of human nature and human jurisprudence, that were I charged with having purloined the tallest steeple in Paris, the first thing I should do would be to get out of the way." I regret that the name of this admirable man has escaped my memory. I have some idea it was the President Harley—but now for Gruel.

His humility was appalling—it struck me as resembling the horrid dead dull calm that precedes an earthquake. My feelings were not agreeable; and while he sipped the glass of wine, and nibbled the biscuit to which I helped him, I took a rapid mental survey of my position. The lovely Maria, my quondam *chère amie*, heaven knows how, became the husband of old Garnet the attorney: this gentleman had evidently died—in fact, though not in law, the blooming relict having taken out his annual certificate, and, keeping his connexion together, gone on practising by the instrumentality of the sleek managing clerk, Mr. Erasmus Gruel, as though nothing had happened. Doubts having at length arisen in the breast of some Vandal as to the fact of Garnet being alive, he had induced one of the judges peremptorily to call for the alleged attorney's production. In this dilemma my divine friend

had met with me, and wishing to oblige her, I had put on flannel, suffered myself to be carried before the judge, personated Garnet, and obtained a legal recognition of my identity. Now all this was incorrect conduct—it would be difficult to justify it—but what could I do? Not being possessed of the means wherewith to achieve a dinner, I acquiesced. Honesty is all comparative, and he who holds his head highest, would stoop it lowest, if his stomach vociferated "Polony," and he had not three halfpence to buy one. I became *particeps criminis*—but not a puppet—why should she and sleek Gruel enjoy twenty shillings in the pound as regarded the pious fraud, in which I, who had played first fiddle, was to be fobbed off, with a composition sufficient to enable me to emigrate?—for that, it will be remembered, was the outside of her offer—a few hundreds! Pooh! my common sense revolted at the suggestion, for I was no angel. It was quite reasonable that I should consent to no such arrangement. I was her legally acknowledged husband—and I had no desire to have a more exquisite wife—for to confess the truth of Maria, though I now hate her, she was the most highly finished little woman that ever nature, within my experience, put out of hand—faultless and fascinating—without a blemish or a point that the most refined voluntary would wish to have altered—Grecian and classical, yet piquante as a soubrette—buoyant and lively as a milkmaid, yet possessing that *air prononcé* which is so entralling in fine women of quality. I had admired her as a girl—I was infatuated with her as a woman—besides her horse Beelzebub, and the cab, were capital, and the business yielded large profits. Maria, it will not be forgotten, perhaps, after having attempted to stab me, when I asserted the privileges of my position, had been taken to bed, where she still remained. She had, however, admitted Gruel to a consultation in my absence. My fortifications seemed impregnable—but somehow or other I was in fear of my sleek friend. He sat silently munching his biscuit and sipping his wine on the corner of the chair, without speaking a word. I would have given half my little finger to have seen the fellow's eyes—I determined to do so at no expense.

Assuming a gay and careless air, I exclaimed, while crushing a walnut, "You'll think it odd, perhaps, Mr. Gruel, but strange as it may seem, I never could see through any man's spectacles. Allow me to try yours." So saying I snatched them off with irresistible familiarity—but, what a fearful secret did this act of mine reveal. The timid, humble, irresolute Gruel became at once a different being. His face was destitute of expression, except in the eyes; but these were terrific! The revelation of them made him a new man. They had a panther-like glare. Not an atom of white was perceptible—the brown glittering orb occupied the entire space. Gruel did well to wear blue spectacles—the sleek rascal's eyes, if exposed, would have been beacons instructing man to avoid him. There was I

cheek-by-jowl with him, wondering what the awful scoundrel could have to say.

I returned him the blue spectacles, for I was rather anxious that he should cover up his eyes. He slyly croaked, "won't you honour the glasses with a trial sir?" I had actually forgotten to do so—never in my life had my presence of mind so completely deserted me. I put the spectacles on, and looked at him. Whether the blue pebbles, by distorting, libelled him, I know not; but certain it is, that his face seemed to be convulsed with laughter. I listened, but could not even catch the sound of a cackle. Rapidly dashing the glasses from their position, under the idea that I should detect him in the full fury of his silent sardonic demoniac chuckle, I brought my eye with the velocity of lightning to bear upon his features. They were motionless as marble.

"You doubtless have something to communicate, Mr. Gruel," said I, after a short pause.

"Nothing of importance, perhaps," said he: "still it's unpleasant."

"What is unpleasant, Mr. Gruel?"

"Why, sir, to have people insinuate that we are connected with swindlers and deserters."

"Swindlers and deserters, Mr. Gruel! what can you possibly mean?"

"First came two persons, stating that a notorious gentleman had been traced in a cab to this very door to-day."

"What did they look like?"

"The youngest of them was about forty; he stood as near as may be five feet nine—his complexion was light—his eyes bluish—his hair reddish—his expression good-humoured—his trowsers black—his coat brown—his right boot scotched in the form of a star, apparently to ease a corn."

I must do Gruel the justice of saying, that a more graphic description of Ruthven, the Bow-street officer, no human being could give.

"The other, sir," continued Gruel, "was shorter, thicker, more squabby, older, rather serious, in knee-breeches, brown worsted stockings, blue coat with metal buttons, and woolen waistcoat of a large but sober pattern: his hair stiff and grizy—his language sententious—his air dogmatically dignified—but far from offensive—a very nice sort of business-like burly old gentleman. I think he must have been a respectable Jew."

This was evidently Salmon, Ruthven's senior at the head police-office, but I said nothing, and Gruel went on. "While they were talking to me, in came a serjeant of the 55th, with a cock and a bull story about some deserter from his regiment, who squinted with his left eye—(I was weak enough to blush at this—possessing as I did the peculiarity—one, however, of very frequent occurrence, mentioned by the serjeant of the 55th)—of course," continued Gruel, "I threw back the imputations with indignant vehemence—but the rascals won't be satisfied, and I find from the potboi over the way, that all three of them are watching our door, behind that red curtain there," and he pointed as he spoke at the

parlour window of the Bunch of Grapes. "All this, of course, is very unpleasant."

"Very—how would you act?"

"With all possible deference, sir, I should slip out of the back door, bolt through the mews, and be off."

"Me! I! What do you mean?"

"It is evident, Mr. Garnet," and he gave out the appellation with significant emphasis, "it is quite evident that you possess a fac simile resemblance to some scoundrel. The consequences may be awful. I therefore take leave to suggest that you should retire until the storm blows over. Good heavens, sir! if you should be incarcerated even by a misapprehension as to identity—how lamentable—how destructive would be the consequences!"

"What money have you about you, Mr. Gruel?"

"About half-a-crown—but there is ten and six-pence in my desk—shall I fetch it?"

"Do."

"But in that coat—may I submit to you the propriety of an exchange?" Without saying another word we mutually stripped, and in a few moments I was attired in his old, napless, moth-eaten, rhubarb-coloured office surtout. He went below to get me the ten and sixpence; and during his absence I glode into the bed-room for the purpose of taking my leave of the lovely Maria. She was fast asleep. I had not the heart to awake her. Kissing her beautiful brow, I took her jewelled hand—that is *usually* jewelled, but it so occurred that she had taken off every ring. I found out the other where it was nestling in her bosom—blue circles, three or four deep, were worn into the surface of her lily skin on the lower joint of every finger, but not a ring was present except that which had made her Garnet's bride. I tried to draw it off, to cherish as a keepsake, but it was imbedded in the beautiful flesh. Her jewel-case was nowhere to be seen—in her reticule there was a Scotch cambric handkerchief, an old empty purse, and two peppermint lozenges. The drawers were all locked, and for the soul of me I could not find the keys. A suspicious half crown lay on the mantle-shelf—this, in despair of finding any other memento, I thrust into my pocket.

"We shall meet again, Mr. Gruel," said I, as he put the change into my hand; "Maria has acted most ungenerously to put you in possession of odd circumstances which could have come to her knowledge only in perfect confidence. You have done this very well, I confess; the manœuvre leaves me no time to think—but we shall meet again, Mr. Gruel. I am not wholly—

"Hush! was that a knock?"

He moved towards the front door; and thinking it useless to waste more words with him, I stepped out at once—decidedly a most injured man! Maria had ill-used me, and I do think I should have exposed the whole fraud, had it been practicable. But such aspersions had, from time to time, been cast upon my character, that I actually could not venture to come forward, even when clothed with the best intention in the world

—that of furthering the ends of justice, without exposing myself in all sorts of ways. It occurred to me, too, that Maria, having got rid of me—for that, in plain English, was without a doubt the objective point of Gruel's cold-blooded strategy—she would, on my writing to her from an outport, declaring my intentions of embarking for the new world, generously forward me a few of the hundreds I had declined. This idea would have consoled and borne me up under the infliction, but for one bugbear; this was Gruel's rhubarb-coloured coat. I detested,—I loathed,—I abhorred it. Placed in juxtaposition with my vest, pantaloons, and cravat, it rendered me ridiculous—suspicious; indeed two or three fellows looked after me with a degree of insolence which I felt was venial, on account of the figure I cut. I was not quite satisfied that Gruel would not set my enemies on the track I had taken; for it was impossible to judge how far so accomplished a rascal meant to go. I therefore determined, as I was already on Holborn-bridge, to turn to the right, and shelter myself in the Fleet prison. Getting in front of three gentlemen who walked arm in arm, I shot into the gateway under their cover, and as a visiter, of course obtained immediate admittance. That part of the ground immediately adjacent to the butcher's stall was occupied by a dense crowd, into the very centre of which I naturally plunged. Round a table covered with sheets of foolscap, pots, pipes, &c. sat eight or ten pimple-faced people, glaringly the half-and-half attorneys of the place. A contested election was going on for the post of racket-master, and our friends in pimples were the poll-clerks. There were three candidates—a broken major-general; a greasy, flashy, cigar-smoking, handsome young doctor of divinity; and a little Jew who kept one of the whistling shops. The affair amused me. Squibs occasionally appeared, which produced much laughter; but being ignorant of prison polities, I could rarely appreciate their point. As the voters appeared, they were received with cheers from the party they supported, and groans, hisses, and personal abuse from the friends of the other candidates. It is worthy of remark, that nine-tenths of the constituency were in slippers, dressing-gowns, and military caps. These constitute the prison costume, and distinguish in most, though certainly not in all cases, the inmate from the visiter. As the period appointed for closing the poll approached, the exertions of the candidates were redoubled; it seemed to be a neck-and-neck struggle, and the casting vote was at length given in favour of the Jew, an instant before the clock struck, by a patriarchal old Israelite, borne in his bed-clothes to the table, when almost at his last gasp. The old fellow feebly joined in the shout for Issachar's triumph, and was carried off fainting, doubtless to perform the last act of human existence. Issachar mounted the table, and made a most grateful, pledging, and protesting speech. He specially animadverted on the errors of those who had preceded him in office; undertook to remedy all abuses—to keep

a sharp eye on the coats of such gentlemen as thought proper to play in their shirt-sleeves—to be always at his post with an ample supply of balls—and, above all things, to keep the walls and ground correctly chalked. Nine cheers were then given for little Issachar, and his constituents departed to their respective cells.

It now occurred to me that I might as well withdraw. Outside the gate stood a horse and gig, under the care of a nice, innocent, prepossessing little boy in rags. Taking half a crown from my waistcoat pocket, I told him to run across the market and get it changed, promising to mind the horse and gig for a moment, and to give him a penny for his trouble. Before he came back, I tried on a bottle green surtout, with a velvet collar, that lay in the gig. It precisely fitted me, and completely concealed the horrid rhubarb-coloured garment of my friend Gruel. At the outskirts of town, I felt reluctantly compelled to raise money upon it, for, without adopting this measure, I had not wherewith to carry me to an outport. On looking over my funds, I found that I had accidentally given the little boy that suspicious-looking half-crown which I took as a keepsake from Maria's mantel-piece. This, of course, gave me a pang; for notwithstanding her coalition against me with that human panther, my sleek friend, Mr. Gruel, I still had an affection for the woman, and hoped, that on receiving advice from an outport, she would fully redeem her character by a liberal remittance.

I mounted the first west country mail that passed—having taken tea at Knightsbridge—and had the luck to obtain a box seat. It was far from cold, but the coachman offered me one of his spare great coats with an air of such peculiar civility, that it would have been ungracious to decline. He was rather a superior young man for the situation he occupied, and I could not help expressing my conviction that he had moved in a better sphere. He admitted that he had, and beguiled the time by telling me his story. He was the eldest son of a most worthy and opulent citizen. "I'm not what I ought to be exactly, sir," said he, "or I shouldn't be here holding hard upon three half runaways, and double thonging a blind gib—look how she hugs her partner, and presently she'll yaw out to the off hedge, or maybe squat of a sudden fit to snap the pole. My father, sir, was the best of fathers to me—never pulls an ounce except going down hill, and then she'll push up to the cold collar as if she loved it, spite of all that mortal man can do, for she's no more mouth than a milestone. He brought me up—that is, he would, if I hadn't been a bad 'un—brought me up like a gentleman; but you see, sir, I was just like this here mare—no beating any thing into me, not because I couldn't, but because I wouldn't. Father had an old fool of a coachman, and 'twas he who spoiled me, by letting me ride the blind horse to water. Never could overcome my propensity to cat's meat since; and here you see I am behind three runaways and a gib—my neck not worth half an hour's pur-

chase. Don't be alarmed, there's a child inside, and we're all in one boat, you know. For my part, I'm never afraid except when riding solus with Black Harry the guard, a man who's no protection against the judgment of providence for man or beast. Very well, you know, after I'd been off and on four or five years in the counting-house, playing old Harry most part of the time, one morning I didn't get home until past three, for I'd been at a trotting match, and stopped boozing on the road back at Hampton. The old man, with the best intentions, was sharpish and severe, so he told the maids to lock up and go to bed. That, you know, didn't beat me; for Susan, in such cases, always left the back area window-shutters unbarred; so, popping over the rails, and lifting the sash, in I got, without making noise enough to wake a mouse. When I reached the top of the kitchen stairs, the parlour door stood ajar, and inside there was a light! A light in the parlour at that hour—past three! Never was such a thing known! At first I thought I should have dropped, but fancying, maybe, that after all it was nothing but thieves, on I went—gently—gently till I came to the door. There I heard whispering; so getting in as softly as I could, what should I see at the other end of the room, but father!—my father, down on his knees, with his hands clasped on an open bible that lay on a chair before him. I stole up unobserved, and, with tears in my eyes—believe it or not, just as you like—placed myself in a devout attitude close beside him, only a little behind, so that he couldn't see me. He was praying—I heard him—praying to God for me, his undutiful son! My heart seemed to bolt bang up into my mouth. 'Father,' says I, 'I don't:—don't—it's crueyfie!' Marble couldn't bear this; it's all up now—no more staying out till three o'clock. I can't—I won't—I shan't dare to look you in the face again, till I get rid of all these bad ways. You've been a good father to me—God bless you! Threats and sermons are all very well; but when you come to this, you know its too much—can't stand it—can't indeed.'

"And what said the good old gentleman?"

"Don't know; for there I left him staring with amazement. I was out of the back area window, I reckon, before he came round; and from that day to this, I've never darkened his door, nor shall I yet a bit—I an't fit. Harry blow the horn, or tip us a chant, can't you?"

"Oh! yes, in course, Master Ralph; you stands a drop o' nothing so often: I an't a going to blow all the breath out of my body *ren* there's no obstruction."

"Very well, then, here goes at your favourite song."

"Ah! you'd spoil it if you could, but it's a mercy that you can't; you only knows a touch o' the vorst part of the tune, and here and there a word. You seems to think voice is every thing, but it von't do—more nor that, the thing's a getting so werry wulgar, that them're cads vot vasshes this here vehicle at Dewizes, varbles it vile dewour-

ing their wittles. A'ter that, in course, I couldn't condescend not to sing it afore a gemman, as seems to be one, sich as you've got on the box, on no account agin, barring and except, mind me—"

The coachman here interrupted Black Harry with an oath, and taking the long-extinguished cigar, which he fancied he had been smoking, from his mouth, he ran up and down the extent of his gamut, and began to sing with considerable musical taste the following trash:—

"Oh! the days are gone when squinting Chard
The Bath mail drove,
And played his pranks while holding hard
Down Break Neck Grove."

"Wrong in all the lines and dead beat in the tune," quoth Black Harry.

"No such thing," said the coachman: "my guard, sir, is of an envious disposition," he added, addressing me. "Squint-eyed Chard, as the song says, loved a practical joke; so one day he called a young countryman from the foot of the hill, to hitch up the skid with which he had locked one of his hind wheels. The friction, of course, had made it as hot as if it had just come out of a smith's forge, and the good-natured boy, before he could drop it, burnt his thumb. This made the passengers laugh, and so served Squint-eyed Chard's purpose. But how did it end?—come, Harry, strike up."

"Shan't!—won't put my feet into dead men's shoes for nobody—finish your mess, if you can, as you've begun it."

"I can but fail," said Ralph, "so here goes with a good heart—

"Oh! the yokel boy was soon forgot
Who'd made such fun,
And the day arrived, when on that spot
Cute Chard was done.
Across the grove
A bumpkin strove
The mail to intercept—

"This was in the middle of the hill, and Chard thinking that the boy had a short parcel, which might be kept out of the way-bill and put a shilling or so into his pocket, with great difficulty stopped the coach. The lad slackened in his pace, being apparently worn out with a long run. Chard impatiently urged him on by loud imprecations, and began most bitterly to regret that he had pulled up, for the weight of his coach was pressing heavily on the withers of his wheelers, and the leaders were almost unmanageably fidgety. At length the boy, nearly exhausted, and after a long delay, reached the hedge that separated the hill-grove from the road, and says he, keeping well out o' the reach of Chard's flogger, says he,—

"Twas once your turn
My thumb to burn,
By gosh! it made me feel—
So now I wants my knife to grind
On your hind wheel."

Into all this tom-foolery I gladly entered with the morbid zest of a man in bitter trouble. I never was less merry at heart, and yet I laughed prodigiously. An old woman's gossip would have been grateful even if it possessed no other virtue than that of relieving the intense pressure of one idea upon my mind. MARIA was written in letters of fire upon my brain. To extinguish the intensity of its glare, even for an hour—a moment—was comfort—was happiness. I never yearned so ardently to fly from myself—to abandon my identity. I was sick to my very soul! Maria—but to proceed with my journey.

A few miles further on, the coachman asked me if I would so far oblige him as to relinquish my seat in favour of a particular friend of his, a country banker, from whom he occasionally heard something about his father. "He won't turn in," said Ralph, "so I always give him the box, if the passenger who's in possession of it happens to be accommodating." Of course I acquiesced, and on the steps of a large old-fashioned house in the next town, I perceived, by the moonlight, as we approached, highly respectable looking middle-aged gentleman; this was Ralph's particular friend, the country banker. As Ralph drew up, he took the place which I had contrived to evacuate a few moments before, with an alacrity that showed he knew time was, or ought to be, very precious indeed to a mail coach. His demeanour was grave—his aspect stern and somewhat repulsive—I tried to enter into conversation with him, but he met my advances with cold civility. "I think, sir, we've met before," said I. "I think so, too," said he, in a certain sort of marked unpleasant tone, that induced me indignantly to draw in my horns, and plunge my chin sulkily behind the deep collar of the coat which Ralph had lent me. Indeed, I went so far as to resolve that I would not open my lips to him again, good, bad, or indifferent, during the remainder of the journey.

At a little low, thatched, roadside, public house, where Ralph changed horses, we had to wait for a cross country mail which had not yet come up. It was now about an hour before dawn, and the morning air being raw and chilly, we went into the kitchen of the inn, which, although the fire had nearly expired, afforded an acceptable shelter, notwithstanding the atmosphere was filthily impregnated with the fumes of rusty bacon, sour Wiltshire swipes, onions, and tobacco. There was a woman inside the coach, with a little child; but she declined alighting: the only other passenger beside myself was Ralph's "particular friend." Black Harry, after protesting that Ralph had tool'd the tits so as to be before his time, and that the cross mail would not be up for half an hour at least, threw the slender candle, which twinkled on the table, beneath the grate, and brought in one of the coach-lamps. The glare of this was insufferable: for my own part, I should have infinitely preferred the softer beam of the candle, especially as the banker, to whom I had taken a rooted dislike, appeared to be intent on reading in such of my lineaments as I conde-

scended to reveal, the circumstances under which we had formerly met. I saw that through the medium of a savage, unsocial, and unnatural glare, fit only for the turnpike road, I was in danger of being recognized, perhaps, as somebody else. I therefore moved to the back of the lamp, and thus threw myself into deep shadow. Ralph begged the country banker's pardon for taking such a liberty, but hoped and trusted, that with such a famous light, his "particular friend" (Ralph did not call him so to his face,) would not object to reading a few pages aloud till the cross mail came up. "There's nothing in life so pleasant, sir," said Ralph, "as being read to."

"I've said the same words scores and hundreds of times," quoth Harry, "'specially if them as reads is a *born* gemmar, mind me, and the thing as is read happens to be worse."

Ralph now took a tattered fragment of a book from one of his inner coat pockets, and placing it before his "particular friend," the latter began to read, with an audible voice, but half unconsciously, his mind being evidently abstracted, and his eye turning frequently to the spot where he supposed I sat—I say supposed, for I had moved to a more commodious seat near the door. The fat landlady, in her night-cap and bed-gown, partially enshrouded in a patchwork quilt, a red-headed ostler, and a huge grave looking mastiff, occupied the passage; these, with Ralph, the enlightened Black Harry, myself, and a phthisic, asthmatic, wondering jack-daw, constituted the country banker's audience. The grave, absorbed man of business was, as I soon discovered, reading part of Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, and with about as much emphasis and discretion as he might have bestowed on an auctioneer's catalogue.

In about twenty minutes the distant horn of the cross mail was heard, and a bustle ensued. The fat landlady waddled off to bed, the ostler rushed out, the mastiff yelled, the jack-daw chattered, Ralph rose, Harry took possession of the lamp, and the banker ceased. "You'll excuse me, sir," said the guard, "but I'll be — if you doesn't read like a hangel! I thought my boy Bob was summum, but this beats him out and out. Why, you doesn't stop, no—not to spell the longest word not volsomever."

"Where is our fellow passenger?" inquired the banker.

Just at that moment I rendered my back visible as I stalked out of the door-way. The banker followed, and by the time the cross mail came up, we had all resumed our places, and were ready to start. Black Harry had no sooner stowed away the bags, than off we went at the most inspiring pace imaginable. Ralph, though young, was a capital coachman: he understood the philosophy of driving—pardon the digression, gentle reader—although I protest against his following the old practice of holding the wheel-reins short. He spared the showy but done-up tit that was put into his team, just to make up the number, and let him have nothing to do but keep his pace, while he made the real workers do the work.

This is one of the most important points in stage-coaching—a point that even my friend Apperley has omitted to notice, in his excellent papers on the road—and I therefore take this opportunity of bringing it forward. But I must be brief. This, then, is the fact. Coach proprietors rarely give you a team that is quite effective in its component parts, however capable it may be of doing its ground as a totality. Sometimes three—sometimes only two horses are put in to do the work, while the other, or others, as the case may be, must be considered only in the light of a figurant or figurantes. At a pinch, the odd horse may, perhaps, be pushed so as to feel his collar, but generally speaking, all that can reasonably be required of him is *to keep his pace*. This you will not be enabled to do, if you make him peg at the pull. He should be regarded as ornamental—not useful. If you make him do his share of the work for half a stage, you will so take it out of him, that he won't be able to do the pace at which the others can do the drag, for the remainder. You will, consequently, lose time by being obliged to hold them in to the low rate of progress which he has sufficient strength left to achieve. You can't get on without him; a team, as regards its speed, though composed of four horses, is an unit. The pace of the slowest, the most leg-weary, the most *beaten*, must inevitably be the pace of all. Therefore, look carefully to your weak horse; if he can't work at the collar, don't let him stiffen his traces. Keep him in hand, so as to ensure his getting over the stage at the average rate of the working part of your team.

The banker frequently cast his eyes on me over his shoulder, and having been unfortunate—the victim of circumstances and coincidences—I felt infelicitous beneath his penetrating glance. But as the sun rose above the eastern hills behind us, and cast his rosy effulgence on the broad brow of Ralph's particular friend, when it was from time to time turned towards me, a new spirit animated me: in the conscious majesty of innocence, I threw off the coachman's coat, and fully revealed my features, for I could no longer submit to such evident suspicions. The banker gazed at me long and critically—I met his glance with the adamantine apathy of a Stoic. He was overwhelmed with confusion. "Sir," said he, after a pause, "I have to beg your pardon. To be quite candid, ideas within the last hour or so have entered my mind that you were identical with a certain scoundrel, who some years since fleeced me and my banking brethren on the western road, to an enormous amount. I see my error, and gladly apologize. The fellow, as I this instant recollect, squinted." (Now be it known, such is my infirmity, that sometimes I squint, and sometimes I don't, just as it happens.) "As," continued the banker, "squinting is perfectly incurable, except in infancy, it is quite clear that I have mistaken you for another man; and, as he was one of the most consummate rascals in existence, of course I am in duty bound to apologize for having la-

boured, even during a single instant, under so gross a misapprehension."

To have discouraged his advances—not to have listened to his story of the achievements of the gentleman with whom he had innocently confounded me, however I might have felt, would have been in bad taste. "The person I alluded to, sir," said he, "came westward, just after writing had been issued for a general election. He travelled with his wife and child—the former handsome, but aristocratic, the latter beautiful and interesting—but, mark me, dumb. After having breakfasted at the head inn of the town, where Mr. ——, I forget his name, but we'll call him Jones—thought proper to commence operations, he asked the landlord who were the principal bankers of the place? 'There is but one firm, sir,' was the reply, 'and their office is opposite.' 'So near; perhaps, then, as my gout is so distressing (his left foot was bandaged, and he walked with a crutch,) one of the partners would favour me with a short visit, if you would see him yourself, with my compliments.' 'Certainly, sir.' 'And be so good as order the horses to be put to—I shall be off in five minutes.' In a brief space one of the partners was introduced. 'Sir,' said Mr. Jones, 'I'm much obliged for your consideration; my business is short: I am in this part of the country on election matters, and it appears that Bank of England paper is received with great reluctance hereabouts.' 'The people, sir, have so long been accustomed to local notes, of which the circulation principally consists, that—' 'So I find; and I will, therefore, beg you to oblige me with your own paper for a couple of hundreds.' So saying, Mr. Jones threw four fifty pound Bank of England notes on the table, adding, 'By-the-bye, Sir, now I think of it, it will be as well, perhaps, if you'll permit me, to open a small account with you while I'm in the neighbourhood. Let me see—taking out a banker's book, and carelessly showing a counter-receipt for 500*l.* from one of the first London houses, dated only the day before, 'I'll draw in your favour for five hundred pounds, or say four hundred and fifty, for which you'll just give me your common acknowledgment.' Here a servant entered the room, and hurriedly announced that the carriage was ready, and his mistress waiting. Mr. Jones snatched his crutch and hat, and taking the banker's arm, hobbled towards the door, continuing the conversation 'You took up the four fifties?' 'I did.' 'Well, then, just draw the bill, and we'll put across the road to your door; you'll have done it before I can get in and settled, for this foot of mine, you see—bring out a pen with a dip of ink, and I'll sign on the back of my hat. Some cheques, too; my two hundred pounds won't carry me out of the week scarcely—this is Tuesday, isn't it? Yes!—In electioneering, money flies—one scarcely knows how or where—but if it's well spent, that's the point. Excuse me for hurrying you, but I'm already late.'

"But there was nothing fraudulent in this," I

ventured to observe; "the gentleman does the banker the favour—"

"I admit the term—he does the banker the favour of giving him Bank of England notes for his own paper, and makes him payee of a bill on the London firm for 450*l.*—"

"Taking a common memorandum of the transaction for his security—"

"Granted: but hear me further."

"I can't see where the robbery lies, for my part," said the coachman.

"Hold your tongue, Ralph," quoth his particular friend: "you know nothing of business."

"But if there was any thing wrong, begging your pardon, sir," rejoined Ralph; "why didn't this man of business—this banker see into it?"

"Because," said the banker, raising his voice, "Jones was no common man: he would have deceived the devil himself!—*Why he took in me!*"

Here Black Harry, who had been leaning over the roof of the coach, started us by trying to smother a laugh, which however completely mastered him, so that after spluttering awhile as if he were suffocating, he burst out into a huge and hearty guffaw, in which all of us, including the reluctant banker, speedily joined. Ralph was the first to stop, "Steady, gentlemen," said he in a very grave tone; "steady, if you please; down this awkward hill; my horses don't exactly understand the harmless joke—that off-leader has won two gold cups—now he's blind and a bolter—"

"When you hear the result," whispered the country banker—

"Silence, sir, if you please," interrupted Ralph.

"What! do you presume to—"

"Not one word more!"

"S'death—"

"Hush: if you were any other man—excepting father—I'd knock you quietly off the box but for the sake of the other passengers:—the nags are all upon the fret."

"I don't see it."

"No—but I feel it: there's no secrets so close as those which pass between a coachman and his team. The blind bolter's cholicky, and there's nothing so catching as fear or vice among four horses. I've known three downright good uns lie down at starting, one after another, because the fourth—a bad un—had set them the example."

"Well, but—"

"*Hush, for Heaven's sake!* the effect of your voice—for you're in a passion—is frightful. I feel it like a flash of lightning in the reins. They're used to my tones; besides, you hear I speak as if nothing was the matter—I'll apologize presently—but pray keep your temper. There's a sharp turn—a whitewashed house—and a narrow bridge, all in this bit of a hill, with a turnpike at the foot of it: the fools always plant their gates at the top, the bottom, or the middle of a hill—Harry, don't blow your horn. If you

you utter another word, sir, he'll plunge as sure as you're alive."

At this critical instant, the full force of which, being a practical man, of course I felt, the woman inside rattled down the off-blind, and thrusting her head out, shrieked at the very top of her shrill voice: "Stop, stop, I tell you there's a mouse in the coach!"

"By Jupiter! they're gone! I've lost their mouths," said Ralph, with admirable temper. "Blow your horn, Harry; but begin gently, or they'll get into a full gallop before old Drouzy can open the gate. Once through—they shall have their swing and welcome."

"Are we really in danger, Ralph?" anxiously inquired the banker.

"Yes, sir; but pray don't bother me."

"Murder! murder!" vociferated the woman inside; "is the child to be frightened into fits?"

"Harry, get on the roof and hold hard on her windpipe, or it's all up with us: the bolter has got the bit in his teeth."

"No! has he though?" exclaimed Harry.

"Murder! mur—"

We heard no more of the lady inside, although her head was still visible protruding from the window. Black Harry lay flat on the roof, and held her throat in his colossal clutch. We luckily cleared the corner, shot over the bridge, through the turnpike, and got upon a long strip of flat road. There Ralph pitched into his team, and soon brought them to their senses. "If I wasn't afraid," said he, "of setting the wheels on fire, I'd give 'em a three-mile gallop: but there's nothing like stopping while you're safe."

Ralph now pulled up, and told Harry to get down and inquire how the lady felt. The following colloquy at the coach-door was the consequence. *Harry*. Now, ma'am, about this here mouse—*Lady*. Oh! you villains, I'll hang some of you—I only wish I knew which! *Harry*. I'm not going to say it ain't unpleasant to have warmint for an inside passenger, specially as you're a lady, ma'am, and so werry frightful. *Lady*. Don't talk to me, fellow: I have been in danger of my life. *Harry*. Lord love you, ma'am, you talks of a mouse—poor little harmless warmint—as if—*Lady*. Such ruffianly treatment I never heard of in my born days! See that I'm set down, man, at the next human habitation! *Harry*. Hard words, ma'am, and all about a mouse! If people tead and suppered at the regular houses on the road, there wouldn't be no mice; but if so be as passengers will bring basket o' wittles into the vehicle, what can they expect but warmint to nibble up the crumbs?

Lady. Go along, fellow, it's not of the mouse, but a mysterious hand that nearly throttled me—*Harry*. Oh! I doesn't doubt it, ma'am; I heard you cut short in your paragraph, *My wife is often taken so ven she's very wident*. Her breath seems stopped; she can't so much as say "ram's horns;" and ven she comes to, won't believe scarcely that somebody ha'n't been half-strangling her.

"That'll do, Harry," said Ralph. The colloquy ceased; the coach-door was slammed; Harry got up; and as soon as he uttered, in a peculiar and significant tone, "all's right," we were again in motion.

Ralph now began to express great contrition for having been compelled to be so disrespectful; but his particular friend, having seen the circumstance in its right light, was already appeased, and at once put an end to Ralph's meditated volley of explanations and apologies. He now moved the previous question, and we resumed our debate. It did not appear what harm there could be in acting as Jones had acted.

"Well, we'll waive that point, and allow me to proceed," said our respectable *compagnon de voyage*. "At the next town, Jones played the same tune, but with variations. 'I've opened a small account, said he, to the banker *there*, producing the acknowledgment with Messrs. So-and-so, of So-and-so; but upon consideration they are a little too far from the scene of my electioneering avocations; I'm likely to get rather beyond the limits of their local circulation: besides, it seems to me that I shall want more cash than I expected; therefore, what I propose doing is this: imprimis, here is a hundred pound Bank of England bill, for which you'll oblige me with your own fives. Item, here are two hundred pounds' worth of Messrs. So-and-so's notes, for which you may as well also give me your own paper. Item, here is a cheque in your favour for the four hundred and fifty pounds in Messrs. So-and-so's hands, as per voucher: Item, here you have my draft on Messrs. (naming the London firm and shewing the counter receipt) for an odd five hundred pounds, which, as you see, I paid into their house yesterday, as a reserve, if I wanted it, which I find I shall. Now, what you've to do is this; first, you'll give me your notes for the Bank of England and country paper which I've handed to you—that's three hundred: then, as to the four hundred and fifty and the five hundred, making together nine hundred and fifty, I'll write on you instanter for two hundred, which you'll bring me with the other three, all in your own paper, if you please, with a memorandum for the remaining seven hundred and fifty, balance standing to my account. With five hundred I think I may get on for the remainder of this week.' All this was done; or, rather, the Banker was done—the compliment of exchanging Bank-of-England and Messrs. So-and-so's paper for his own fives, dazzled him."

"But where was the harm, Sir?" inquired Ralph.

"That's the point," quoth Harry, who had crawled over the roof and taken his seat beside me; "how could things be more right, or more squarer? The gentleman seems to have been a gemman—every inch of him, as I should say, and knocks about his hundreds like nine-pins. If a few such as him did but ride by thy coach—eh, Ralph?"

"You're a couple of fools!" quoth the re-

spectable Banker. "You, Sir," added he, addressing his humble servant (myself) "doubtless perceive—"

"Clearly," interrupted I: "he has now drawn a second time on the London firm: first for four hundred and fifty, and now for five hundred, although, apparently, he had not more than the latter amount in their hands!"

"Just so; and what do you think he did, at a place only ten miles more westward?"

"Heaven knows where his effrontery would end!"

"Why, Sir, he got a banker to come to his inn, as before, and told the old story: 'I've opened two little accounts,' said he, 'at A. and B. (naming the towns he had come through), but I am advised that neither of them will be sufficiently central for my purposes. I must, therefore, though with some reluctance, transfer the two accounts to your house, which is more convenient to the arena of my operations. And yet—no—upon reflection, as they've been very civil, it would not be gentlemanly, at one fell swoop, to bring matters to a balance. Let me see (exhibiting his vouchers)—on the first, instead of for four-hundred-and-fifty, I'll only write for three hundred; from the second, instead of of seven-hundred-and-fifty, I'll only take five hundred; and, to secure myself against any inconvenience that might arise from the deficiency, I'll draw in your favour on my bankers in town for three or four hundreds. I paid in five last night (shewing the receipt), in the event of an emergency. Here are two fifties, Bank-of-England notes, for which you'll oblige me with your more negotiable paper. I'll draw on you at once for three hundred, and you'll give me your acknowledgement for the balance, which will be—how much? Three and five are eight, and five are thirteen hundred pounds."

"I begin to smoke," said Harry; "he's made five hundred clear booty, and increased what you calls his wouchers to nigh upon three thousand. Crikey! what a genus!"

"I suppose," quoth Ralph, "he went down along at the rate of arithmetical progression—drawing upon all, and *sacking* a large amount at every town."

"Precisely so," rejoined the Banker; "and by the time he reached the seaport, which was the preconcerted bourne of his operations, he had nearly three thousand pounds in his pocket, which, with the assistance of a Jew, and at a slight per centage, he turned into gold, and embarked for the Continent."

"Capital!" exclaimed Ralph.

"Talking of capital," said Harry, "the gentleman seems to have started with a capital of five hundred pounds, which he paid into the London bankers."

"And which," quoth the Banker, "I must tell you, he drew out again the next morning, before he started from town: this enabled him to sport the Bank-of-England paper, which was the pivot of his fraud!"

"Well, Sir, and pray what became of him, and his beautiful wife, and the interesting dumb child?"

"Never heard a syllable of them after; they did me to the amount of six hundred pounds, which still stands to the account of 'Profit and Loss,' in the ledger."

Now this I knew to be an infernal lie. The fact is, that about a year after my embarkation at Falmouth, he had received intelligence of my whereabouts. I was then on the Continent. Maria and the boy had quitted me, and proceeded, with plenty of cash, for St. Petersburg, where she hoped to make a splendid market of her unrivalled charms. He had employed one of the most worthy, most excellent, but most acute attorneys in the universe to pursue me. This gentleman was a profound classical scholar, but knew nothing of any European language except his own. Notwithstanding this drawback, by sheer professional acumen he found me. I had been grossly illused. Being without papers, the police had shuffled me from one state into another (as watchmen were wont, in old times, to *pass* an intoxicated gentleman through the parishes and wards of Westminster and London) until I became almost weary of existence. The Austrians had trundled me over the border, into the dominions of the Sardinian monarch, and the foolish police of this sovereign, instead of quietly getting rid of me by setting me a foot beyond their jurisdiction, absurdly conveyed me to a state-prison, in which, with two *gens-d'armes*, watching me night and day, I languished for more than a year. At length the attorney arrived with letters from the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the credit of which the ultra jackasses handed him over a sum of one thousand pounds, of which they had recklessly despoiled me. They wanted the attorney to take me home with him, but this he declined. They insisted, and he cursed them heartily for their impudence, in supposing that he would condescend to travel with a swindler—for this, in the heat of passion, he so far forgot himself as to designate me. I, however, have long since forgiven him, for we have come together since, and the pure excellence of his heart has been made manifest to me. I have become under obligations to him, which I most gladly acknowledge. He is a good man, and I would part with a finger to serve him. He departed by the *diligence*; but scarcely had he progressed a league, when a light cart, containing two *gens-d'armes* and myself, overtook him. My official companions insisted on his considering me as his prisoner. He, in reply, by means of an interpreter, told them candidly he'd see them in the naughty place first—he did not like me, and would not have me. He had received enough to cover his client's debt and his own expenses, and he wanted nothing more. They might do what they pleased with my carcass—he had no claim to it. I entreated him to take me home and transport me, so sick was I of Sardinian incarceration! but he was obdurate.

It would be uninteresting to state by what means I emancipated myself from the clutches of my Sardinian friends; suffice it to say that they were, in the upshot, as they candidly confessed in a paragraph circulated by means of their Consuls, among the leading journals of Europe and America, "pretty particularly" sorry that they had ever meddled with me—the asinine dolts!

To return to my position: I began to strike a balance, mentally, as regarded the account between myself and Ralph's "particular friend." Thus it stood with us:—He, no matter how, or under what circumstances (I detest detail—and am always for leaping to conclusions), had advanced Jones 600*l.*, and perhaps expended nearly a hundred more in the journey to the Italian dominions of his Sardinian majesty. On the other hand, there was the round thousand, of which I had been pillaged, and which thousand had been handed over, by my foreign friends, to the attorney. The following, I think, was therefore our position in figures:—

MYSELF in Acc. with RALPH'S 'PARTICULAR FRIEND.'

Dr.

To Cash advanced to Jones	600
Expenses and Interest	100
Balance in my favour	300

— £1000

Per contra Cr.

By cash received of the Sardinian	
Ninecompoops	1000

— £1000

At this statement, I flatter myself, no mercantile man could cavil. There was a clear balance in my favour of 300*l.*, and I resolved on getting it, as in duty bound (for charity begins at home), by hook or by crook: It was, I felt, perfectly useless to make a straight-forward business-like demand. The account could evidently be closed only by some diplomatic proceeding on my part—some little *rus de guerre*, at the success of which he would, of course, be glad, so highly respectable as he seemed; for it would relieve a heavy load from his conscience. His position was this:—Having stigmatized Jones as a swindler, and virtually acknowledged that the 1000*l.* taken from the latter might be considered as some of the fruits of that gentleman's monetary speculations, he, in pocketing the balance *was, pro tanto*, a receiver of stolen goods. He must have felt that, in his profit-and-loss books, he ought to stand thus:—"By profit on a swindling transaction, 300*l.*" What a situation was this for a British country banker! How he must have passed his nights! A mode occurred to me by which he might be relieved, and I need scarcely say that I determined to adopt it.

While I was brooding upon the details of my scheme, Black Harry again clambered over the roof of the coach, to tell Ralph he wished "to

drive a trifle"—cause he liked to keep his hand in, and had summut to say, quite private, to the gemmen on the box. Arter you've got down this here hill, Ralph, why then, if it suits you to see to the blunderbuss and bags, vy—Ax pardon, sir," added he to me, "but I'm a sitting on your skirt, and there's summut in the pocket vot isn't very soft."

I thought I should have fainted!—fainted under the mingled feelings of surprise, hope, anticipation, and delight! "Summut vot isn't very soft" in the pocket of Gruel's rhubarb coloured coat—his official garment—his confidential coat! With great trepidation I withdrew the skirt from beneath Black Harry.

In so doing I contrived to satisfy myself, that in the pocket there was an oblong substance, rather dense, feeling like a book. Not to excite suspicion, I so far mastered my intense curiosity—as to remain motionless—Black Harry took the reins and Ralph went behind. The dawn had long since glimmered, but the handsome gas-lamps that flanked one side of the road leading into the town which we were about to enter—still cast a yellow flickering light against the long rows of new habitations on each side of the way. "Now, sir," said Black Harry, to the Banker, "that 're Ralph's not a bad un—and seeing as I'm a friend of his'n, and he's offended you, by his very proper *impurrance* (ax your pardon for saying so)—ven the lady inside fill so werry frightened about the mouse, and so forth) vy I can't do better nor make it up for him. How? you'll ax. Vy ant I agoing to tell you? Many's the rig you has seen, in your time, in course; but I'll shew you a reg'lar out and outer. Consarn my bones if ever I did afore, but twice to please a marquis—and vonce, ven I drove the North Highflyer—all for to gratify a sporting Countess, vot had rode all night on the box to see life—but as your'e Ralph's partiklar—vy here goes—Notice how I'll tickle a hole in the front pane of this here lamp with the last knot o' the whip—vich mind me, must blow out the light, though it shant be bigger nor a pea." So saying, Harry, by an admirable movement of his wrist (he was a capital whip and flanked a near leader better than any man I ever saw)—carried the point of whip plump against the lamp he was passing—a beautiful star, having a well defined circular hole for its nucleus, was the consequence; the breeze, blowing in bang through the aperture, instantly extinguished the light, to the Banker's amazement—and must I confess it?—e'en posited as I was, to my deep admiration. He operated with equal skill on every lamp he passed; our prospect in advance was bright, but we left all in darkness behind us. The watchmen began to awake and raise an alarm—the regular extinction of the lamps, one after the other, appalled them. They had perhaps been dreaming of earthquakes or other phenomena, and most vehemently worked at their rattles. Windows were thrown up, and a line of heads, some with nightcaps, and some without, appeared

at the second floor windows. Harry went on triumphantly in his extinguishing cause in spite of the Banker's agonies. "My good fellow," exclaimed the latter, "thank you—thank you a thousand times! How very gratified I feel! Your kind intentions—but really, don't let me trespass—that's quite enough!"—"Oh! I'll go through the piece now I've begun—Yoicks! Yo over!" "Nay, but I assure you—for Heaven's sake desist! Remember my respectability!"—"In course, or vy should I exert myself so—there she goes!"—"You're very kind—but all the people know me—let me beg of you—d—n it all! There's Sir Tiffin Mongooz looking out! Sir Tiffin—with whom I've business—The devil! Ralph—Stop him!—on the box too—Ralph! Harry, you beast! consider my station! D—n it, this is too cruel.—Sir Tiffin sees me! If I were but inside! Ralph!"

Ralph protested, but without avail. Black Harry would not be checked in his friendly efforts to make up the breach which he supposed to exist between his friend, and his friend's "particular friend," by a display of his own incomparable skill in blowing out the lamps as if by magic, for it was scarcely possible to detect the lightning-like lash of his whip. Before Ralph could performe resume the reins, notwithstanding the attraction of Black Harry's skill, I had become absorbed. Sir Tiffin Mongooz whose "local habitation," since his return with a large fortune from India, I had vainly attempted to discover—was my schoolfellow; we had been at the University together; there was a singular document in existence between myself and him, which, now, that I could get at him, might realize me a golden crop. Judging from the flannels, with which his head was enveloped, he could not be well. So much the better, but then the banker—and Gruel! I quietly thrust my hand into the rhubarb-coloured coat, took out a pocket book, and began to scan its contents, and the memoranda it contained, with the quiet care-less air of one to whom they were familiar. I have said in a preceding specimen of my autobiography, that no men are so liable to gross errors in minor particulars as your most accomplished scoundrels, and that these errors luckily for the world, now and then hang them. Had Gruel as many lives as a cat, there was enough in the pocket book to put him out of the way by the necessary number of marginal notes of "sus: per col :" in so many judges' copies of calendars. Instead of going on to an outport, I alighted at once:—but, to confess the truth, sought a few hours repose, being completely undecided, as to whom, in justice to myself, I should operate on first—sleek Erasmus Gruel, Ralph's "particular friend," or that social crony of my youthful days, Brigadier General Sir Tiffin Mongooz.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Excursions in India, including a Walk over the Himalaya Mountains to the Sources of the Jumna and the Ganges.* By Captain THOMAS SKINNER. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832.
2. *Pen and Pencil Sketches, from the Journal of a Tour in India.* By Captain MUNSY, late Aid-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832.
3. *Tours in Upper India, and in Parts of the Himalaya Mountains; with an Account of the Native Princes.* By Major ARCHER, late Aid-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833.

The recent extensions of our arms and our influence over the Upper Provinces of India, and far into the Himalaya Mountains, has called into action the pens of an uncommon number of agreeable and instructive tourists. Indeed, the accession made to our knowledge of India, altogether, within the last few years, from the journals of various travellers, has been very great; and it may be remarked as a circumstance which at first sight may appear singular, that nearly the whole of them have been persons whom accident or some casual official duty carried into the East, for a short limited period only; and that where these journals were the productions of men long familiar with the manners and the natives of the East, the particular route which they describe is a new and untrodden one. Our oldest possessions in India are, perhaps, those of which a general reader is likely to know least. This, after all, is quite natural, and what happens nearer home. It is akin to comparative ignorance in which the great body of us generally are regarding the scenery or singularities of our own country. A man of curiosity and research who goes to India, with the intention of spending there many years of his life, even if he has formed a fixed resolution to describe, at some future period, its natural and moral situation, unless he resolutely adheres to his determination of marking down, at the first moment, the impressions made on his mind by the scenes around him, and by the characters of the individuals or classes whom he meets with, will soon find that much of the spirit of lively and striking observation has evaporated. Auxious for the perfect accuracy of his information, he delays from day to day, and from year to year, his final judgment and description, till he discovers that every thing which he sees has lost its interest; and, like those who have gone before him, he finds it hard to imagine that what has so long been familiar to himself and to all with whom he is in habits of intercourse, can be an object of curiosity to any one else. The case is different with those who come and who go as strangers. Every thing to them has the hue of novelty; the contrast of scenery or manners strikes them vividly; and they know, that if they do not seize the moment presented them to describe what excites their wonder, they will speedily be far removed from any means of correct or authentic description.

The authors, the titles of whose works are prefixed to the present Article, appear to be all of this latter class. The last two of them accompanied Lord Combermere as his aides-de-camp, during his temporary residence in India: the first belonged to a King's regiment stationed in that country. All of them write with liveliness, intelligence, and good-humour. From travellers situated as they were, we are not to look for any profound observation on manners or national character; nor for any intimate acquaintance with the history, literature, or domestic usages of the various races of men whom they visited. But they abound in what, to the reader who is in search of amusement, is generally fully as gratifying,—lively representations of all that strikes the eye as new, beautiful, or strange; descriptions of the external appearance, and of the more obvious manners of the natives; accounts of introductions to native courts; and spirit-stirring recitals of lion and tiger hunts, enlivened by their risks, dangers, and escapes. The route of all of them, with some exceptions, is nearly the same—from Calcutta, by Lucknow, to Agra and Delhi; thence to Meerut, the great military station in the upper provinces; and then forward to the countries on and beyond the Sutlej, or the sublime mountain scenery above Hurdwar, towards the sources of the Ganges and Jumna. In descending to the lower provinces, Captain Mundy and Major Archer visited the camp of Sindia, and the province of Bundelcund; and they describe a tract of country of which little has been written; though it brings us close on the districts whose history and present situation have been so well illustrated by General Malcom and Colonel Tod.

It would be vain to think of following these travellers through the numerous and diversified objects that excited their attention. We shall give a few extracts, which, better than any remarks of ours, will show the nature of their journals, and of the objects that excited their attention.

Captain Mundy being ordered to join the Commander-in-chief at Cawnpore, about six hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta, set off from that city with two friends, all travelling *dak* (post) in their palankeens.

"To those uninitiated into the mysteries of Indian travelling," says he, "the prospect of a journey of six hundred miles, night and day, in a hot climate, enclosed in a sort of coffin-like receptacle, carried on the shoulders of men, is somewhat alarming; but to one more accustomed to that mode of locomotion, the palankeen would, perhaps, prove less fatiguing and harassing for a long journey, than any other conveyance. The horizontal or reclining position is naturally the most easy to the body; and the exhaustion consequent upon a journey in the heat of the day, generally secures to the traveller as much sleep during the cooler hours of the night, as the frequent interruptions of the bearers at the several stages will allow him to enjoy. I had laid in a good store of tea, sugar, and biscuits, a novel, some powder, and shot, a gun, and a sword, and plenty of blankets, as

a defence against the coldness of the night. Our baggage consisted of a dozen boxes (patarras) appended to bamboos, and carried by men; these, with two torch-bearers (mussalgees) to each palankeen, completed our cavalcade."—*Sketches*, p. 2.

The amusing journals of Bishop Heber have rendered the Upper Provinces so familiar to every reader, that we hasten over them to the wild and beautiful scenery of the Himalaya mountains, which are now frequented by numbers of our countrymen for the purpose of recruiting their health, exhausted on the burning plains of Hindostan. The Gorkha war subjected to us a large extent of these mountains; and the smaller Sikh chieftains on the south of the Sutlej having placed themselves under the British protection, the range of our influence has been widely enlarged; the farthest western boundary of our dominions now corresponding with the farthest eastern advance of Alexander the Great—a striking proof of the superiority maintained by the nations of Europe at an interval of two thousand years. The country itself is one of the most beautiful and romantic in the world.

"A little above Hurdwar, so celebrated for its great fair, lies the valley of Dhoon, which," says Captain Skinner, "in all respects deserves the name of beautiful. It lies between the Himalaya mountains and a low range that bounds the plains, and serves as an outer wall to the formidable fastnesses that divide India from Tartary and Thibet. It has every variety of scenery, and the Ganges and Jumna flow through it. The road into the valley is a very fine one, cut over the river (Ganges) in the bosom of the hills, and built up with masonry on the outward side. Doowallah, which is about eighteen miles from Hurdwar, was the name of the ground on which we encamped the first day of our halting within the valley. The road was for some time level; it then wound over a richly wooded hill, making one of the most beautiful passes I ever beheld, not excepting even the magnificently wild one within a short distance of Kandy in Ceylon, which I had always considered the most superb piece of Eastern scenery in the world. The view from this pass, however far exceeded it. It was bounded by the Himalaya mountains—the snowy, range, white and clear as possible. The sun had not long risen, and I could gaze without being dazzled at all the beauties it illuminated. Below and above the road was thickly wooded, and displayed a great variety of foliage, while the creepers, which are so numerous and so rich in this country, wound about the rocks and the trees in the loveliest manner."—*Excursions*, i. pp. 189—204.

As our travellers rise into the higher ranges of hills, the difficulties of moving forward increase, and the scenery becomes wilder and more majestic. Mountains rise in successive ridges peak over peak, ending in those crowned with eternal snow; deep, and gloomy, and narrow banks enclose the streams, which are passed only by a huge tree thrown across, or by a rude suspension-bridge; all is silence and solitude.

"We begin to find our travelling the most laborious and novel that can be imagined," says Captain Skinner. "After scrambling up the face of a rocky hill this morning, we were forced to slide down a polished surface of stone, with not a place to rest the foot on, as well as the comfortable prospect of an uninterrupted fall of many feet, should we swerve from our course. No description can convey an idea of the usual style of a day's journey over the Himalaya. Lines of irregular peaks towering one above the other, and in every relation possible to each other, oblige you to be constantly climbing up or sliding down. In every depth we find a roaring torrent to pass, and on every height an almost inaccessible rock to scale."—*Ibid.* p. 262.

"We are now placed opposite a strange-looking village, named Burkotee, perched upon the summit of a high rock, overhanging the stream. It seems unconnected with mountains about it as if torn from them by some convulsion of nature. Behind it rises a wood; and below the Jumna flows round several Islands, and among the tall trees of some of them browse many deer—they form, in fact, many miniature parks; and I regret that such beautiful scenes could not be removed to a country where they could be more frequently visited. I have beheld nearly all the celebrated scenery of Europe, which poets and painters have immortalized, and of which all the tourists in the world have been enamoured, but I have seen it surpassed in these unfrequented and almost unknown regions. Although I have seen the Alps; although I have witnessed the sun rise from the summit of Mount Etna, certainly one of the grandest objects in Europe, my awe and astonishment, so far from being diminished by such scenes, exceed all I felt when I first saw

'Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise,
I was almost sorry that I could not cast off the
ties of another world, as it were, and remain
in these mountains for ever!'"—P. 267.

Akin to these feelings were those of the other journalists. Captain Mundy judiciously points out one circumstance, which all travellers have found to give a great superiority to the views in the Alps over most other mountain scenery. After describing the expansive prospect from Simla to the south, over the low ranges of hills and the ocean-like plains of Hindostan, he continues:—

"The attributes of the northern prospect from Simla are still more grand; the valleys are more extensive, the mountains of more expanded proportions than those of the south view, assuming more the appearance of ranges, and rising gradually one above the other, until the panorama is majestically terminated by the snowy crescent of the Great Himalaya Belt, fading on either hand into indistinct distance. In fine weather, these stupendous icy peaks cut the dark blue sky with such sharp distinctness of outline, that their real distance of sixty or seventy miles is, to the eye of the gazer, diminished to one tenth part. During a residence of nearly two years in Switzerland, the first

object that my eyes opened upon every morning was the snow-clad summit of Mount Blanc; and I thought that a glorious sight. But the glaciers that now form, next to the Omnipotent Being who created them, my first objects of matutine contemplation, present a battalion of icy pinnacles, amongst which Mount Blanc, with his pitiful fifteen thousand feet, would scarcely be admitted in the rear rank! But, belle Suisse! let me hasten to do you justice on another point: though Himala may boast of loftier mountains, and throw her Ganges and Jumna into the scale against your offspring, Rhine and Rhone, where are her lakes of Leman and Constance? She has none. In my tours through these hills I never saw a body of water, collected in one spot, that covered an acre of land. This lamentable deficiency of that most requisite ingredient of scenery, and necessary of life, creates a hiatus in the Himalayan scenery which is not to be supplied. The eye, fatigued with the rugged profile and sombre tint of the mountains, and the brown horror of the pine-forests, yearns for the refreshment and repose which it would enjoy in the contemplation of such a lake as that of Thun, reflecting in its mirrored surface, dotted with sails, the blue sky above, and, in its soft medium, giving a flattering double of the impending scenery."—*Sketches*, i. pp. 233—235.

It is now well ascertained that these mountains are by much the highest of our globe; some of them approaching to 27,000 feet of elevation above the sea. Even the passes, which lead to the farther ranges, are as lofty as the top of Mount Blanc.

"The passes leading from the lower hills to Kanowr, through the first snow range, are no less than fifteen, some of them of easier passage than others. The Shaitool is nearly 16,000 feet, and the Borendo, which I had the pleasure to visit, is 15,200 feet, although one of the peaks, which serve as gateways, is fully 16,000. From the top of this there was a magnificent view into Kanowr."—Archer's *Tour*, i. p. 336.

The sudden rise of these mountains from the burning plains of India, by producing a rapid change in the climate, has proved an invaluable resource to our countrymen, exhausted by the diseases incident to that country,

"Quitting the plains," says Major Archer, "their peculiar productions are soon lost, and the heart of the exile responds with feelings of pleasure at meeting with the flowers and trees of his native land; doubts of their identity were only to be dispelled by repeated gatherings. The violet and hawthorn were among the earliest; wild pears, holly, and bramble soon appear, and then come the pines. These remembrances, with an elastic bracing air renovating the body, gave health to the spirits; it was then that home and its endearing associations seemed nearer than the distance permitted it to be. The climate of the hills, according to our feelings, is the most delicious and agreeable in the world; and to those Europeans who have suffered from

the diseases incidental to the plains of Hindostan, it presents a sure and certain resource for their restoration to health and spirits. To the Upper Provinces the advantage is incalculable; for the distance of the hills from several of the large civil and military stations is within the compass of a few days' journey, and mostly within thirty-six or forty-eight hours dark travelling. As a relief to a residence in the plains, and exposure to the burning hot winds, and, no less oppressive weather on the cessation of the rains, the climate can only be justly appreciated by those who have been fortunate enough to experience its beneficial and invigorating effects."—*In Kanowr, the province just beyond this high ridge, the rains are not periodical, but quite irregular as to time and amount, at least with reference to those of the plains. In consequence, the inhabitants enjoy a climate more agreeable and delightful than any other yet known; so it is said by Europeans who have resided there. European fruits and roots are indigenous to the soil, and are produced without much horticultural science or labour.*"—*Ib. pp. 336-9.*

The inhabitants of the mountains are represented as honest, frank, and hospitable, cheerful and gay, fond of dancing and singing, good-humoured and kind, but indolent, and what in mountain countries is uncommon, devoid of courage or enterprise. It is well known that among them, by a singular custom, a family of several men have only one wife in common.

"I asked a pretty young woman of about eighteen years of age, who had come out to present us with a bowl of raspberries, how many husbands she had?—'Only four,' was the reply.—'And all alive?'—'Why not?' She questioned me in return, and asked where my country was. 'And where is your wife?' was the next enquiry. On my declaring I had none, an universal cry of 'Bah! Bah! djoot djoot!' A lie, a lie! showed how little they believed me. I found it impossible to convince them of my veracity, and I fear I lost a little in the estimation of my mountain friends by asserting so palpable an absurdity as any man being without a wife appears to them."—*The young population is not very great, but the likeness that prevails in a village from the singular intermixture that occurs from the mode of marriage is so strong, that it seems puzzling to discover the different children. The eldest brother is the father, *par excellence*, of each family, and on his death, that office devolves on the next, and so on. Till all die in the course of nature, there can be no orphans. Such an institution of marriage is for the purpose of keeping property as much in one family as possible, an equal division of it being the *custom* of inheritance; and where so much labour is necessary to cultivate the soil, and good soil so difficult to obtain, it seems important to prevent its being broken into portions so small as not to be able to afford food for their possessors. Their crops being the only subsistence of the mountaineers, and their land so limited, it was necessary, too, to devise a means of preventing an overgrown population. It is not surprising, therefore, that people who are still*

buried in the most hopeless darkness, should have fallen upon such a plan."

—*Skinner's Excursions*, i. p. 238.

The reasons here assigned for this singular usage, we have no doubt are the real ones; particularly the last, which is at the root of the other. We learn that the travellers sometimes found difficulty in getting corn, the villagers declaring that they had none for themselves; and even where some was found, they were unwilling to sell it,—a sure proof that they had no superfluity. The excess of population in which this unnatural custom appears to have originated, has produced its other ordinary malignant effects,—a partial slave-trade, and infanticide. Several young women were offered for sale to gentlemen of the party by their parents; and the excuse was, that it was the custom, for they had more women in their villages than they knew what to do with. Major Archer informs us that the practice of infanticide exists, but is resorted to by those only whose means of subsistence are limited, and that in this case females alone are the victims. The different facts explain one another in a melancholy way.

The mode of putting children to sleep by the action of water mentioned by former travellers, is again described.

"The child, whose age might be a year or two, was laid by its mother on a charpoy (bedstead), placed on a sloping green bank, along the top of which ran a small spring stream. A piece of bark introduced through the embankment, conducted a slender spout of water, which fell at the height of about half a foot, on the crown of the infant's head. It was fast asleep when I witnessed the process! The natives believe that it is a great fortifier of the constitution."—*Mundy's Sketches*, i. p. 244.

Gouttes are frequent, which, with whatever truth, they ascribe to the snow water.

In descending from the northern mountains, our travellers passed through the territories of the Sunroo Begum, a name familiar to our countrymen in India; and as the account given of her history by Major Archer seems to be more authentic than any we have met with, we shall venture to extract it, though somewhat long. A female sovereign and warrior, in such a country as India, will, by most of our readers, be regarded as rather a novelty.

"Sirdanah is the city and head-quarters of the Begum Somroo, who possesses the country around as a life-fief or jagheer; which, originally estimated at six, is, by her extreme good management, made eight lacs annually. The history of this remarkable woman is such, that a slight and perhaps imperfect account, or rather glance at it, may prove of interest."—*In early life she was a nautch girl, but who her parents were, or from what part of the country she came, is now lost to information; it is, however, conjectured, from her exceeding fairness of complexion, and peculiar features, that her family were of northern extraction. Her attractions and accomplishments secured the attentions of a German adventurer by name*

Somroo, which, it appears, was an appellative given him for his constant sombre and melancholy appearance. It was this miscreant who superintended the murder of the English gentlemen of the factory at Patna, in 1763. Flying from the resentment of the British, who shortly afterwards recaptured Patna, Somroo bent his course for Upper India, and entered the service of the Rajah of Bhurtpore, and subsequently of other native chiefs, until, from favourable circumstances, which were taken advantage of by his abilities, he became possessed of a large space of country to the north-east of Delhi. He died in full possession of his power. The Begum subsequently married a Frenchman, but by neither of these unions had she any children, at least none are now alive."—*Tours*, i. p. 170.

It appears that her second husband, Le Vassu, having tired of his barbaric dignity, meditated a return to Europe, and collected all the jewels, money, and valuables which he could amass, to carry off along with them. The Begum had discernment enough to foresee that in Europe her consequence was gone, and that she must be at her husband's discretion. She dissembled her dislike, but resolved to frustrate the plan. She privately communicated to some of the officers of her troops her husband's intentions:

"To her husband she spoke of false fears of detection, and pointed out the dishonour that must attach itself to their act of desertion; and, for her own part, vehemently protested, that she would die by her own hand, rather than be compelled to return by force."—"It was solemnly agreed between them, that in case of being interrupted, they should both die by their own hands."—"At the dead of night he mounted his elephant, and she got into her palankeen. At the appointed spot the ambush was ready, and all things answered the Begum's intentions. The opposing party soon made the escort of the Begum and her husband fly. The attendants ran to inform him that the Begum had shot herself. In the noise and confusion many matchlocks had been let off, so that he could not tell if her having been molested was probable or not. On rushing to her Palankeen to ascertain the truth, he was alarmed by the clamour and apparent affliction of those who surrounded it; and, upon a towel saturated with blood being shown him, as confirmation of the Begum's having destroyed herself, he placed a pistol to his head and shot himself. The Begum, who till then had never appeared in male society, threw open the blinds of her palankeen and mounted an elephant. She harangued the troops upon her attachment to them, and her opposition to the commands of her husband; she professed no other desire than to be at their head, and to share her wealth with them. The novelty of the situation lent energy to her action, and eloquence to her language; and amid the acclamations of the soldiers, she was led back in triumph to the camp."

From this time she assumed the personal command of the army, and directed the whole affairs of her territories.

"Colonel Skinner, we are told, during his service with the Mahrattas, has often seen her, then a beautiful young woman, leading on her troops in person, and displaying, in the midst of carnage, the greatest intrepidity and presence of mind."—*Sketches*, i. p. 371.

"Since she has grown old, she has turned her attention to the agricultural improvement of her country. Her fields look greener and more flourishing, and the population of her villages appear happier and more prosperous than those of the Company's provinces. Her care is unremitting and her protection sure. Formerly a Mahometan, she is now a Roman Catholic, and has in her service many priests and officers of that persuasion. At her metropolis she has erected a very beautiful church, on the model of St. Peter's: it is almost finished: little remains to be done, and that is on the outside. The altar is remarkably handsome; it is of white marble from Jy poor, and inlaid with various-coloured stones."—*Tours*, i. p. 142.

"During her long life many acts of inhuman cruelty towards her dependents have transpired, one of which is here narrated. The Begum having discovereed a slave-girl in an intrigue, condemned her to be buried alive. This cruel sentence was carried into execution; and the fate of the beautiful victim having excited strong feelings of compassion, the old tigress, to preclude all chance of a rescue, ordered her carpet to be spread over the vault, and smoked her houkah, and slept on the spot; thus making assurance doubly sure."—*Sketches*, i. p. 774.

At Meerut the Commander-in-chief, Lord Combermere, and his party, were invited to dine with her. As he entered the gates of her palace, he was received with presented arms by her body-guard, and on the steps of the portico by the old lady herself. In person she is described as very short, and rather *embonpoint*; her complexion is unusually fair; her features large and prominent; her expression sagacious, but artful. Of her hands, arms, and feet, the octogenarian beauty is said to be still justly proud. The dinner was served in the European style. The party consisted of sixty persons, the Begum being the only lady at table. She seemed in excellent humour, and, we are told, bandied jokes and compliments with his Excellency, through the medium of an interpreter.

A considerable portion of all the three works before us is filled with the account of sporting expeditions,—of fowling, hunting, and hawking, and of boar and tiger hunts,—which are extremely well told. Though not much addicted to field sports, we will acknowledge that, like other persons accidentally brought into the midst of the excitement of a hunting party, we found it difficult, from the animation and eagerness felt by the sportsman, to avoid being betrayed into a lively interest in their proceedings. In the chase of animals like the tiger and lion, the parties meet on so much fairer terms than huntsmen and game generally do,—so much presence of mind and courage are called into action, and so much risk endured, that the danger dignifies the sport,

"The first of March," says Captain Mundy, "will always be a *dies notanda* in my sporting annals, as the day on which I first witnessed the noble sport of tiger-shooting. The Nimrods of our party had, ever since we entered upon the Doosah, been zealously employed in preparing fire-arms and casting bullets, in anticipation of a chase among the favourite haunts of wild beasts, the banks of the Jumna and Ganges. Some of the more experienced sportsmen, as soon as they saw the nature of the jungle in which we were encamped, presaged that there were tigers in the neighbourhood. Accordingly, whilst we were at breakfast, the servant informed us that there were some *gongawals* or villagers in waiting, who had some *khubber* (news) about tigers to give us. We all jumped up and rushed out, and found a group of five or six half-naked fellows, headed by a stout young man"—"who announced himself as a *jamadar*"—"and gave us to understand that a young buffalo had been carried off the day before, about a mile from the spot, and that their herds had long suffered from the depredations of a party of three tigers, who had been often seen by the cowherds."—*Sketches*, i. p. 109.

A party of ten, mounted on as many elephants, with twenty pad-elephants to beat the covert and carry the guides, was immediately formed and set out.

"The jungle was in no place very high, there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes. Every thing was favourable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from our elephants, to get a shot at a florikan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It afterwards proved that there were two tigers within a hundred paces of the spot where we were walking. We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk and trumpeted several times, which my mahout informed me was a sure sign there was a tiger somewhere "between the wind and our nobility." The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly on to windward. We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished-for tally-ho! saluted our ears, and a shot from Captain M. confirmed the sporting *eureka!* The tiger answered the shot with a long roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous, but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant, except Lord Combermere's, (which was a known stanch one,) turned tail and went off at score, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts. One, less expeditious in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg; whilst another, even more alarmed than the rest, we could distinguish flying over the plain, till he quite sank below the horizon, and, for all proof to the contrary, he may be going on to this very moment. The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his Lordship's elephant; but, being wounded in the loins by

Captain M.'s shot, failed in his spring, and shrunk back among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the runaways to return to action; and when I ran up alongside Lord Combermere, (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock,) he was quite *hors-de-combat*, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels upon the tiger, who, attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead; upon which we gave a good hearty "whoo! whoop!" and stowed him upon a pad elephant."

Having loaded and re-formed the line, we again advanced, and after beating for half an hour, I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle, as if to reconnoitre us. I tally-hoed, and the whole line rushed forward. On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke cover, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them who immediately turned round, and roaring furiously, and lashing his sides with his tail, came bounding towards us; but, apparently alarmed by the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short and turned into the jungle again, followed by us at full speed. At this pace, the action of an elephant is so extremely rough, that though a volley of shots was fired, the tiger performed his attack and retreat without being again struck. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best of the sport, and when he turned to fight, (which he soon did,) only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about he attempted to spring on Captain M.'s elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three more shots brought him to his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge. He was a full-grown male, and a very fine animal. Near the spot where we found him, were discovered the well-picked remains of a buffalo. One of the sportsmen had, in the meantime, kept the smaller tiger in view, and we soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked. It was a thick marshy covert of broad flag reeds called Hogla, and we had beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up, as the light was waning, when Captain P.'s elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill scream, and came rushing out of the swamp with the tiger hanging by its teeth to the upper part of its tail! Captain P.'s situation was perplexing enough, his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his backbiting foe, and himself unable to use his gun for fear of shooting the unfortunate Coochie, who, frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head. We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger, who, however, did not quit his grip, until he had received eight balls, when he dropped off the poor elephant's mangaled tail, quite dead. Thus, in about two hours, and within sight of camp, we found and slew three tigers; a piece of good fortune rarely to be met with in these modern times, when the spread of cultivation, and the zeal of English

sportmen, have almost exterminated the breed of these animals."—*Ib.* pp. 109, 117.

We have already indulged ourselves long enough in the rambling varieties of these agreeable volumes. The admiration expressed by our travellers on examining the architectural remains which they visited, especially the Taj-mahal, and the ruins of the Black Pagoda in Orissa, had almost led us into some remarks on the architecture and sculpture of India; to which, except by Bishop Heber, we think that justice has hardly been done. Some of the buildings, particularly those in the Saracenic or Mussulman style, excite in every unprejudiced observer sentiments of strong delight and admiration, and indicate architectural genius of the very highest class. Whatever the mass of the population may have been, India, in the architects of such structures and in their patrons, must, ages ago, have possessed minds of no ordinary refinement and taste. At all events, the number and beauty of these buildings adds another collateral question to the yet unsolved problem,—by what process the architects of such structures as our Gothic cathedrals, could improve and cultivate the talents and refined powers of mind, by which their works have continued to be the admiration of every succeeding age. Some large though secret fund of knowledge and sentiment must have existed, cherished in the seclusion of the cloister or elsewhere, and which, however apparently at variance with the state of society and measure of science of the times, was founded on an intimate and long cultivated study of those feelings of the beautiful and sublime, which in works of manual art most deeply affect the great body of mankind. The time was when the most beautiful specimens of Gothic and of Moorish art were regarded as relics only of barbarism. The pedantry of an exclusive study of the fine forms of Grecian and Roman architecture and sculpture, so worthy in themselves of all admiration, is past; and the age, more enlightened and more liberal, is disposed to admit the various productions of Egyptian, Etruscan, Gothic, and Oriental art, to their fair place in the scale of human genius.

The last half of Major Archer's second volume is occupied with observations on the local government of Bengal, and on the army attached to that Presidency. His situation in the Commander-in-Chief's family gave him an opportunity of knowing much of the military arrangements of India. We are far from agreeing with him, however, in several of his opinions; and the violence and asperity with which he treats the Directors and Board of Control, regarding the *half-batta order*, is any thing but commendable. Soldiers do not appear to most advantage when haggling about pay. They never can be the proper judges of what ought to be their emoluments; and unless under a military despotism, they never can be made so. In the revenues of India a deficit has been announced, attended by a debt of thirty millions; and retrenchment has reached the army, as well as all other branches

of the public service. Considerable discontent among the civil as well as military servants has been the consequence. But the country is already as much burdened as it can bear, and recourse must therefore be had, not to new taxes, but to retrenchments. In such a case, all who suffer have an undoubted right to represent any grievances supposed to affect themselves, or their own situation; but in an army in which two formidable mutinies have existed, in the memory of man, on the subject of allowances, all such representations ought to be temperate and respectful. The tone of irritation and scorn is not graceful in England, and is dangerous in India. Reason is the same in the East and the West; and the style that might be adopted by English military men in speaking of acts of the Horse-Guards, will be found in the end the best, in talking of the Indian authorities at home, and of the difficult duties which fall to the lot of our high-minded countrymen who direct the interests of England in those distant climes. We do not enter into the merits of the question regarding the particular retrenchment alluded to. Perhaps the fault is not so much that it is made now, as that it was not made more gradually, and, above all, begun a great deal earlier. The present administrators of India, are suffering the penalty of the neglects of their predecessors.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

AMERICA.*—No. I.

Rousseau long ago prophesied that the American war commenced the *era of revolutions*; and subsequent events have too clearly proved that in this respect at least he did not mistake the signs of the times. With the rise of Transatlantic independence, commenced a new series of contests flowing not from the ambition of Kings, or the rivalry of their Ministers, but the impatient spirit and the interminable expectations of the people. Wars since that period have increased in frequency, and augmented in horror; not armies merely, but whole nations have been brought into the field; the blood of millions has flowed in every quarter of the globe; and in the effort to emancipate themselves from a constitutional sway, mankind have fallen under a severer bondage than was ever known even to Oriental subjection.

But it is not merely by the fierce and uninterrupted struggle between the two great parties who divide the world, that the American Revolution has been the beginning of a new era in human affairs. It is by the contagion of *example*; by the constant exhibition of Republican in-

* Men and Manners in America. By the author of Cyril Thornton, &c.—William Blackwood, Edinburgh, and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

sitions on a great scale, and under circumstances of unparalleled prosperity, that it has produced so astonishing a change in the political institutions of the Old World—More powerful than the eloquence of Mirabeau or the sword of Napoleon, the democratic government of America has struck far and wide into the minds of the European people; and the privileges enjoyed by her citizens become an object of envy to millions utterly incapable of understanding either the causes which have rendered this prosperity coexistent with this equality, or forbid its application to the more aged dynasties of the Old World. It is in vain that more thoughtful and experienced persons suggested that the circumstances of Europe and America were essentially different; that institutions which answered perfectly well amongst a young people, beginning their political existence without any public debt, or great families, or feudal prejudices, and situated amidst a boundless profusion of unoccupied land, were wholly inapplicable to old states grown gray in a certain political career, overflowing with inhabitants, overwhelmed with debt, with vast property accumulated in a few hands, no unoccupied land to divide, and millions dependent upon the wages of labour. All these considerations, of such vital importance in considering the question whether the institutions of America could be applied to this country, were utterly overlooked, and hungry millions panted only the more ardently for the fancied El Dorado of American equality, because it was a dream which never could be realized in this country.

The French writers have often said that England, by its simple vicinity, by the example she set of liberal institutions close to the continental shores, has done more mischief to the adjoining states than even by the thunder of her fleets or the terror of her arms. There can be little doubt that the observation is well founded. The mania of imitation—the passion for transporting the institutions of one country to another—of transplanting privileges and liberties from a nation in one state of civilization to another, under different circumstances, has done and is doing more to injure the cause of freedom than all the efforts of tyrants for its suppression. The effects it produces are of the very worst kind, because it leads to the formation of constitutions so utterly absurd with reference to the people among whom they are introduced, that consequences the most fatal to public happiness may be apprehended. All the calamities which have befallen the cause of freedom for the last forty years have sprung from the mania of imitation. The French Revolution, with all the unspeakable horrors with which it was attended, and the utter annihilation of public liberty in which it has terminated, arose in a great degree from contagion. It was the Anglomania which first turned the heads of the higher orders, and the example of the American Revolution which next set the train on fire, and convulsed the Old World with the flames originating in the New. It is the example of

French equality and licentiousness; of a nation practically invested with all the power of sovereignty; of all honours and offices flowing from the multitude, no matter for how short a time or with what ruinous consequences, which has ever since agitated the world, and kept the revolutionary party every where together, from the hope of one day revelling in similar orgies. The Revolutions of Spain, Naples, and Piedmont, in 1820, all sprung from imitation of the Spanish revolt in the Island of Leon; and the subsequent degradation of the Peninsula is entirely to be ascribed to the promulgation of a constitution, both in Spain and Portugal, utterly at variance with their character and interests. In later days, the explosion of the Barricades immediately overturned Flanders, and put the last drop into the cup which made Polish misery overflow; and though last, not least, the ancient fabric of the British Constitution has yielded to the shock of foreign example, and the liberty which had grown up for eight hundred years under the shadow of native institutions, has been exposed to the perilous storms of democratic ambition.

Dangers of a similar and still more alarming kind, threaten the country from the influence of American institutions, ill understood or misapplied. There is nothing to which the republican party every where point with such exultation, as the example of American freedom; and glowing eulogies are periodically put forth from the press of this land of general equality, to stimulate the revolutionary spirit of Europe to fresh exertions. Nor is there wanting enough, in the simple narrative of Transatlantic independence, to set on fire cooler heads than the patriots and democrats of modern Europe. The facts of a nation existing without a monarch or nobles, or public debt, rarely engaged in war, steadily advancing in opulence; without pauperism in many of its provinces, without a standing army in any; with an immense commerce, and a boundless territory; with a population doubling every thirty years, and public wealth tripling in the same time, are amply sufficient to account for the powerful interests which they have excited in the Eastern World, and to explain the anxious eyes with which the ardent and enthusiastic so generally turn to its infant fortunes, as the dawn of a brighter day to the human race.

There is no example in the history of the world, of the institutions of one country being transferred to another, without the most disastrous effects; nor is a single instance to be found, in any age, of the successful transplantation of a constitution. This of itself is sufficient to make the prudent pause, before they engage in any such attempt. No people have more obstinately persisted in this system of transferring their own institutions to other states than the English; and in every one instance which they have tried, they have experienced a total failure. Sicily is one of the most memorable instances of their experimental legislation; they thought, when that island was under their power during the late war,

that all that was wanting to make its inhabitants perfectly happy, was to give them the English constitution; and accordingly they forthwith proceeded to frame a government for the island, with kings, lords, and commons, popular elections, bills, budgets, and all the machinery of British legislation, which was soon found to be so utterly absurd and impracticable among its inhabitants, that, without external violence, it sunk to the ground after a few years' experiment, and the only trace of it which now remains is the expression "*uno budgetto*," a money statement, which has become naturalized in the harmonious language of the Mediterranean shores from its Gothic regenerators.

The Spanish Peninsula is another instance of the total failure of transplanted institutions. In 1812, when English influence was predominant at Cadiz, a constitution was framed for the people of Spain, which has been the direct and immediate cause of the whole subsequent disasters and miseries of the Peninsula; and subsequently, with the same sanction, a similar constitution, based on the same ruinous equality, was extended to Portugal. At once, without any previous habits of preparation, without any inquiry as to its probable working among its varied inhabitants, they introduced a constitution, of which the basis was *universal suffrage* in the election of the Cortes. The effect of such an innovation might have been foreseen, as is now become a matter of history. Its effects were not at first conspicuous; because Ferdinand, instantly on his arrival, annulled a constitution which nine-tenths of his subjects felt to be impracticable; but the moment that the revolt of 1820 re-established it in both kingdoms of the Peninsula, extreme revolutionary measures were commenced, the property of the church was confiscated, that of the fund-holders annihilated, and nothing but the invasion of the Duke d'Angoulême, in 1823, prevented the revival of anarchy in Spain and Portugal, as bloody as the Reign of Terror. The present contest between Don Pedro and Don Miguel, is a legacy bequeathed to the Peninsula by the same insane measures; it is the universal suffrage established by our ridiculous Portuguese constitution, which has set all the revolutionists of the Peninsula on fire; and the contests now raging on the banks of the Douro is the direct consequence of the imitation, by European legislators, of American institutions.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the democratic government of the United States is the subject of unmeasured and incessant eulogy by all the revolutionists of the present age. Their avowed object is to transplant to a European soil the tree of American freedom; and the utter failure of all such attempts in other states, only renders them the more anxious to effect it in this island. Nor are such efforts to be despised, merely because all men of sense perceive them to be impracticable, and all men of information are fully impressed with their perilous consequences. The great majority of men, it is always to be re-

collected, are, so far as politics are concerned, neither possessed of sense nor information; they are mere puppets in the hands of more designing leaders, who pull the wires by means of that never-failing instrument, the public press. Because a series of measures are obviously perilous in the extreme, and will involve in their ultimate consequences the ruin of the very men who urge it forward, is no reason whatever for concluding that it will not be forced upon the Legislature by an imperious populace. The Reform Bill has both taught us what can be done by democratic fury in this way, and established a lever, by which it is easy, in all future times, to influence without any apparent violence, all the branches of the Legislature.

It is therefore of incalculable importance, that the institutions of America should be presented to the public in their real colours, by able and impartial observers; men who, without being guided by party feeling or national animosity, see things as they really are, and judge of their application to this country from the dictates of an extended experience. The jaundiced eye of national rivalry, or the enthusiastic glow of republican ardour, are equally at variance with the truth. We can trust neither to Mrs. Trollope's ludicrous pictures of American vulgarity, nor Mr. Stuart's laboured encomium of American equality. Captain Hall's work, amidst much striking talent, and many just and profound observations, is too much tintured by his ardent and enthusiastic fancy, to form a safe guide on the many debated subjects of national institutions. There was the greatest need, therefore, of a cool and dispassionate survey of America, by a traveller who united the power of genius and the talent of description, with a practical acquaintance with men in all the varieties of political condition; who had seen enough of tyranny to hate its oppression, and enough of democracy to dread its excesses; and who, having nothing to gain from party, and no motive to conceal the truth, brought to the survey of the infant Hercules, in the New World, an acquaintance with the stores of political wisdom from the Old. Such a traveller is Mr. Hamilton; and we cannot but congratulate our countrymen on the appearance of his valuable work at the present crisis, when all the ancient institutions of our country are successively melting away under the powerful solvent of democratic fervour.

Mr. Hamilton takes the field with no common character to support. As a novelist and a military historian, his productions deservedly rank with the very best authors whom the age has produced. There is no novel-writer in our day, after the great Father of Romance, who has succeeded in transferring to his pages equally vivid pictures of the most animating events of life; the enthusiasm of youthful passion, the decision of military exploit, the ardour of devoted affection. He does not describe Cyril Thornton's love for Lady Melicent, or his achievements at Albuera, as an author would who painted the

feelings or actions of others; he draws his pictures from the life, like one who has felt the light of ladies' eyes, and heard the ring of enemies' shot; who has in part, at least, led the eventful life he has so admirably portrayed, and shared in the enthusiastic feelings by which his imaginary characters are animated. In this particular, in the faithful and animated picture of profound attachment and heart-stirring incident, Mr. Hamilton is, in our opinion, beyond any living romance-writer; and we have heard from others, that he had the gratification in America of finding that these brilliant qualities were fully appreciated even in that land of equality and calculation, and that the reputation of Cyril Thornton was, if possible, even higher there than in the land which gave it birth.

In another respect, Mr. Hamilton was peculiarly fitted to accomplish the task he has undertaken in this work. He is both a soldier and a gentleman; he has seen much of the military events which he has described, and acquired, in an extended intercourse with the world, that liberality of sentiment which is rarely witnessed in those, of whatever abilities, who have been confined to a particular country. These qualities, invaluable in a traveller, are in a remarkable degree conspicuous throughout these pages; and however much the Americans may differ with many of his political conclusions, they must admit the candour of his observations, and the courteous spirit in which both his praise and his censure are conceived.

Our author embarked for America in October, 1830. He gives the following account of the American character, and the feelings with which they regard this country, which will serve as a specimen of the spirit in which the work is conceived.

"Even from what I have already seen, I feel sure that an American at home is a very different person from an American abroad. With his foot on his native soil, he appears in his true character; he moves in the sphere for which his habits and education have peculiarly adapted him, and surrounded by his fellow-citizens, he at once gets rid of the embarrassing conviction, that he is regarded as an individual impersonation of the whole honour of the Union. In England, he is generally anxious to demonstrate by indifference of manner, that he is not dazzled by the splendour which surrounds him, and too solicitously forward in denying the validity of all pretensions, which he fears the world may consider as superior to his own. But in his own country he stands confessedly on a footing with the highest. His national vanity remains unruffled by opposition or vexations comparison, and his life passes on in a dreamy and complacent contemplation of the high part, which, in her growing greatness, the United States is soon to assume, in the mighty drama of the world. His imagination is no longer troubled with visions of lords and palaces, and footmen in embroidery and cocked hats; or if he thinks of these things at all, it is in a spirit far more phi-

losophical than that with which he once regarded them. Connected with England by commercial relations, by community of literature, and a thousand ties, which it will still require centuries to obliterate, he cannot regard her destinies without deep interest. In the contests in which, by the calls of honour, or by the folly of her rulers, she may be engaged, the reason of an American may be against England, but his heart is always with her. He is ever ready to extend to her sons the rites of kindness and hospitality, and is more flattered by their praise, and more keenly sensitive to their censure, than is perhaps quite consistent with a just estimate of the true value of either."

We have no doubt that these observations are perfectly well founded. The excessive solicitude of the Americans for praise, and especially for the praise of the English, is not to be regarded as a fault: it is the invariable feeling of men in a certain stage of civilization, and indicates that aspiration after eminence which is the surest forerunner of its being ultimately attained. We cannot help, however, suggesting to them, in the perfect feeling of amity and regard, that the really great features of their country would appear still more prominent, if they were less solicitous to arrogate to themselves the highest place in the scale of civilization. Invariably it will be found, that those unquestionably possessed of great qualities, are comparatively indifferent to their recognition by others; and that those who are insatiable of praise, are such as are conscious of some secret defect, which renders the support of others desirable. Are you acquainted with a Duchess or a Countess? The usual attentions of society may be omitted towards them, without exciting any considerable feeling of irritation; but if your acquaintance is on the frontiers of vulgarity, a visit cannot be omitted without the risk of a quarrel for life. An ordinary man conceives mortal offence at being called a coward; but any one may apply that epithet to the Duke of Wellington, without exciting any other feeling but that of pity for his ignorance.

Mr. Hamilton justly and candidly distinguishes between the higher classes of the old American society, which is little, if it all distinguishable, from that of the superior sort in this country, and the upstarts whose pretensions and vulgarity have thrown such discredit on the whole nation. Of the former species of society, comprehending Mr. Livingston, Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Jay, and several other gentlemen of high accomplishments, he says,—

"One of the most pleasant evenings I have passed since my arrival, was at a club composed of gentlemen of literary taste, which includes among its members several of the most eminent individuals of the Union. The meetings are weekly, and take place at the house of each member in succession. The party generally assemble about eight o'clock; an hour or two is spent in conversation; supper follows; and after a moderate, though social potation,

the meeting breaks up. I had here the honour of being introduced to Mr. Livingston, lieutenant-governor of the State, Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Jay, and several other gentlemen of high accomplishment.

"An evening passed in such company, could not be other than delightful. There was no monopoly of conversation, but its current flowed on equally and agreeably. Subjects of literature and politics were discussed with an entire absence of that bigotry and dogmatism, which sometimes destroy the pleasure of interchange of opinion, even between minds of high order. For myself, I was glad to enjoy an opportunity of observing the modes of thinking peculiar to intellects of the first class, in this new and interesting country, and I looked forward to nothing with more pleasure, than availing myself of the obliging invitation to repeat my visits at the future meetings of the Club."

His observations on the higher class of New Englanders are in the same liberal strain.

"It certainly struck me as singular," says he, "that while the great body of the New Englanders are distinguished above every other people I have ever known by bigotry and narrowness of mind, and an utter disregard of those delicacies of deportment which indicate benevolence of feeling, the higher and more enlightened portion of the community should be peculiarly remarkable for the display of qualities precisely the reverse. Nowhere in the United States will the feelings, and even prejudices of a stranger, meet with such forbearance as in the circle to which I allude. Nowhere are the true delicacies of social intercourse more scrupulously observed, and nowhere will a traveller mingle in society, where his errors of opinion will be more rigidly detected or more charitably excused. I look back on the period of my residence in Boston with peculiar pleasure. I trust there are individuals there who regard me as a friend, and I know of nothing in the more remote contingencies of life, which I contemplate with greater satisfaction, than the possibility of renewing in this country, with at least some of the number, an intercourse which I found so gratifying in their own."

He also gives a decided negative to the assertion so often repeated by superficial or partial observers in this country, that the Americans are prejudiced against the English.

"It has been often said—indeed said so often as to have passed into a popular aphorism, that a strong prejudice against Englishmen exists in America. Looking back on the whole course of my experience in that country, I now declare, that no assertion more utterly adverse to truth, was ever palmed by prejudice or ignorance, on vulgar credulity. That a prejudice exists, I admit, but instead of being *against* Englishmen, as compared with the natives of other countries, it is a prejudice *in their favour*. The Americans do not weigh the merits of their foreign visitors in an equal balance. They are only too apt to throw their own partialities into the scale of the Englishman, and give it a pre-

ponderance to which the claims of the individual have probably no pretensions."

It is gratifying to hear a fellow-soldier of Wellington speaking in the following terms of the American naval officers.

"The United States' hotel, where I had taken up my abode, was a favourite resort of American naval officers. An opportunity was thus afforded me of forming acquaintance with several, to whom I was indebted for many kind and most obliging attentions. It must be confessed, that these republicans have carried with them their full share of 'Old Albion's spirit of the sea,' for better sailors, in the best and highest acceptation of the term, I do not believe the world can produce. During the course of my tour, I had a good deal of intercourse with the members of this profession; and I must say, that in an officer of the United States' navy, I have uniformly found, not only a well-informed gentleman, but a person on whose kindness and good offices to a stranger I might with confidence rely. They betray nothing of that silly spirit of bluster and bravado, so prevalent among other classes of their countrymen; and even in conversing on the events of the late war, they spoke of their success in a tone of modesty which tended to raise even the high impression I had already received of their gallantry."

These passages, selected at random from a great many others of the same kind with which the work abounds, must sufficiently establish the character of our author for candour and courtesy. But it is not to be imagined from this, that he is a thick-and-thin admirer of the Americans and their institutions; or that he imagines, with the common herd of liberal writers, that every thing is perfect, merely because it is democratic. The following observation on the efficiency of the American navy, and the cause to which it is owing, indicates the justness of his discrimination:—

"Every thing in their navy yards, is conducted with admirable judgment, for the plain reason, as the Americans themselves assure me, that the management of the navy is a department in which the mob, every where else triumphant, never venture to interfere. There is good sense in this abstinence. The principles of government, which are applicable to a civil community, would make sad work in a man-of-war. The moment a sailor is afloat, he must cast the slough of democracy, and both in word and action cease to be a free man. Every ship is necessarily a despotism, and the existence of any thing like a deliberate body, is utterly incompatible with safety. The necessity of blind obedience is imperious, though it is not easy to understand how those accustomed to liberty and equality on shore, can readily submit to the rigours of naval discipline."

Nothing can be more just than this observation. In truth, the exploits of the Americans by sea and land, so far from being any argument in

favour of democratic institutions, are directly the reverse. Their successes at sea, it is well known, and Mr. Hamilton adds his testimony to the fact, having arisen under a system of despotic discipline, far more rigorous than that to which British seamen are subjected, and which utterly excludes all those privileges afloat, to which the nation is so much wedded in its institutions ashore. And as to their exploits by land, they exhibit the most striking instance of the national imbecility, arising from democratic institutions, which is perhaps to be found in the history of the world. General Jomini justly observes, that America affords the most signal instance of the incapacity of a republican government to discharge that first of duties, protection to its subjects; for, with a population then of eight millions, it was unable to prevent its capital from being captured by a British division of 4000 men; a force which any of the minor states in Germany would have beat off with disgrace. It is not where states are really democratic, but where the democracy is coerced and subdued by a committee of public safety, or a Napoleon, that it really forms a powerful state; and the rise of its foreign importance is contemporaneous with the fall of its internal privileges.

We have often had occasion to observe, that the natural tendency of democracy, as of every other unruly passion, when not kept within due bounds, is to increase; and that this augmentation goes on progressively till it induces evils that are intolerable, and bring about a rapid return to the natural order of society. Mr. Hamilton teaches us, that even the universal suffrage of America affords no security against this great evil, and that the progress from bad to worse is going on as rapidly among its sovereign multitude, as in the aristocratic states of modern Europe.

"One fact is confessed by all parties, that the progress of democratic principles from the period of the Revolution has been very great. During my whole residence in the United States, I conversed with no enlightened American, who did not confess, that the constitution now, though the same in letter with that established in 1789, is essentially different in spirit. It was undoubtedly the wish of Washington and Hamilton to counterpoise, as much as circumstances would permit, the rashness of democracy by the caution and wisdom of an aristocracy of intelligence and wealth. There is now no attempt at counterpoise. The weight is all in one scale, and how low, by continued increase of pressure, it is yet to descend, would require a prophet of some sagacity to foretell. I shall state a few circumstances which may illustrate the progress and tendency of opinion among the people of New York.

"In that city a separation is rapidly taking place between the different orders of society. The operative class have already formed themselves into a society, under the name of '*The Workies*', in direct opposition to those who, more favoured by nature or fortune, enjoy the luxuries of life without the necessity of manual

labour. These people make no secret of their demands, which, to do them justice, are few and emphatic. They are published in the newspapers, and may be read on half the walls of New York. Their first postulate is '**EQUAL AND UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.**' It is false, they say, to maintain that there is at present no privileged order, no practical aristocracy, in a country where distinctions of education are permitted.

"There does exist, they argue, an aristocracy of the most odious kind—an aristocracy of knowledge, education, and refinement, which is inconsistent with the true democratic principle of absolute equality. They pledge themselves, therefore, to exert every effort, mental and physical, for the abolition of this flagrant injustice. They proclaim it to the world as a nuisance which must be abated, before the freedom of an American can be something more than a mere empty boast. They solemnly declare that they will not rest satisfied, till every citizen in the United States shall receive the same degree of education, and start fair in the competition for the honours and the offices of the state. As it is of course impossible—and these men know it to be so—to educate the labouring class to the standard of the richer, it is their professed object to reduce the latter to the same mental condition with the former; to prohibit all supererogatory knowledge; to have a maximum of acquirement beyond which it shall be punishable to go.

"But those who limit their views to the mental degradation of their country, are in fact the **MODERATES** of the party. There are others who go still further, and boldly advocate the introduction of an **AGRARIAN LAW**, and a periodical division of property. These unquestionably constitute the *extreme gauche* of the Worky Parliament, but still they only follow out the principles of their less violent neighbours, and eloquently dilate on the justice and propriety of every individual being equally supplied with food and clothing; on the monstrous iniquity of one man riding in his carriage while another walks on foot, and after his drive discussing a bottle of Champagne, while many of his neighbours are shamefully compelled to be content with the pure element. Only equalize property, they say, and neither would drink Champagne or water, but both would have brandy, a consummation worthy of centuries of struggle to attain.

"All this is nonsense undoubtedly, nor do I say that this party, though strong in New York, is yet so numerous or so widely diffused as to create immediate alarm. In the elections, however, for the civic offices of the city, their influence is strongly felt; and there can be no doubt that as population becomes more dense, and the supply of labour shall equal, or exceed the demand for it, the strength of this party must be enormously augmented. Their ranks will always be recruited by the needy, the idle, and the profligate; and like a rolling snow-ball, it will gather strength and volume as it proceeds, until at length it comes down thundering with the force and desolation of an avalanche.

"This event may be distant, but it is not the less certain on that account. It is nothing to

say, that the immense extent of fertile territory yet to be occupied by an unborn population, will delay the day of ruin. It will delay, but it cannot prevent it."

Nothing can be more important than these observations. They show us the point to which we are all driving; the *terminus ad quem* which forms the limit of British civilization. Supposing the wishes of the democratic party to be all gratified—supposing royalty and aristocracy abolished, annual parliaments and universal suffrage established; the funds abolished; the Church property confiscated; still we shall be as far from having established any thing like contentment and satisfaction among the lower orders as ever. Even then the elements of discord, interminable discord, between the higher and lower orders, will remain; the aristocracy of education and manners will become as much the object of jealousy as ever was that of wealth and station; and at last, if every thing else fails, the aristocracy of coats will become the object of hatred, as Savandy tells us it now is in France, to that of waistcoats. If levelling principles finally obtain the ascendant, it can lead to no other result, but the prostration of manners, knowledge, and character; of every thing which gives dignity to private, or usefulness to public life; of the elevation of science to the refinement of art; of all that elevates or adorns the human species! Such is the result in their own favoured land, which the triumphs of republican principles is producing; and such the object which the revolutionists everywhere pursue through such oceans of blood.

But let it not be supposed that even these extreme democratic institutions are destined to preserve the Americans from the dangers of revolution. They are now postponed only, by the facility of acquiring property, and the boundless extent of uncultivated land; but when these resources fail, as fail they must in the progress of time, the pressure will be felt there as well as in Europe, and revolution approach only in a more dangerous form, from the absence of all those classes or institutions in society which might oppose a barrier to its devastation. These truths are put in a very clear view by Mr. Hamilton.

"No man can contemplate the vast internal resources of the United States,—the varied productions of their soil,—the unparalleled extent of river communication,—the inexhaustible stores of coal and iron which are spread even on the surface,—and doubt that the Americans are destined to become a great manufacturing nation. Whenever increase of population shall have reduced the price of labour to a par with that in other countries, these advantages will come into full play; the United States will then meet England on fair terms in every market of the world, and, in many branches of industry at least, will very probably attain an unquestioned superiority. Huge manufacturing cities will spring up in various quarters of the Union, the population will congregate in masses, and all the vices incident to such a condition of society will attain speedy

maturity. Millions of men will depend for subsistence on the demand for a particular manufacture, and yet this demand will of necessity be liable to perpetual fluctuation. When the pendulum vibrates in one direction, there will be an influx of wealth and prosperity; when it vibrates in the other, misery, discontent, and turbulence will spread through the land. A change of fashion, a war, the glut of a foreign market, a thousand unforeseen and inevitable accidents, are liable to produce this, and deprive multitudes of bread, who, but a month before, were enjoying all the comforts of life. Let it be remembered, that in this suffering class will be practically deposited the whole political power of the state; that there can be no military force to maintain civil order, and protect property; and to what quarter, I should be glad to know, is the rich man to look for security, either of person or fortune?

"There will be no occasion, however, for convulsion or violence. The *Worley* convention will only have to choose representatives of their own principles, in order to accomplish a general system of spoliation in the most legal and constitutional manner. It is not even necessary that a majority of the federal legislature should concur in this. It is competent to the government of each state to dispose of the property within their own limits as they think proper; and whenever a *numerical* majority of the people shall be in favour of an Agrarian law, there exists no counteracting influence to prevent, or even to retard its adoption.

"I cannot help believing that the period of trial is somewhat less distant than many of the Americans seem to imagine. If the question be conceded that democracy necessarily leads to anarchy and spoliation, it does not seem that the mere length of road to be travelled is a point of much importance. This, of course, would vary according to the peculiar circumstances of every country in which the experiment might be tried. In England the journey would be performed with railway velocity. In the United States, with the great advantages they possess, it may continue a generation or two longer, but the termination is the same. The doubt regards time, not destination.

"At present the United States are perhaps more safe from revolutionary contention than any other country in the world. But this safety consists in one circumstance alone. *The great majority of the people are possessed of property*; have what is called a stake in the hedge; and are therefore, by interest, opposed to all measures which may tend to its insecurity. It is for such a condition of society that the present constitution was framed; and could this great bulwark of prudent government be rendered as permanent as it is effective, there could be no assignable limit to the prosperity of a people so favoured. But the truth is undeniable, that as population increases, another state of things must necessarily arise, and one unfortunately never dreamt of in the philosophy of American legislators. The majority of the people will then consist of men without property of any kind, subject to the immediate pressure of want, and then will be decided the great strug-

gle between property and numbers; on the one side hunger, rapacity, and physical power; reason, justice, and helplessness on the other. The weapons of this fearful contest are already forged; the hands will soon be born that are to wield them. At all events, let no man appeal to the stability of the American government as being established by experience, till this trial has been overpast. Forty years are no time to test the permanence, or, if I may so speak, the vitality of a constitution, the immediate advantages of which are strongly felt, and the evils latent and comparatively remote.

"After much—I hope impartial and certainly patient—observation, it does appear to me, that universal suffrage is the rock on which American freedom is most likely to suffer shipwreck. The intrinsic evils of the system are very great, and its adoption in the United States was the more monstrous, because a qualification in property is there not only a test of intelligence, but of moral character. The man must either be idle or profligate, or more probably both, who does not, in a country where labour is so highly rewarded, obtain a qualification of some sort. He is evidently unworthy of the right of suffrage, and by every wise legislature will be debarred from its exercise. In densely peopled countries the test of property in reference to moral qualities is fallible,—perhaps too fallible to be relied on with much confidence. In the United States it is *scarring*, or at least the possible exceptions are so few, and must arise from circumstances so peculiar, that it is altogether unnecessary they should find any place in the calculations of a statesman. But American legislators have thought proper to cast away this inestimable advantage. Seeing no immediate danger in the utmost extent of suffrage, they were content to remain blind to the future. They took every precaution that the rights of the poor man should not be encroached on by the rich, but never seem to have contemplated the possibility that the rights of the latter might be violated by the former. American protection, like Irish reciprocity, was all on one side. It was withheld where most needed; it was profusely lavished where there was no risk of danger. They put a sword in the hand of one combatant, and took the shield from the arm of the other."

One of the worst effects of a low suffrage in electors is the immediate effect which it produces in lowering the character and qualification of the representatives, and assimilating the legislature to the vulgar and ignorant mass on which the majority of it depends for its existence. Two years ago, this would have passed for the mere raving of a disappointed Tory: it is now matter of history and universal notoriety. The Reformed Parliament has solved that as well as many other disputed points in political science; and how much lower yet we are destined to fall in this woful career, may be learned from the example of our Transatlantic brethren.

"To an American of talent, there exists no object to stimulate political ambition, save the

higher offices of the federal government, or of the individual States. The latter, indeed, are chiefly valued for the increased facilities they afford for the attainment of the former; but to either, the only passport is popular favour. Acquirements of any sort, therefore, which the great mass of the people do not value, or are incapable of appreciating, are of no practical advantage, for they bring with them neither fame nor more substantial reward. But this is understating the case. Such knowledge, if displayed at all, would not merely be a dead letter in the qualifications of a candidate for political power, it would oppose a decided obstacle to his success. The sovereign people in America are given to somewhat impatient of acquirement, the immediate utility of which they cannot appreciate, but which they cannot appreciate, but which they do feel has imparted something of mental superiority to its possessor. This is particularly the case with regard to literary accomplishment. The cry of the people is for '*equal and universal education*'; and attainments which circumstances have placed beyond their own reach, they would willingly disown in others.

"It is true, indeed, that with regard to mere professional requirements, a different feeling prevails. The people have no objection to a clever surgeon or a learned physician, because they profit by their skill. An ingenious mechanic they respect. There is a fair field for a chemist or engineer. But in regard to literature, they can discover no practical benefit of which it is productive. In their eyes it is a mere appanage of aristocracy, and whatever mental superiority it is felt to confer, is at the expense of the self-esteem of less educated men. I have myself heard in Congress the imputation of scholarship bandied as a reproach; and if the epithet of 'literary gentleman' may be considered as malignant, as it did sometimes appear to be gratuitous, there assuredly existed ample apology for the indignant feeling it appeared to excite. The truth I believe is, that in their political representatives, the people demand just so much knowledge and accomplishment as they conceive to be practically available for the promotion of their own interests. This, in their opinion, is enough. More were but to gild refined gold, and paint the lily, operations which could add nothing to the value of the metal, or the fragrance of the flower."

On the great subject of Parliamentary Reform, then a matter of keen interest in Great Britain, Mr. Hamilton had many and interesting conversations with the most intelligent men of all parties in America. He found but one opinion among them all, whether Federalist or Republican, as the ruinous consequence to which that fatal measure would inevitably lead. Let us hear the opinion of these republicans on the great legislative experiment of the nineteenth century.

"The subject of Parliamentary Reform in all its bearings was very frequently discussed in the society of Boston. It was one on which I had anticipated little difference of opinion among the citizens of a republic. Admitting

among the citizens of a republic. Admitting

prosperity of Britain, and the stability of her constitution, I expected that her judgment would necessarily point to great and immediate changes in a monarchy confessedly not free from abuse. For myself, though considered, I believe, as something of a Radical at home, I had come to the United States prepared to bear the imputation of Toryism among a people whose ideas of liberty were carried so much further than my own.

" In all these anticipations I was mistaken. Strange to say, I found myself quite as much a Radical at Boston, and very nearly as much so in New York, as I had been considered in England. It was soon apparent that the great majority of the more enlightened class in both cities regarded any great and sudden change in the British institutions as pregnant with the most imminent danger. In their eyes the chance of ultimate advantage was utterly insignificant, when weighed against the certainty of immediate peril. ' You at present,' they said, ' enjoy more practical freedom than has ever in the whole experience of mankind been permanently secured to a nation by any institutions. Your government, whatever may be its defects, enjoys at least this inestimable advantage, that the habits of the people are adapted to it. This cannot be the case in regard to any change, however calculated to be ultimately beneficial. The process of moral adaptation is ever slow and precarious, and the experience of the world demonstrates that it is far better that the intelligence of a people should be in advance of their institutions, than that the institutions should precede the advancement of the people. In the former case, however theoretically bad, their laws will be practically modified by the influence of public opinion; in the latter, however good in themselves, they cannot be secure or beneficial in their operation. We speak as men whose opinions have been formed from experience, under a government, popular in the widest sense of the term. As friends, we caution you to beware. We pretend not to judge whether change be necessary. If it be, we trust it will at least be gradual; that your statesmen will approach the work of reform with the full knowledge that every single innovation will occasion the necessity of many. The appetite for change in a people grows with what it feeds on. It is insatiable. Go as far as you will, at some point you must stop, and that point will be short of the wish of a large portion —probably of numerical majority—of your population. By no concession does it appear to us that you can avert the battle that awaits you. You have but the choice whether the great struggle shall be for reform or property.' "

These opinions are well worthy of the most deliberate consideration. Nothing is more certain than that those engaged in a movement of any kind, whether physical or moral, are incapable of judging either of the rapidity of the motion by which they are swept along, or the ultimate tendency of their progress. Nothing, as was admirably observed on a late occasion in the House of Peers, so exactly resembles our present condition, as the decent of a waggon down a smoothed inclined

plane; the bystanders all perceive the velocity of the descent but those on board are not conscious of it till some obstacle or attempt to arrest the motion produces a violent shock, which at once makes them sensible of it. In such circumstances, it is of incalculable importance to see what is thought of our movement by enlightened foreigners, and most of all by those of our own lineage on the other side of the Atlantic, themselves familiar with democratic institutions, and aware, from actual experience, of the tendency of such a system of government. And if this is the opinion of the Americans, even with all the safety-valves, against the evil effects of democracy, which the back settlements, and a boundless demand for labour, afford, what may be expected to ensue in these islands, where no such outlets exist, and a redundant population, invested with supreme political power by the Reform Bill, violently presses against the barriers which old institutions, and a highly artificial system of society, must oppose to their progress?

Hamilton was the only American legislator who was fully aware of the quarter from which dangers was really to be apprehended for his country.

" It may be truly said of him," says our author, " that with every temptation to waver in his political course, the path he followed was a straight one. He was too honest, and too independent, to truckle to a mob, and too proud to veil or modify opinions, which, he must have known, were little calculated to secure popular favour. Hamilton brought to the task of legislation a powerful and perspicacious intellect, and a memory stored with the results of the experience of past ages. He viewed mankind not as a theorist, but as a practical philosopher, and was never deceived by the false and flimsy dogmas of human perfectibility, which dazzled the weaker vision of such men as Jefferson and Madison. In activity of mind, in soundness of judgment, and in the power of comprehensive induction, he unquestionably stood the first man of his age and country. While the apprehensions of other statesmen were directed against the anticipated encroachments of the executive power, Hamilton saw clearly that the true danger menaced from another quarter. He was well aware that democracy, not monarchy, was the rock on which the future destinies of his country were in peril of shipwreck. He was therefore desirous that the new Federal Constitution should be framed as much as possible on the model of that of England, which, beyond all previous experience, had been found to produce the result of secure and rational liberty. It is a false charge on Hamilton, that he contemplated the introduction of monarchy, or of the corruptions which had contributed to impair the value of the British constitution; but he certainly was anxious that a salutary and effective check should be found in the less popular of the legislative bodies, on the occasional rash and hasty impulses of the other. He was favourable to a senate chosen for life; to a federal government sufficiently strong to enforce its decrees in spite of party opposition,

and the conflicting jealousies of the different States; to a representation rather founded on property and intelligence than on mere numbers; and perhaps of the two evils, would have preferred the tyranny of a single dictator, to the more degrading despotism of a mob."

Mr Jefferson is a statesman whose praises are never out of the mouths of the democratic party in both hemispheres. Let us attend to the private character of this uncompromising friend of freedom.

"The moral character of Jefferson was repulsive. Continually piling about liberty, equality, and the degrading curse of slavery, he brought his own children to the hammer, and made money of his debaucheries. Even at his death he did not manumit his numerous offspring, but left them, soul and body, to degradation, and the cart-whip. A daughter of Jefferson was sold some years ago, by public auction, at New Orleans, and purchased by a society of gentlemen, who wished to testify, by her liberation, their admiration of the statesman,

'Who dreamt of freedom in a slave's embrace.'

This single line gives more insight to the character of the man, than whole volumes of panegyric. It will outlive his epitaph, write it who may."

In Europe, the ascending intellect and increasing information of every successive generation, have long been conspicuous; and society has exhibited for three hundred years the animating spectacle of each successive generation being more elevated and refined than that which preceded it. But that is far from being the case in America. There the degrading equalizing tendency of democracy is daily experienced with more deplorable effects; and instead of the lower orders ascending to the intelligence and elegance of the superior, the better order of the citizens are fast descending to the level of the labouring classes. Each successive generation is more coarse, and less enlightened, than that which precedes it: accomplishments and knowledge die out with existing generations, and society exhibits the melancholy spectacle of an incessant deterioration in all the ennobling qualities of the human mind. This is no more than what *a priori* might have been expected, and what we have repeatedly prophesied would speedily come to pass in this country. Human affairs never stand still; they are either advancing or declining: the lower orders are daily assimilating themselves to the higher, or the higher are descending to the level of their inferiors. The class in whom political power practically resides is the one which gives its character either for good or evil to this progress; if that class is above the average of intellectual acquirement, the change is progressive, and society is constantly advancing; if it is below it, the change is ever for the worse, and it as certainly recedes. America, Mr Hamilton tells us, exhibits the painful spectacle of the latter of these alternatives.

"I am well aware," he observes, "it will be urged, that the state of things I have described is merely transient, and that when population shall become more dense, and increased competition shall render commerce and agriculture less lucrative, the pursuits of science and literature will engross their due portion of the national talent. I hope it may be so, but yet it cannot be disguised, that there hitherto has been no visible approximation towards such a condition of society. In the present generation of Americans, I can detect no symptom of improving taste, or increasing elevation of intellect. On the contrary, the fact has been irresistibly forced on my conviction, that they are altogether inferior to those, whose place, in the course of nature, they are soon destined to occupy. Compared with their fathers, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the younger portion of the richer classes to be less liberal, less enlightened, less observant of the proprieties of life, and certainly far less pleasing in manner and deportment.

"In England every new generation starts forward into life with advantages far superior to its predecessor. Each successive crop—if I may so write—of legislators, is marked by increase of knowledge and enlargement of thought. The standard of acquirement necessary to attain distinction in public life, is now confessedly higher than it was thirty years ago. The intellectual currency of the country, instead of being depreciated, has advanced in value, while the issue has been prodigiously enlarged. True, there are no giants in our days, but this may be in part at least accounted for, by a general increase of stature in the people. We have gained at least an inch upon our fathers, and have the gratifying prospect of appearing diminutive when compared with our children.

"But if this be so in America, I confess my observation is at fault. I can discern no prospect of her soon becoming a mental benefactor to the world. Elementary instruction, it is true, has generally kept pace with the rapid progress of population; but while the steps of youth are studiously directed to the base of the mountain of knowledge, no facilities have been provided for scaling its summit. There is at this moment nothing in the United States worthy of the name of a library. Not only is there an entire absence of learning, in the higher sense of the term, but an absolute want of the material from which alone learning can be extracted. At present an American might study every book within the limits of the Union, and still be regarded in many parts of Europe—especially in Germany—as a man comparatively ignorant. And why does a great nation thus voluntarily continue in a state of intellectual destitution so anomalous and humiliating? There are libraries to be sold in Europe. Books might be imported in millions. Is it poverty, or is it ignorance of their value, that withdraws America from the purchase? I should be most happy to believe the former."

Here, then, is the result, the tried result, of the boasted democratic changes which are going forward with such vigour amongst us at this time. A continual decline in intellectual acquirement,

a constant degradation of taste, a ceaseless return of the human mind to that level from which society in modern Europe has so long been elevated. That this is the natural tendency of such changes is sufficiently demonstrated by what we see around us. That the Legislature has been essentially vulgarized since the passing of the Reform Bill is matter of common observation: that the character of intellect, and the average of acquirement in it, is incomparably lower than has been the case with any Parliament since the Revolution, is universally admitted. Whence is this change? Simply because an inferior class, a class to whom the more elevated branches of knowledge are unknown, or by whom they are little valued, has been elevated into political power. Let the same system work for half a century, and where will be the country of Milton and Newton? Without any external shock, without any internal convulsion, if such a thing were within the bounds of possibility under our present system of Government, we shall gradually, but certainly, relapse into a state of vulgarity and barbarism. The French, from the impulse which democracy received by the Revolution of the Barricades, are fast falling back, as all their writers tell us, into this degraded state: and the country of Shakespeare and Bacon, under the influence of the same solvent, is still more rapidly entering into equal moral and intellectual degradation.

On almost every subject of political science, the example of the United States may serve as a beacon to this country. In the condition of the emancipated Negroes in those parts of the Union where slavery has been long abolished by law, may be discerned a prototype of the future condition of the black population in our West India islands, supposing the system of emancipation to act as smoothly as its most ardent supporters could desire.

"On the whole," says Mr. Hamilton. "I cannot help considering it a mistake to suppose that slavery has been abolished in the Northern States of the Union. It is true, indeed, that in these States the power of compulsory labour no longer exists; and that one human being within their limits, can no longer claim property in the thews and sinews of another. But is this all that is implied in the boon of freedom? If the word mean any thing, it must mean the enjoyment of equal rights, and the unfettered exercise in each individual of such powers and faculties as God has given him. In this true meaning of the word, it may be safely asserted, that this poor degraded caste are still slaves. They are subjected to the most grinding and humiliating of all slaveries, that of universal and unconquerable prejudice. The whip, indeed, has been removed from the back of the Negro, but the chains are still on his limbs, and he bears the brand of degradation on his forehead. What is it but mere abuse of language to call him *free*, who is tyrannically deprived of all the motives to exertion which animate other men? The law, in truth, has left him in that most pitiable of all conditions, a *masterless slave*."

The press is the great purifier to which the Movement party all over the world look for the means of regenerating society, and correcting all the evils of the body politic. There is no source of corruption, they tell us, which is not directly accessible to its influence, and liable to be corrected by its exertions. Let us attend to the state of this great regenerating engine in the land where its operations have been most unfeignedly, and its boasted purifying effects may be expected to have been most considerable.

"Every Englishman must be struck with the great inferiority of American newspapers to those of his own country. In order to form a fair estimate of their merits, I read newspapers from all parts of the Union, and found them utterly contemptible in point of talent, and dealing in abuse so virulent, as to excite a feeling of disgust not only with the writers, but with the public which afforded them support. Tried by his standard—and I know not how it can be objected to—the moral feeling of this people must be estimated lower than in any deductions from other circumstances I have ventured to rate it. Public men would appear to be proof against all charges which are not naturally connected with the penitentiary or the gibbet. The war of politics seems not the contest of opinion supported by appeal to enlightened argument, and acknowledged principles, but the squabble of greedy and abusive partisans, appealing to the vilest passions of the populace, and utterly unscrupulous as to their instruments of attack.

"I assert this deliberately, and with a full recollection of the unwarrantable lengths to which political hostility in England is too often carried. Our newspaper and periodical press is bad enough. Its sins against propriety cannot be justified, and ought not to be defended. But its violence is meekness, its liberty restraint, and even its atrocities are virtues, when compared with that system of brutal and ferocious outrage which distinguishes the press in America. In England, even an insinuation against personal honour is intolerable. A hint—a breath—the contemplation even of a possibility of tarnish—such things are sufficient to poison the tranquillity, and, unless met by prompt vindication, to ruin the character of a public man; but in America, it is thought necessary to have recourse to other weapons. The strongest epithets of a ruffian vocabulary are put in requisition. No villainy is too gross or improbable to be attributed to a statesman in this intelligent community. An editor knows the swallow of his readers, and of course deals out nothing which he considers likely to stick in their gullet. He knows the fineness of their moral feelings, and his own interest leads him to keep within the limits of democratic propriety.

"The opponents of a candidate for office are generally not content with denouncing his principles, or deducing from the tenor of his political life grounds for questioning the purity of his motives. They accuse him boldly of burglary or arson, at the very least, of petty larceny. Time, place, and circumstance, are all stated. The candidate for Congress or the Presidency is broadly asserted to have

picked pockets or pocketed silver spoons, or to have been guilty of something equally mean and contemptible. Two instances of this occur at this moment to my memory. In one newspaper, a member of Congress was denounced as having feloniously broken open a scrutoire, and having thence stolen certain bills and bank-notes; another was charged with selling franks at two-pence a-piece, and thus coppering his pocket at the expense of the public.

"The circumstances to which I have alluded admit of easy explanation. Newspapers are so cheap in the United States, that the generality even of the lowest order can afford to purchase them. They therefore depend for support on the most ignorant class of the people. Every thing they contain must be accommodated to the taste and apprehension of men who labour daily for their bread, and are of course indifferent to refinement either of language or reasoning. With such readers, whoever 'peppers the highest is surest to please.' Strong words take place of strong arguments, and every vulgar booby who can call names, and procure a set of types upon credit, may set up as an editor, with a fair prospect of success.

"In England, it is fortunately still different. Newspapers being expensive, the great body of their supporters are to be found among people of comparative wealth and intelligence, though they practically circulate among the poorer classes in abundance sufficient for all purposes of information. The public, whose taste they are obliged to consult, is, therefore, of a higher order; and the consequence of this arrangement is apparent in the vast superiority of talent they display, and in the wider range of knowledge and argument which they bring to bear on all questions of public interest.

"How long this may continue it is impossible to predict, but I trust the Chancellor of the Exchequer will weigh well the consequences, before he ventures to take off, or even materially to diminish, the tax on newspapers. He may rely on it, that, bad as the public press may be, it cannot be improved by an legislative measure. Remove the stamp-duty, and the consequence will inevitably be, that there will be two sets of newspapers, one for the rich and educated, the other for the poor and ignorant. England, like America, will be inundated by productions contemptible in point of talent, but not the less mischievous on that account. The check of enlightened opinion—the only efficient one—on the press will be annihilated. The standard of knowledge and morals will be lowered; and let it above all be remembered, that this tax, if removed, can never after be imposed. *Once abolished, be the consequences what they may, it is abolished for ever.*

"The truth is, that in all controversies of public men, the only tribunal of appeal is the people, in the broadest acceptance of the term. An American statesman must secure the support of a numerical majority of the population, or his schemes of ambition at once fall to the ground. Give him the support of the vulgar, and he may despise the opinion of the enlightened, the honourable, and the high-minded. He can only profess motives palpable to the

gross perceptions of the mean and ignorant. He adapts his language, therefore, not only to their understandings but to their taste; in short, he must stoop to conquer, and having done so, can never resume the proud bearing and unbending attitude of independence."

These observations carry the air of truth upon their very face. The increasing degradation of the press in America is owing to the same cause as the progressive decline of its public men, and general standard of excellence. Both arise from the fatal ascendancy of a single class in society; from the prostration of talent, knowledge, genius, and eloquence, before the coarse habits and coarser tastes of a vulgar but irresistible body of electors. In this way democratic institutions, and a free press, act and react upon each other: the violence of the newspapers addressed to the class with whom such qualities are in an especial manner likely to be popular, corrupts and poisons the great majority of the electors; while universal suffrage, by vesting supreme political power in the lower classes, and rendering their votes decisive of every species of political advancement, contributes in its turn to keep in a perpetual state of debasement the press, the great modeller of public thought. And these are not visionary dangers; that Mr. Hamilton, in giving this vivid picture of the tendency of the press in America, has stated no more than the truth, is proved by the concurring testimony of another witness, to whose evidence the revolutionists at least are not likely to state any exception. "The evils arising from the licentiousness of the press," says President Jefferson, "have been such in America, that they exceed *any thing that could possibly have resulted from its thralldom.* It has become impossible to put any reliance on any thing which comes through such filthy channels."*

The religious institutions of the United States, or rather the absence of any religious institutions, have long been the theme of unmeasured eulogy from the infidel and revolutionary party all over the world. Let us hear Mr. Hamilton's account of the practical working of this system.

In the country differences of religious opinion rend society into shreds and patches, varying in every thing of colour, form, and texture. In a village, the population of which is barely sufficient to fill one church, and support one clergyman, the inhabitants are either forced to want religious ministration altogether, or the followers of different sects must agree on some compromise, by which each yields up some portion of his creed to satisfy the objections of his neighbour. This breeds argument, dispute and bitterness of feeling. The Socinian will not object to an Arian clergyman, but declines having any thing to do with a supporter of the Trinity. The Calvinist will consent to tolerate the doctrine of free agency, if combined with that of absolute and irrespective decrees. The Baptist may give up the assertion of some favourite dogmas, but clings to adult baptism

* Jefferson's Correspondence, iv. 232.

as a *sine qua non*. And thus with other sects. But who is to inculcate such a jumble of discrepant and irreconcilable doctrine? No one can shape his doctrine according to the anomalous and piebald creed prescribed by such a congregation, and the practical result is, that some one sect becomes victorious for a time; jealousies deepen into antipathies, and what is called an *opposition church* probably springs up in the village. Still harmony is not restored. The rival clergymen attack each other from the pulpit; newspapers are enlisted on either side; and religious warfare is waged with the bitterness, if not the learning which has distinguished the controversies of abler polemics.

" There is one advantage of an established church, which only those, perhaps, who have visited the United States can duly appreciate. In England, a large body of highly educated gentlemen annually issue from the Universities to discharge the duties of the clerical office throughout the kingdom. By this means, a certain stability is given to religious opinion; and even those who dissent from the church, are led to judge of their pastors by a higher standard, and to demand a greater amount of qualification than is ever thought of in a country like the United States. This result is undoubtedly of the highest benefit to the community. The light of the established church penetrates to the chapel of the dissenter, and there is a moral check on religious extravagance, the operation of which is not the less efficacious, because it is silent and unperceived by those on whom its influence is exerted.

" Religion is not one of those articles, the supply of which may be left to be regulated by the demand. The necessity for it is precisely greatest when the demand is least; and a government neglects its first and highest duty, which fails to provide for the spiritual as well as temporal wants of its subjects."

There is a regulation of a most absurd nature in the United States, that no man can be a Member of Congress but for the state to which he belongs. The effects of this are to the last degree narrowing and injurious to the legislature. They are thus ably given by our author.

" The regulation, that the members of both Houses should be *resident* in the particular State in which they are elected, I cannot but consider as particularly objectionable. In the first place, it narrows, very unnecessarily, the limits of choice in the electors. In the second, it tends to promote that sectional feeling, that exclusive devotion to the petty interests of some particular district, which is generally inconsistent with the adoption of an enlarged and statesmanlike policy. It places the representative in a state of absolute dependence on his immediate constituents, and prevents all appeal to other bodies of electors, by whom his talents and principles may be more justly appreciated. It prevents a state, in which there happens to be a dearth of talent, from availing itself of the superfluity in another. It contributes also to feed and keep alive those provincial jealousies, which often border so closely on hostility of feeling, and to render more prevalent in the different states that conviction of incompatibility in their various in-

terests which threatens at no distant period to cause a total disruption of the Union.

" In Great Britain, notwithstanding the experience of centuries, no such legislative absurdity ever was contemplated. A man from the Land's End may sit for Caithness or the Orkneys. A burgess of Berwick-upon-Tweed may be elected at Cork or Limerick. In short, member, without once changing his domicile, often sits in different Parliaments, for different places; nor has it ever entered the imagination of any one, that this freedom of choice has been productive either of injury or inconvenience. Its advantages, however, are manifold.

An English member of Parliament is not necessarily dependent on the judgment of his immediate constituents. He advocates the particular policy which appears to him best calculated to promote the interest of his country, and, whatever his opinions may be, he is not afraid to express them emphatically and openly. It is no doubt possible that this may prevent his re-election for some borough or county, but the whole country is open to him; he does not feel himself to be meanly subservient to the inhabitants of one particular district; and his opinions must be strange indeed, if he cannot find some body of constituents with whose notions of policy his own are in accordance.

" But in America all this is different. There no man can be elected except for the particular district in which he chances to reside. If his opinions differ from those which happen to prevail in his own petty circle, he is excluded from public life altogether. There is no alternative, but that of giving up all hope of political distinction, or of speaking and acting in a manner basely subservient to the prejudices and caprices of his constituents. Let a member of Congress attempt to follow a bold, manly, and independent course, and he is instantly sent back into private life, with his feelings injured, and his future chances of success materially diminished by the reputation of public failure."

There is great good sense in these observations. The restricting a Member of Parliament to his own district, necessarily subjects him to a state of bondage to his immediate constituents, from which it is impossible for him to escape by flying to another part of the country. But as America is the great prototype of the future political condition of this empire, so, we fear, in this particular too, we are destined to run headlong into the evils of which their institutions furnish so prominent an example. The Reform Bill has virtually and practically restricted a member to his own locality. It has greatly diminished the number of those who are confined to no particular district, but sit at large for the distant interests of the empire in any borough. Few can now secure a seat but in their own immediate neighbourhood. Insatiable working at the electors, or unqualified submission to their will, is the only passport to re-election. Having before our eyes the manifold evils of this system of local bondage in America, we have voluntarily introduced a constitution which promises to spread thence indefinitely through this country. Such is the wisdom by which the world is governed!

We have frequently had occasion to point out, and in the last Number have particularly enforced, with reference to the financial interests of the British Empire,* the ruinous effects of that vacillation of measures, and attention only to present objects, which is the inherent vice of all democratic governments. As might be expected, the United States exhibit on a still greater scale the evils of the same system.

"The shortness of the period during which any President or any Cabinet, can hope to continue in office, appears a circumstance directly injurious to the national interests. It prevents the adoption of any permanent and far-sighted policy, tending progressively to augment the public wealth and prosperity. One man will not plant, that another may reap the harvest of his labours; he will not patiently lay the foundation of a structure, the plan of which is continually liable to be changed by his successors, and on whom, if completed, the whole honours must ultimately devolve. In short, it is an inherent and monstrous evil, that American statesmen must legislate for the *present*, not for the *future*; that they are forced, by the necessity of their situation, to follow the policy most in accordance with the immediate prejudices of the people, rather than that which is calculated to promote the highest and best interests of the community. Immediate and temporary expediency is, and must be, the moving and efficient impulse of American legislation. The political institutions of the United States are consistent neither with stability of purpose in the legislative, nor vigour in the executive departments. Let us look where we will, all is feeble and vacillating. There is no confidence reposed in public men; no appeal to the higher and more generous motives which influence conduct; no scope for the display of lofty and independent character; no principle from the operation of which we can rationally expect any higher development of the national mind."

Supreme power must in every government, how liberal soever in appearance, rest somewhere. It is curious to observe, where, under the Republican institutions of America, it is really vested. It neither is placed in the Executive, or the Minister of State, but in the different committees of the Legislature, where the public business is really prepared, and the power of wielding the democratic legislative in truth exists. The case was the same in France; the Committee of Public Safety and General Safety, have shadowy resemblances on the other side of the Atlantic.

"When we look somewhat more minutely into the details of this republican government, it is soon perceived that the members of the Cabinet are, in truth, nothing better than superintending clerks in the departments over which they nominally preside. At the commencement of every Congress the practice is to appoint standing committees, who, in fact,

manage the whole business of the executive departments. The process is as follows:—The President, in his message, invites the attention of Congress to such subjects as may appear of national importance. Permanent committees are appointed by both Houses, and to these the consideration of the various interests of the country is referred. Thus, whatever relates to finance falls within the department of the 'committee of ways and means,' while that on foreign affairs assumes cognizance of every thing connected with the external relations of the government. These committees have separate apartments, in which the real business of the country is carried on, and from which the heads of the executive departments are rigidly excluded. The whole power of the government is thus absolutely and literally absorbed by the people, for no bill connected with any branch of public affairs could be brought into Congress with the smallest prospect of success, which had not previously received the initiative approbation of three committees."

We have no doubt, that if the Reform Parliament works smoothly, and does not tear the Government to pieces, the result will be the same in this country. It is impossible that the Reformed Parliament can go on, with the confusion, indecision, stoppage of business, and vacillation, which has distinguished its first session. Order must in the end emerge even from the chaos which the Whigs have created out of its first elements. Committees, representing and organizing the power of the great interests of the State, must ultimately be formed, which will rule the Legislature. They in their turn will fall under the dominion of a few leaders among themselves, and thus, after the chimera of popular government has sunk from its native weakness to the earth, the people will find themselves ruled with despotic sway by a few demagogues, elevated, on their passions, and tinged by their vices. The great interests of the State will be unrepresented and disregarded; popular passion will be the sole engine of political exaltation, and the Press the instrument with which the battle in this strife of ambition will be fought. Of our future destiny in this particular, we may behold the picture shadowed out in the institutions of the United States.

"In America the power of persuasion constitutes the only lever of political advancement. In England, though the field for the exercise of this talent be very great, yet rank, wealth, family connexions, hereditary claims, and a thousand other influences must be taken into account, in reckoning the ordinary elements of successful ambition. How powerful—whether for good or evil I shall not enquire—many of these are, is well known, but none of them exist in the United States. There, rank is unknown; there are no great accumulations of property; and competition for the higher offices of the commonwealth, has long been rather the struggle of men, or more properly, perhaps, of sectional interests, than of principles. The candidates, however, for every situation of emolument, are, beyond all

* Vide Financial Policy of Mr. Pitt and his Successors. August, 1833. VOL. XXXIV. NO. CCXII.

example in this country, numerous; and, as each individual is naturally anxious to establish some trifling point of superiority in reference to his opponents, the consequence is, that political opinion is dissected with a degree of nicety which the most accomplished metaphysician would find it difficult to surpass. But all enter the contest armed with the same weapons, displaying the same banner, appealing to the same umpire, and contending for the same reward. Patronage of every kind is virtually in the hands of the people. They are the fountain of fame and of honour, the ultimate tribunal by which all appeals must be heard and decided.

"In the United States, oral eloquence, and the newspaper press, constitute the only instruments really available in acquiring influence over this many-headed and irresponsible arbiter of merit and measures. There exists, indeed, no other channel through which there is any possibility of attaining political distinction. The influence, and circulation of newspapers is great beyond any thing ever known in Europe. In truth, nine-tenths of the population read nothing else, and are, consequently, mentally inaccessible by any other avenue. Every village, nay, almost every hamlet, has its press, which issues secondhand news, and serves as an arena in which the political gladiators of the neighbourhood may exercise their powers of argument and abuse. The conductors of these journals are generally shrewd but uneducated men, extravagant in praise or censure, clear in their judgment of every thing connected with their own interests, and exceedingly indifferent to all matters which have no discernible relation to their own pockets or privileges.

"The power exercised by this class of writers over the public mind is very great. Books circulate with difficulty in a thinly-peopled country, and are not objects on which the solitary denizen of the forest would be likely to expend any portion of the produce of his labour. But newspapers penetrate to every crevice of the Union. There is no settlement so remote as to be cut off from this channel of intercourse with their fellow-men. It is thus that the clamour of the busy world is heard even in the wilderness, and the most remote invader of distant wilds is kept alive in his solitude to the common ties of brotherhood and country.

"The power of public speaking is practically found in the United States to outweigh every other accomplishment. A convincing proof of this almost uniform preference may be found in the fact, that of the whole federal legislature, *nineteen-twentieths* are lawyers, men professionally accustomed to public speaking. The merchants—the great capitalists of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and the other Atlantic cities, constituting, I fear not to say, the most enlightened body of citizens in the Union—are almost as effectually excluded from political power, by deficiency in oratorical accomplishment, as they could be by express legal enactment."

Nineteen-twentieths of a Legislature composed of lawyers!! Such is the *beau ideal* of republicanism.

Museum—Vol. 23. No. 137.

can legislation; such the euthanasia of the British Constitution prepared for us by the Reform Bill! We are to be ruled by men in great part destitute of property, intelligence, or stake in the State; country attorneys, or members of the "provincial bar;" men whose only recommendation to public life, has been the favour of mobs, as illiterate, prejudiced, and absurd as themselves; who have risen to notice by extravagant eulogies on the wisdom, virtue, and intelligence of their haughty constituents. One-sixth of the Constituent Assembly were provincial lawyers, and their fatal ascendant was long and bitterly felt in France. The Republican institutions of the United States have produced nineteen-twentieths of Congress out of the same class. One only comfort remains. In the progress of democratic change, the speaking men are superseded by the fighting; the Rewbells, Barrases, and Roger Ducoses, by the Napoleons and Cromwells; and the sword thrown into the balance, rights the scale, and restores the lower orders to the situation for which they were destined by Providence, and in which their labours are really useful to society. Such is doubtless the final result prepared for us by the Reform Bill.

One of the worst effects, however, of this enormous preponderance of lawyers, is the prodigious loquacity of the Members of Congress, and the interminable harangues, to the entire exclusion of all useful progress in business, which are daily put forth by its members, not with the slightest view to influence the decision of the Legislature, but solely in order to win the favour, and astound the minds of their admiring constituents. To such a pitch has this risen, that the American Legislature makes a show of getting through business, only by having very little to do; and if they were to be overwhelmed with one-tenth of the weighty matters which await the decision of the British Parliament, the machine of Government would literally stand still, choked up by lawyers' speeches! We can now sympathize with such a state of things; the first session of the Reformed Parliament has shewn us, that it is ere long destined to be our own.

"There is a sectional jealousy," says Mr. Hamilton, "throughout the United States; a restless anxiety in the inhabitants of each district, that their local, and perhaps exclusive interests, however insignificant, should be resolutely obtruded on the attention of the legislature. They consider also that their own consequence is intimately affected by the figure made by their representative in Congress, and would feel it to be a dereliction, on his part, of their just claims, were he to suffer any interesting question to pass without engrossing some portion of the attention of the Assembly."

"Verily, the yoke of such constituents is not easy, nor is their burden light. The public prints must bear frequent record of the loquacity of their representative, or they are not satisfied. The consequence is, that in the American Congress there is more of what may be

called *speaking against time*, than in any other deliberative assembly ever known. Each member is aware that he must either assume a certain prominence, or give up all hope of future re-election, and it is needless to say which alternative is usually preferred. A universal tolerance of long speeches is thus generated, and no attempt is ever made to restrict the range of argument or declamation within the limits even of remote connexion with the subject of debate. One continually reads in the public papers such announcements as the following:—

“ In the House of Representatives, yesterday, Mr. Tompkins occupied the whole day with the continuation of his brilliant speech on the Indian question, and is in possession of the floor to-morrow. He is expected to conclude on Friday, but from the press of other business, it will probably be Tuesday next before Mr. Jefferson X. Bagg will commence his reply, which is expected to occupy the whole remainder of the week.”

“ In fact, an oration of eighteen or twenty hours is no uncommon occurrence in the American Congress. After this vast expenditure of breath, the next step of the orator is to circulate his speech in the form of a closely printed pamphlet of some hundred and fifty pages. A plentiful supply of copies is despatched for the use of his constituents, who swallow the bait; and at the conclusion of the session, the member returns to his native town, where he is lauded, feasted, and toasted, and—what he values, I doubt not, still more—re-elected.”

As might be expected, the style of speaking in this popular assembly is very different. The object of all is not to influence others, or sway public measures, but to dazzle the electors, and benefit themselves.

“ The style of speaking is loose, rambling, and inconclusive; and adherence to the real subject of discussion evidently forms no part, either of the intention of the orator, or the expectation of his audience. A large proportion of the speakers seem to take part in a debate with no other view than that of individual display, and it sometimes happens that the topic immediately pressing on the attention of the assembly, by some strange perversity, is almost the only one on which nothing is said.

“ The truth, I believe, is, that the American Congress have really very little to do. All the multiplied details of local and municipal legislation fall within the province of the State governments, and the regulation of commerce and foreign intercourse practically includes all the important questions which they are called on to decide. Nor are the members generally very anxious so to abbreviate the proceedings of Congress, as to ensure a speedy return to their provinces. They are well paid for every hour lavished on the public business; and being once at Washington, and enjoying the pleasures of its society, few are probably solicitous for the termination of functions which combine the advantage of real emolument, with the opportunities of acquiring distinction in the eyes of their constituents. The farce, there-

fore, by common consent, continues to be played on. Speeches apparently interminable are tolerated, though not listened to; and every manœuvre, by which the discharge of public business can be protracted, is resorted to, with the most perfect success.”

As might be expected from the descendants of the countrymen of Locke and Bacon, it is from no deficiency of talents, but the mere necessity of bending to a jealous, conceited, and ignorant constituency, that this absurd mode of protracting business by irrelevant and interminable speeches has arisen. This distinctly appears from the ability of their State papers, and the very different character of their speeches at the bar.

“ The most distinguished lawyers of the Union practise in the Supreme Court, and I had there an opportunity of hearing many of the more eminent members of Congress. During my stay there was no Jury trial, and the proceedings of the Court consisted chiefly in delivering judgments, and listening to legal arguments from the bar. The tone of the speeches was certainly very different from any thing I had heard in Congress. The lawyers seemed to keep their declamation for the House of Representatives, and in the Supreme Court spoke clearly, logically, and to the point. Indeed, I was more than once astonished to hear men whose speeches in Congress were rambling and desultory in an extreme degree, display, in their forensic addresses, great legal acuteness, and resources of argument and illustration of the first order. In addressing the bench, they seemed to cast the slough of their vicious peculiarities, and spoke, not like schoolboys contending for a prize, but like men of high intellectual powers, solicitous not to dazzle but to convince.”

Under a government such as America, composed of legislators elected by so numerous a constituency, independence of conduct cannot be expected in public men. It is accordingly nowhere to be found.

“ Many evils arise from the circumstance of the Government, both in its executive and legislative branches, being purely elective. The members of the latter, being abjectly dependent on the people, are compelled to adopt both the principles and the policy dictated by their constituents. To attempt to stem the torrent of popular passion and clamour, by a policy at once firm and enlightened, must belong to representatives somewhat more firmly seated than any which are to be found in Congress. Public men in other countries may be the parasites of the people, but in America they are necessarily so. Independence is impossible. They are slaves, and feel themselves to be so. They must act, speak, and vote according to the will of their master. Let these men hide their chains as they will, still they are on their limbs, galling their flesh, and impeding their motions; and it is, perhaps, the worst and most demoralizing result of the detestable system, that every man, ambitious of popular favour,—and in America, who is not so?—is

compelled to adopt a system of reservation. He keeps a set of esoteric dogmas, which may be changed or modified to suit the taste or fashion of the moment. But there are esoteric opinions, very different from any thing to be found in State documents, or speeches in Congress, or 4th of July orations, which embody the convictions of the man, and which are not to be surrendered up at the bidding of a mob."

It has been justly observed of the description of American Manners by Mrs. Trollope, that they refer, for the most part, to the back settlements, and the frontiers of civilization, and cannot be fairly taken as a standard of what is to be found in the higher orders. It appears, however, from Mr. Hamilton, that the inherent vice of democratic institutions poisons society even in the highest grades, where popular influence can find an entrance. The following description of a scene which our author witnessed at the President's levee at Washington, amidst the Members of both Houses, the Foreign Ambassadors, and all that is elevated in the Union, both in point of station and acquirement, is unparalleled, we believe, in the history of the world.

"On the following evening I attended the levee. The apartments were already full before I arrived, and the crowd extended even into the hall. Three—I am not sure that there were not four—large saloons were thrown open on the occasion, and were literally crammed with the most singular and miscellaneous assemblage I had ever seen.

"The numerical majority of the company seemed of the class of tradesmen or farmers, respectable men fresh from the plough or the counter, who, accompanied by their wives and daughters, came forth to greet their President, and enjoy the splendours of the gala. There were the generals and commodores, and public officers of every description, and foreign ministers and members of Congress, and ladies of all ages and degrees of beauty, from the fair and laughing girl of fifteen, to the haggard dowager of seventy. There were majors in broad cloth and corduroys, redolent of gin and tobacco, and majors' ladies in chintz or russet, with huge Paris ear-rings, and tawny necks, profusely decorated with beads of coloured glass. There were tailors from the board, and judges from the bench; lawyers who opened their mouths at one bar, and the tapster who closed them at another;—in short, every trade, craft, calling, and profession appeared to have sent its delegates to this extraordinary convention.

"For myself, I had seen too much of the United States to expect any thing very different, and certainly anticipated that the mixture would contain all the ingredients I have ventured to describe. Yet, after all, I was taken by surprise. There were present at this levee, men begrimed with all the sweat and filth accumulated in their day's—perhaps their week's—labour. There were sooty artificers, evidently fresh from the forge or the workshop; and one individual, I remember, either a miller or a baker—who, wherever he passed, left marks of contact on the garments of the

company. The most prominent group, however, in the assemblage, was a party of Irish labourers, employed on some neighbouring canal, who had evidently been apt scholars in the doctrine of liberty and equality, and were determined, on the present occasion, to assert the full privileges of 'the great unwashed.' I remarked these men pushed aside the more respectable portion of the company with a certain jocular audacity, which put one in mind of the humours of Donnybrook.

"During the time I was engaged at the levee, my servant remained in the hall through which lay the entrance to the apartments occupied by the company, and on the day following he gave me a few details of a scene somewhat extraordinary, but sufficiently characteristic to merit record. It appeared that the refreshments intended for the company, consisting of punch and lemonade, were brought by the servants, with the intention of reaching the interior saloon. No sooner, however, were these ministers of Bacchus descended to be approaching by a portion of the company, than a rush was made from within, the whole contents of the trays were seized in *transitus*, by a sort of *coup-de-main*; and the bearers having thus rapidly achieved the distribution of their refreshments, had nothing for it but to return for a fresh supply. This was brought, and quite as compendiously despatched, and it at length became apparent, that without resorting to some extraordinary measures, it would be impossible to accomplish the intended voyage, and the more respectable portion of the company would be suffered to depart with dry palates, and in utter ignorance of the extent of the hospitality to which they were indebted."

"The man who would study the contradictions of individual and national character, and learn by how wide an interval profession may be divided from performance, should come to Washington. He will read there a new page in the volume of human nature; he will observe how compatible is the extreme of physical liberty, with bondage of the understanding; he will hear the words of freedom, and he will see the practice of slavery. Men who sell their fellow-creatures will discourse to him of indefeasible rights; the legislators, who truckle to a mob, will stun him with profession of independence; he will be taught the affinity between the democrat and the tyrant; he will look for charters, and find manacles; expect liberality, and be met by bigotry and prejudice;—in short, he will probably return home a wiser, if not a better man; more patient of inevitable evils,—more grateful for the blessings he enjoys,—better satisfied with his own country and government,—and less disposed to sacrifice the present good for a contingent better.

We must now, however, reluctantly conclude these extracts. If we were to transcribe every passage in this admirable work, which is both valuable in itself, and in an especial manner applicable to the present political state of this country, we should occupy more than the whole of the present Number. Mr. Hamilton's discernment is of a very high order—his descriptions

graphic and powerful—his reflections sound and sagacious—his principles pure and elevated. He neither views America with the jaundiced eye of a bigoted Tory, nor the frantic partiality of an enthusiastic democrat. He appreciates things as they really are—nothing extenuating, setting down nought in malice. His work is not open to the imputation of being “a picture only of the back settlements—of steam-boat society, or stage-coach conversation.” He has mingled with Americans of every grade and degree, from the most elevated members of Congress, to the humblest slaves in the Southern States; from General Jackson, and Mr. Livingstone, and Mr. Webster, to the poor negroes, to whom the free Americans would deem it contamination to address a word of kindness, or a feeling of pity. He gives full credit to the many good and eminent men whom the country contains, and exposes the tendency of the institutions, on account of which their country is so much the object of eulogy to the Revolutionary Party all over the world.

This paper, it will be seen, is the first of a series which will regularly appear, on the United States. The series will be written by different hands, but by heads and hearts holding generally the same opinions, and inspired with the same sentiments, respecting the character and conditions of the people of the New World. Nor shall we omit full and fitting mention of the beautiful and majestic scenery of that fair and mighty continent, of which no American writer but Cooper has drawn any distinctive pictures, or written with a truly national spirit. Washington Irving and Bryant, men of taste, feeling, and genius though they be, being to our mind unaccountably tame in their landscape-painting, and, from their study of our descriptive poetry, rather than of their own country's nature, European rather than American. There are in Mr. Hamilton's volumes—see, for example, his descriptions of the scenery of the Mississippi and the falls of Niagara—pictures far superior, in vividness, originality, and truth, to the best of theirs—and, indeed, throughout his work, whenever he touches on external nature, we recognise the vigorous and graphic powers of the author of *Cyril Thornton*. The agriculture of America, too, must be described in detail and at large, and her magnificent inland navigation—natural and artificial—her sea-like rivers, and, though somewhat shallow, her long lines of canals—her commerce—and her navy, mercantile and for war. We have collected materials for many articles; they are now undergoing the necessary processes, and assuming shape before our complacent eyes. But our chief attention, in the midst of all those inquiries, must constantly be kept on the American mind; and what are manners but the outward and visible signs of character? Not trifles they; but rightly understood, and to be so they must be fairly and philosophically studied, they are keys that unlock the secret recesses of a people's heart. In discussing their manners, we shall have likewise to discuss our own; and, perhaps,

many unsuspected or at least unadmitted truths—not very palatable to our national pride—which is great and blind—may rise up against us while we are endeavouring to see into the mental constitution of our brethren beyond the Atlantic. To hear some people speak, you might think there was no coarseness, no rudeness, no vulgarity, no boorishness, no brutality in Great Britain—that our middle ranks were all illustrious for politeness, amenity, and “sweet civility,” sacrificing self at all times for sake of others' feelings—that good-breeding was a flower indigenous to our highly cultivated soil of social life—while even the man in the moon might look down with horror on the manners of the Americans!

For our own parts, we are disposed to rate the American character very high indeed, and for a reason of more general application than the testimony of any traveller, however trustworthy or able. When we contemplate their *institutions*, even with all the advantages of the back settlements, and a boundless demand for labour, to draw off their ardent spirits, it is with astonishment that we find them such as their bitterest enemy has alleged them to be. That is the real test of the admirable national character which they have received from their British descent, and the wisdom, moderation, and good sense which have descended to them through English veins from the woods of Germany. Certain it is, that neither France, with its military glories and chivalrous spirit, nor England, with its centuries of freedom and representative government, could withstand the influence of the universal suffrage and republican government of the United States. We can appreciate the stability of character which they must possess, from the deplorable effects which an approximation to their institutions has produced in this country.

One thing is perfectly clear, that the tendency of American institutions can never be sufficiently the subject of study to our people, because it is to a similar government that we are evidently tending. The current sets in strong and steady from the Transatlantic shores, and the old bulwarks of England are fast giving way before its fury. What the ultimate result of the present changes will be, no man can with certainty predict; but it will, to all appearance, either be the horrors of the French Convention, or the degradation of the American Congress. We must either go through the Reign of Terror, or sink into the slough of democratic rule. We shall either become beasts of prey, or beasts of burden. The longed-for euthanasia of the British Constitution—the fondest hope of patriotism, is now limited to the hope, that we step at once, and without blood, into the servitude, the degradation, and slavery of the delegates of Congress. Such is the destiny of the country of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Chatham, of Nelson and Wellington. The authors of the Reform Bill require no other epitaph; future ages, when contrasting New with Old England, will duly judge their conduct: *Si monumentum queris, circumspice.*

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From Fraser's Magazine.

HELLS IN LONDON.

PROBABLY all men latently are thorough gamblers, and that the passion is inherent in every human being, circumstances either putting it into action or occasioning it to lie dormant; the larger portion of mankind take off its edge by embarking in pursuits partaking of adventure and pecuniary risk, while others, rife with desperation, rush at once to ruin, or snatch the fortunes of others by wholesale risk and chicanery. It is worthy of remark, that it matters not however late in life a man is initiated into this vice, let him once taste of the cup of success at a gambling-table, there is no cure for the disease but poverty: so long as money can be obtained, and tables are allowed to be open, play he will. And but too frequently when his funds are exhausted, crime is called in to aid the wretched enthusiast in raising means to associate with the outcasts of even those who have robbed him of his all; or he changes sides, and commences himself to be sharp and black-leg, which comprises every epithet that is disgraceful to the character of a gentleman and an honest man. "On commence par être dupe, on finit par être fripon, dans le grand jeu de la vie humaine."

"Such is the equal progress of deceit.
The early dupe oft closes in the cheat."

It may with truth be affirmed, that gaming is the source whence spring all the race of cheats, swindlers, and sharpers, with which this metropolis is annoyed, and that the whole body of them is but an exudation of gambling houses; a fact which is of itself sufficiently striking to stimulate the legislature to adopt some more efficient measures for their annihilation.

The officers of justice are regularly kept in the pay of the proprietors of gaming-houses, or hells, through whom timely notice is always given of any information laid against the establishment, and the intended attack guarded against. If this be doubted, the same can be attested on oath, and otherwise proved beyond disputatious. The expenses of some of the gaming-houses in London during the season (seven months) exceed 10,000*l.*; what, then, must be the gains to support this advance and profusion of property? Elegant houses are superbly fitted up; the most delicate viands and the choicest wines, with every other luxury, are provided to lure and detain those for whom the proprietors' nets are spread. It is almost an impossibility to convict these wicked men under the present law; their enormous wealth is applied to the corruption of evidence, always unwilling, because the witnesses expose their own habits and culpability in attending these nefarious dens of infamy. The sleeping partners are ever ready to advance money to oppose prosecutions, and often come forward to give evidence in opposition to the witnesses, and to blacken the character of those who offer their testimony: then there is always money to support those who may chance once in ten years to be convicted. Many practising attorneys, too, are connected with these establishments, who threaten prosecutions for conspiracies; and not unfrequently fictitious debts are sworn to, and arrests for large amounts made, to keep witnesses from appearing at court on the day of trial. One professional man in the parish of St. Anne has to my knowledge, supported himself for thirty-five years by lending himself in this way to the middling rate of gambling-houses at the west end of the town: his method is either to suborn or intimidate the parties, by threatening to indict them for perjury, or otherwise persecute them to utter destruction.

When it is considered, that those who are competent to give evidence calculated to produce convictions, well know the characters with whom

they have to contend, and the phalanx of scoundrels there is always arrayed against them, it is not to be wondered at that they should be deterred from coming forward at the last moment, when even their persons are not free from danger, particularly as all minacious tricks are backed with a bribe; thus bringing fear and interest to bear against their antagonists. As every one who comes forward to give evidence against a gambling-house must himself have been a participant in the offence of play, no man who has been the cause of a conviction ever yet escaped ruin; no matter the motive which influenced him, whether it be remorse, disgust, pique, or public good, the conspiracy against him will be so powerful and ramified, through the leading men's numerous emissaries and dependents, that his future course in life will be sure to be tracked, and his character blasted in every neighbourhood where he may take up his abode. In one instance, a young man who had laid an information against a house, although no conviction followed, was hunted out of no fewer than eight situations; the clique of gamblers he had made his enemies contrived to find out in whose employ he was engaged, and then daily assailed his master with anonymous letters, defaming the young man's character to such a degree that few could well retain him in their service; especially as the fact of having himself gambled at a public table could never be got rid of.

When all other means of deterring a witness are exhausted, personal threats are used by ruffians, who are employed to cross him in whatever public company he may join, seeking every occasion to insult and quarrel with him, until he is intimidated; and all other would-be witnesses, through fear of a similar persecution, are prevented from offering any obstruction to their establishments.

By these confederacies, backed as they are with enormous capitals, notwithstanding the existing laws, houses have been kept open for the indiscriminate mixture of all grades, from the well-bred gentleman, the finished sharper, the raw and inexperienced flat, to the lowest description of pick-pockets and other wretches of public nuisance; and where all the evils the acts of parliament were intended to annihilate, have for years past been in full activity. But at no period of our history have misery, distress, and crime, been so conspicuous, and as cause so manifestly and decidedly traced to the gambling habits of the community, as in the present day.

On an average during the last twenty years, about thirty hells have been regularly open in London for the accommodation of the lowest and most vile set of hazard players. The game of hazard is the principal one played at the lowest houses, and is, like the characters who play it, the most desperate and ruinous of all games. The wretched men who follow this play are partial to it, because it gives a chance, from a run of good luck, to become possessed speedily of all the money on the table: no man who plays hazard ever despairs of making his fortune at some time. Such is the nature of this destructive game, that I can now point out several men, whom you see daily, who before in rags and wretchedness on Monday, and, before the termination of the week, they ride in a newly-purchased Stanhope of their own, having several thousands of pounds in their possession. The few instances of such successes which unfortunately occur are generally well known, and consequently encourage the hopes of others who nightly attend these places, sacrificing all considerations of life to the carrying (if it be only a few shillings) their all every twenty-four hours to stake in this great lottery, under the delusive hope of catching Dame Fortune at some time in a merry mood. Thousands annually fall, in health, fame, and fortune, by this maddening infatuation, whilst not one in a

thousand finds an oasis in the desert. The inferior houses of play are always situated in obscure courts, or other places of retirement, and most frequently are kept shut up during the day, as well as at night, as if unoccupied, or some appearance of trade is carried on as blind : a back room is selected for all operations, if one can be procured sufficiently capacious for the accommodation of forty or fifty persons at one time. In the centre of the room is fixed a substantial circular table, immovable to any power of pressure against it by the company who go to play; a circle of laid white hollywood is formed in the middle of the table, of about four feet diameter, and a lamp is suspended immediately over this ring. A man, designated the groom-porter, is mounted on a stool, with a stick in his hand, having a transverse piece of wood affixed at its end, which is used by him to rake in the dice, after having been thrown out of the box by the caster (the person who throws the dice). The avowed profits of keeping a table of this kind is the receipt of a piece for each *box-hand*,—that is, when a player wins three times successively, he pays a certain sum to the table; and there is an aperture in the table made to receive these contributions. At the minor establishments, the price of a *box-hand* varies from one shilling to half-a-crown, according to the terms on which the house is known to have been originally opened. If there is much play, these payments produce ample profits to the keeper of the house; but their remuneration for running the risk of keeping an unlawful table of play is plunder. At all these houses, as at the higher ones, there is always a set of men who are dependents on the keepers of the house, who hang about the table like sharks for prey, waiting for those who stay late, or are inebriated, and come in towards morning to play, when there are but few lookers on; unfair means are then resorted to with impunity, and all share the plunder. About eleven o'clock, when all honest and regular persons are preparing for rest, the play commences, the adventurers being seated around the table: one takes the box and dice, putting what he is disposed to play for into the ring marked on the table; as soon as it is covered with a like sum, or set, as it is termed, by another person, the player calls a main, and at the same moment throws the dice; if the number called comes up, the caster wins, but if any other main comes uppermost on the dice, the thrower takes that chance for his own, and his adversary has the one he called: the throwing then continues, during which bets are made by others on the event until it is decided. If the caster throws deuce, ace, or aces, when he first calls a main, it is said to be crabb'd, and he loses; but if he throws the number named he is said to have nicked it, and thereby wins. Also, if he should call six or eight, and throws the double sixes, he wins; or if seven be the number called, and eleven is thrown, it is a nick, because those chances are nicks to these mains; which regulation is necessary to the equalization of all the chances at this game when calling a main. The odds against any number being thrown against another, varies from two to one to six to five, and consequently keeps all the table engaged in betting. All bets are staked, and the noise occasioned by proposing and accepting wagers is most uproarious and deafening among the low players, each having one eye on the black spots marked on the dice, as they land from the box, and the other on the stakes ready to snatch it if successful. To prevent the noise being heard in the streets, shutters closely fitted to the window frames are affixed, which are padded, and covered with green baize; there is also invariably an inner door placed in the passage, having an aperture in it, through which all who enter the door from the street may be viewed: this precaution answers two purposes, it

deadens the sound of the noisy voices at the table and prevents surprise by the officers of justice. The generality of the minor gambling-houses are kept by prize-fighters, and other desperate characters, who bully and hector the more timid out of their money, by deciding that bets have been lost when in fact they have been won. Bread, cheese, and beer is supplied to the players, and a glass of gin is handed, when called for, gratis. To these places thief resort, and such other loose characters as are lost to every feeling of honesty and shame; a table of this nature in full operation is a terrific sight; all the bad passions appertaining to the vicious propensities of mankind are portrayed on the countenances of the players. An assembly of the most horrible demons could not exhibit a more appalling effect; recklessness and desperation overshadow every noble trait which should enlighten the countenance of a human being. Many, in their desperation, strip themselves on the spot of their clothes, either to stake against money, or to pledge to the table-keeper for a trifle to renew their play; and many instances occur of men going home half naked, after having lost their all. They assemble in parties of from forty to fifty persons, who probably bring on an average each night from one to twenty shillings to play with. As the money is lost the players depart, if they cannot borrow or beg more; and this goes on sometimes in the winter season for fourteen or sixteen hours in succession, so that from 100 to 140 persons may be calculated to visit one gambling-table in the course of a night; and it not unfrequently happens that, ultimately, all the money brought to the table gets into the hands of one or two of the most fortunate adventurers, save that which is paid to the table for box hands; whilst the losers separate only to devise plans by which a few more shillings may be procured for the next night's play. Every man so engaged is destined either to become by success a more finished and mischievous gambler, or to appear at the bar of the Old Bailey, where, indeed most of them may be said to have figured already. The successful players by degrees improve their external appearance, and obtain admittance into houses of higher play, where 2s. 6d. or 3s. 4d. is demanded for the box hands; at these places silver counters are used, representing the aliquot parts of a pound; these are called pieces, one of which is a box hand. If success attends them in the first step of advancement, they next become initiated into crown houses, and associate with gamblers of respectable exterior; where, if they show talents, they either become confederates in forming schemes of plunder, and in aiding establishments to carry on their concerns in defiance of the law, or fall back to their old station of playing *chicken-hazard*, as the small play is designated.

Capital offence results from this horrible system. The brother of a celebrated gambler now on the town (F. O.) was some years since executed at the Old Bailey, for the violation of the person of a young girl, in the neighbourhood of Brompton, at six o'clock in the morning, after having been at play the whole night. Previous to his execution, he declared that the act was involuntary and irresistible; arising, without doubt, from the spasmodic condition of the nervous system, brought on by the superexcitement of many hours anxiety of the mind over the gambling-table. But this is not a solitary case; they are of frequent occurrence: I have cited it because the severest penalty of the law followed the offence, and the culprit, from education, was capable of clearly defining the causes which led to the commission of the crime. Moreover, many who have suffered for midnight robbery and violence, have been known to have left a gambling-table a short time previously to the perpetration of the offence. In most cases of desperate and unpremedi-

tated murder, I should strongly suspect that the parties who committed the deed were labouring under a nervous paroxysm, brought on by gaming amidst noise and riot.

The half-crown or third rate houses, are not less mischievous than the lowest ones. These houses are chiefly opened at the west end of the town, but there are some few at the east. In the parish of St. James's, I have counted seven, eight and nine in one street, which were open both day and night. One house in Oxendon street, Coventry street, had an uninterrupted run of sixteen or seventeen years; thousands have been ruined there; while every proprietor amassed a large fortune. The man who first opened the house (G. S.) has resided at Kentish Town for years past, in ease and affluence, keeping his servants and horses, although he rose from the lowest of the low. Several others who followed him have had equal success. The watchmen and Bow street officers were kept in regular pay, and the law openly and expressly set at defiance; cards being handed about, on which were written these words, "Note, the house is insured against all legal interruptions, and the players are guaranteed to be as free from officious interruption as they are at their own homes." (A literal copy.) At another of these middle houses, known by the numerals 77, the proprietor (a broken-down Irish publican, formerly residing in the parish of St. Anne's) accumulated in two years so much money that he became a large builder of houses and assembly-rooms at Cheltenham, where he was at one time considered the most important man of the place, although he continued his calling to the day of his death. Alas! D. J. K., hast thou remained on earth thou wouldst ere this have been honoured with the title of grand master of all the blarney clubs throughout the united kingdom. Many a coroner hast thou found employ, and many a guinea hast thou brought into their purses, and many a family has thou cast into the depth of sorrow! "So runs the world, Bates. Fools are the natural prey of knaves; nature designed them so, when she made lambs for wolves. The laws that fear and policy have framed, nature disclaims; she knows but two, and those are force and cunning. The nobler law is force; but then there's danger in't: while cunning, like a skilful miner, works safely and unseen." The subject of these remarks was not only subtle, wily, and in some measure fascinating, but most athletic and active in person. He was part proprietor of No. — Pall Mall, for many years, where he would himself play for heavy stakes. And it was a favouritefeat of his to go into St. James's Square, after having been up all the night, to jump over the iron railing, and back again from the inclosure to the paved way.

The average number of these third-rate houses in London open for play, may be calculated at about twenty-five. If there were not a constant influx of tyro gamblers, this number would not be supported. Their agents stroll about the town, visiting public-house parlours, and houses where cribbage-players resort, whist clubs, also billiard and bagatelle tables; experience having taught them, that the man who plays at one game, if the opportunity be afforded him, is ever ready to plunge deeply into the vice of gambling on a large scale. Junior clerks, and the upper class of gentlemen's servants, are the men whom they chiefly attack. It is an extraordinary and incontrovertible fact, that no set of men are more open to seduction than the servants of the nobility and the menials of club-houses; an instance of which occurred a few months since, in the case of a servant of the Atheneum Club, who was inveigled into a house in the Quadrant, where he lost, in two or three days, a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. Colquhoun, writing on this subject, said, thirty-three years ago, that "a spirit of gambling was

rendered more ardent than prevails in vulgar life, from the example of their superiors, and from their idle and dissipated habits. These servants enter keenly into the lottery business; and when ill luck attends them, it is but too well known that many are led, step by step, to that point where they lose sight of all moral principle. Impelled by a desire to recover what they have lost, they are induced to raise money for that purpose, by selling or pawning the property of their masters, wherever it can be pilfered in a little way without detection; till at length this species of speculation, by being rendered familiar to their minds, generally terminates in more atrocious crimes. Under a supposition that one hundred thousand families in the metropolis keep two servants on an average, and that one servant with another insures only to the extent of twenty-five shillings each in the English, and the same in the Irish lottery, the aggregate of the whole will amount to *half a million sterling*. Astonishing as this may appear at first view, it is believed that those who will minutely examine into the lottery transactions of servants will find the calculation by no means exaggerated." Page 154.

The abolition of the lotteries, however, has not lessened the evil: they resort now to gambling-houses, where the sum annually played for by the servants of the present day may reasonably be laid at *one million and a half sterling*. At most of the middle class of gambling-houses, play is going on from three o'clock P. M., to five or six o'clock A. M. In the afternoon, from three to seven, it is called morning play, being generally *rouge et noir* or *roulette*. The latter is a kind of E O and *rouge et noir* blended, there being both numbers and colours on which money may be staked. The board is whirled round on a pivot, and an ivory ball set in motion the reverse way on it. During its revolution, the bets or stakes are placed on numbers and colours, on a circular but fixed exterior frame corresponding in marks to the one in motion. After it subsides, and the ball has fallen into one of the compartments of the table, the bets which are lost are drawn into the bank, and the winners paid. If the ball falls into zero (0), then all the money on the table is forfeited, excepting that which was laid on colours only, when but half is exacted, the same as at the game of *rouge et noir*, explained beneath. In the evening, play commences again at ten or eleven o'clock, either with *French hazard* or *rouge et noir*. The former is the same as English hazard, only that the proprietors, or the bank, as it is called, take all the bets offered on themselves, paying and receiving as the caster throws in and out, and so with all the bets at the table on every event; the odds being established, and understood by all the players, viz: two to one against the four and ten being thrown before the seven; three to two against the five and nine being thrown before the seven; six to five against the six or eight being thrown before the seven; four to three against the four and ten being thrown before the five and nine; and, lastly, five to three against the ten and four being thrown before the eight and six. These are the regular odds as regards the mains, and the chances as opposed to each other, and the four and ten: but there are various other ways of making bets, and diversifying the pleasures of the game.

Rouge et noir is a game played with cards. Several packs are shuffled together by the players, who are sitting around a capacious oblong table; these are placed slopingly against a marble support, before the dealer; the croupie then hands some one coloured card, with which the whole are divided into two portions: this is called a cut. The cards are then shifted agreeably to the cut, and the game commences, the dealer taking up a number of cards in his hand, looking at the bottom one and declaring

its colour, at the same time calling out, "Make your game, gentlemen!" The table around which the players are arranged is covered with a woollen cloth, divided into four compartments, two of which are red and two black, at opposite angles, so contrived for the convenience of the players, who have each colour within their reach on which their money is to be staked. The extent of the amount each individual may venture on every event is declared by the bank, above which they will not be answerable to pay, unless special permission be obtained before the money is put down. The dealer now lays out the cards, counting their numbers as he places them in a row before him, reckoning the pips of all, and the court cards as tens, until they amount to the precise number of thirty-one, or some number above it. This number he declares aloud, which is for the black; another row is then dealt out in the same manner for the red; and the nearest to thirty-one wins. The money on the losing colour is forthwith raked into the bank by the croupie and dealer, after which the winners are paid. If both colours amount to the exact number of thirty-one, the dealer calls out *trente-et-un apres*, one half of the money on the table being forfeited to the bank. This advantage is the avowed compensation for the expenses and risk of keeping the house. At this game, as at all others publicly played, unfairness, and the opportunity afforded of cheating those who go to venture their money, is the main inducement with the parties for opening the house. When novices, drunkards, or silly young men having money, play in careless confidence, there are always swindling confederates at hand to assist in an unfair game, and to lull suspicion by playing themselves, and apparently losing their own money, and affecting to curse the fickle jade Fortune, at the same time they are making a purse for themselves. Supper with wines and spirits, are supplied at these houses, without, however, much regard to any style; but many have regular set days on which dinners are given, where the viands, &c. are served up in a comfortable and respectable style.

In gaming, as in other pursuits, there are enthusiasts, who have projected schemes by which every man may make sure of winning. Many of these ingenious and superenlightened men have sacrificed their fortune, fame, health, and, worse than all, their peace of mind, to their favourite theory, and yet maintain that their system is founded on infallible principles of certain gain. One man, nicknamed "calculating King," who spent his whole life at play, in his latter days went about the town, visiting what are termed the sporting taverns and public-houses, teaching the art of bank-breaking, although he himself was so poor as to be unable to cover his own nakedness. The infatuation of his pupils can only be explained, by supposing dame Fortune to possess the knack, herself being blind, of rendering all her votaries so. At the game of *rouge et noir*, cards and prickers are provided, for each player to prick down the result of every deal, and, under his own system, shape his play accordingly; some follow runs, others oppose them, and many are advocates for alternate play—that is, risking their money first on the red and next on the black colour; or they suppose the oscillations of fortune to go in pairs, or leashes, and back a colour twice or three times successively; others, again, are for equal stakes being played on each event; whilst many put down a sum on a colour, and let it remain, if it should win for so many events, to double itself each time; while more desperate players are for doubling their stakes, on a peculiar system of their own, and occasionally come off considerable gainers. Calculations of games of chance appear to have been invented for the sole purpose of flattering the hopes, and deluding those who play at them; for the most improba-

ble chances will sometimes have a run for the whole night, and irretrievably ruin, in a few hours, those who oppose them. The frequent recurrence of the odds of two to one being beaten for hours together, ought to convince all men capable of reflection of the futility of the regular calculated odds at any game protecting players from ruin. If, however, the chances did come in the long run as calculated, will not those *vortices, apres, box-hands, and zeros*, in time swallow up all the money which can be brought to the tables? For example, suppose at *rouge et noir* that there are only two *apres* in one deal, and that each deal occupies, on an average, a space of time equal to thirty minutes, (perhaps only twenty minutes,) now, if we take a moderate house of play, ten pounds is the least sum which can be supposed to be on the table on the coming off on each event through the deal. This calculation is much beneath the truth, but brings twenty pounds per hour during play to the house, which is generally about fifteen hours, making in every twenty-four a gain of three hundred pounds. Let it be remembered, that this is but a chandler's shop mode of calculation, as compared to the great world of play. If we go a step higher, we shall find one hundred on an average the sum down on each event, and consequently double that amount per hour gained, if my premises be correct of two *apres* occurring in the space of time named. But it must be considered, that at the great houses the hours of play and the seasons are much more circumscribed than at the minor ones, where play is going on throughout the year during the greater part of the day and night.

Let us suppose, however, that at a great house there is only play for five months in the year, or one hundred and fifty days, and that for only six hours out of the twenty-four, here is a gain of £1200 per annum, or £180,000 per annum. Now let the *amateur sporting quid-nuncus* reflect on this, and cease to wonder how it is, that, within the last two years and a half, B²d at the A*****m in St. James's street, and his partners, have realised immense fortunes, raising themselves from poverty to aristocratical affluence, through aristocratical weaknesses. Some without doubt will be sceptical, and question the truth of this statement. To such I say, that it possesses only one property of error, viz: that being aware the novices in gambling will be incredulous, and have not stomachs for the digestion of these astounding facts, I have only given them one moiety of the integer. Bear in mind, that men who were a few little months since patrolling the streets to seek a friend of whom they might beg a dinner, are open this day to have your thousands staked, every five minutes successively, against their bank. How, it may be asked, could this be done, and the vicissitudes of the game triumphantly combatted night after night, (not to mention the trifling sum of £15,000 or £20,000 per annum, expended in sustaining the establishment,) unless advantages greater than this paper states were secured to them? Besides, many of the swell houses have six or seven partners to share the profits, the individuals of which keep their own private domestic establishments, in a style equal to any man of fortune, and make considerable *bona fide* bets on horse-racing, by which they sustain oftentimes very heavy annual losses. Moreover, the turn of luck will frequently set in against the bank, when they are liable to run out to £80,000 or £100,000 loss, but the *apres* is calculated to bear them through all these enormous outgoings. The keepers of all gambling-tables, aware that young men having money, and with it a propensity for gaming, are fond of adopting some peculiar mode of play, or theoretical calculation of their own, engage and set on their creatures, who are ever kept in pay for the purpose, to pander to and cultivate the delusive

doctrine of sure gain under their system, if well followed up. The men generally selected for this purpose are persons of a high-bred appearance, half gentleman and half bully, possessing without some properties of racy humour, to engage attention, and please for a time in companionship—only add the qualities of swindling, and pickpocketing, restrained not by principle but by prudence, and here we have a perfect black-leg.

Hazard, every third main thrown in succession, pays a piece to the table of the value equal to those used at the table as counters, which of course varies according to the rate of the house, and the sum of money played for. Suppose there be play only for eight hours out of the twenty-four, at the lowest calculation, a box-hand will be thrown every five minutes, producing, at a crown-house, £3 per hour, or £24 every night, and £8760 per annum, without incurring the slightest risk, as the players do not attack a bank, but play against each other's money; except it be at French hazard, where profits of another kind are brought in, to aid in the support of the house. The higher classes of hazard-tables pay a sovereign each box-hand, which amounts to £12 per hour, £96 per diem, and to £25,920 per annum, supposing play for nine months only. At roulette, zero comes off about every six or seven minutes, when all the money on the table is forfeited, excepting that which is solely ventured on a chance of colour, when one moiety only is taken, as at *rouge et noir*. The game of roulette is so diversified, and the events so much mystified, that not one in ten who venture their money know precisely the odds for or against them, relying generally on the regular payment of the table when they win, checked by the eye of all the other players, many of whom, not in the interest of the house, are ready enough to correct any error, or attempt to pay contrary to the established rules of the game. Even those who have a feeling in the gains and losses of the house, will do this, to preserve the general appearance of fairness. Those who gamble regularly have a prejudice against this game, as being more calculated for a mixed and large body of adventurers: if all the advantages be considered, it will be found that the odds are transcendantly in favour of the bank at this game, above all others, or, in the language of playmen, the *pull against the player* is greater. Of this fact, most men are aware, as the game only appears at intervals of time as a novelty, whilst *rouge et noir* and hazard are standing dishes in the play world. It would occupy too much space here to enumerate all the schemes and tricks of gamblers; it will suffice at present to say, that whenever unfair play is going on, no man has the smallest chance of redress, should he discover it. At every table, when a dispute arises there can be no other mode of adjusting it than by appealing to the body of players, taking their opinion, and allowing the majority to decide it. Now, whenever one or more pigeons are to be plucked, and the plan of unfair play determined on, a sufficient number of confederates and dependents is always placed around the table as players to out-vote and out-face all who should presume to question the fairness of any one's play belonging to their party. It is only when a good sum is expected that these set men are called in to accomplish the work of robbery; on ordinary occasions there are always enough broken-down gamblers hanging about the table, to serve the proprietor's purpose, who for a crown, and the prospect of having better employment in the ~~concern~~, are ever ready to vote in favour of the minnows.

Other games, and nefarious gambling schemes, remain to be developed and exposed; the object of this paper is to give the world a succinct, yet general notion of the metropolitan houses of play, open for the purpose of plundering youthful inexperience,

aged infatuation, imbecility of understanding, and all those who will not "reflect with horror on that monster gaming, that with the smiles of a syren to allure has the talons of a harpy to destroy."

Reverting again to the gaming-housekeeper of a crown-house, and tracing his progress upwards. As soon as a proprietor of an establishment of this nature amasses money enough to appear on the turt, and become known at Tattersall's as a speculator on horse-racing, he is dubbed a gentleman. Associating now with another class of men, his ambitious spirit prompts him to open a superior house of play, where the upper class of gamblers and young nobility may not be ashamed of meeting together. All petty players are excluded. When he has accomplished this object, he deems himself in the high road for the acquirement of a splendid fortune; being now master of a concern where money and estates are as regularly bought and sold as any commodity in a public market; one man of fashion betraying another,—the most intimate and bosom friends collauding with these monsters for the purpose of sacrificing each other to the god *Plutus*; instances of which recur in this vitiated town as often as the sun rises and sets. It might be thought invidious to mention names, even by intuendo; but every man of the world, or rather of the London world (which comprehends some thousand swindlers, intermingled with the same number of nobility and gentry,) must have a knowledge of those characters who have elevated themselves from the lowest state in society by gambling, to associate on terms of equality with nobles. One married his daughters to peers of the realm, and was himself, with others of his own genus, received courteously, and treated with respect daily at the table of those who enact laws for the punishment of swindlers, and also of bishops, who helldomadly expatiated publicly against all kinds of vice, including that of gambling, and the sin of countenancing those who promote it. Another, whose confederate was executed for poisoning horses, to secure for himself and his honourable employers a large sum of money, now stalks through the halls of our proud Norman, but *too susceptible aristocracy*, with as much freedom and nonchalance as one who could trace his ancestry back to William the Conqueror, and was possessed of a pure and unblemished reputation. When the history of this individual, and that of six others, who, to use their own phraseology, have rowed through life together in the same boat, are before the world, scenes will be developed which will stand as beacons to warn future generations against coming in contact with such characters. In the interim, I give the following anecdote in illustration of my meaning. In a certain year, a gentleman named L*****e possessed a horse, which was entered to run for the St. Leger stakes at Doncaster; the horse became the favourite, notwithstanding which G. and C. took unlimited bets against him. On the day of the race, when preparations for mounting were being made, to the dismay of certain individuals Mr. L. appeared on the course, accompanied by a lad accounted as a jockey, whom he announced to be the rider of his horse on that day's race: as it had been previously generally understood that Mr. L.'s regular jockey should have the command of the horse on the occasion, the betters naturally expressed surprise at this sudden resolution of his. Mr. L. then stepped forward, and said aloud, before all the spectators on the ground,—"Gentlemen, you see that L. J. is but competent to carry one in this race; he cannot carry three of you, namely, my jockey, G. and C.; and as I cannot disunite them, I am afraid, if they all mount, that my horse will break down; you understand me, gentlemen. Boy, mount!" The horse went in, and won the race easily. This apparent enigma scarcely needs solution, at least to sporting

men. It appeared to Mr. L. that the parties herein alluded to had bought over his jockey to lose the race, the knowledge of which he suppressed till the moment of mounting, when he out-jockeyed the clique by putting another rider, whom he had previously provided, on the horse, by which he saved his property, and for once outwitted the knowing ones.

Although these occurrences are repeatedly laid before the public, and made as clear as the sun at noon-day, as was said of some other practices, yet the parties continue their career of swindling: and, in accordance with the reigning spirit of the day, having acquired money (no matter how), rank as gentlemen, and are qualified to sit at the tables of the nobility. The company of fashionable, or club-society, is that of black-legs; and it would not be difficult for me to name from twenty to thirty individuals at this moment who associate with and move among persons of high life, who were, but a few years back, in low vice and penury, and who have possessed themselves of a sum of money certainly not less than from eight to nine millions sterling. Again, there are some hundreds of others who have amassed severally from ten to twenty thousand pounds each; add to these the two or three thousand who annually make smaller sums of money, or manage to keep themselves and families in comfortable style, by *hooky-crooky* gambling ways, as brother Jonathan would say, some estimate may be made of the evil occasioned to society by the movements of these men in it. Consider not merely the money, but the effects of their example and influence on the moral conduct of the people, especially those whom they employ and come immediately in contact with. The mass of property which exchanges owners in the course of one year by dishonest and surreptitious means, not only exceeds all calculation, but is incredible to those who have but a circumscribed knowledge of society as a whole. No calculations can be made with accuracy, or in any way approximate to the truth; all that can be done is to state that which is known; and I have felt a strong impulse to reduce the calculations made under my own experience, but the oftener I revise them the more I am convinced that they are infinitely beneath the sums amassed by the men who form the subject of this paper.

When we contemplate the enlarged state of society, the vast extent of floating property, and the extraordinary wealth of the metropolis, it must be self-evident to every wise legislator that no question can be of more vital importance, as regards the morals of the people, than the prevention of property changing hands by unlawful and dishonest means. The fortunes made in trade elicit a laudable ambition in the rising generation. In such a competition many must fail, and fall back into humble life, or again work their way up by skill and labour; but in either case, there is the consolation of having deserved success, if it be not attained, and the conscience is preserved whole; consequently, the vicissitudes in commercial life are not of that demoralizing nature which characterize all illicit and vicious pursuits. It is said that the gilding on the lord mayor's coach is the spur to city industry, and the beacon on which the apprentice fixes his eye, cheering himself with hope through his long servitude; and without doubt, prominent offices and the display of wealth will catch the eye, and awaken ambition, exciting a desire in the mind to know how they were acquired. The number of men who have risen to wealth through the gaming-houses also attracts attention, and annually tempts thousands, whose cupidity and fatuity impel them to embark on a dangerous voyage, through a tempestuous sea, in search of an *El Dorado*,—a voyage in which

thousands are wrecked for one who reaches the land. In trade, the losers fall into the rear ranks, and occupy subordinate situations, still being useful members of the community; but what becomes of all the losers of the gambling class? Do they ever return to habits of industry? Alas, there is no return for them; their condition is like that of our courtesans,—repentance may procure forgiveness, but cannot recover their lost virtue. As regards the corrupt state of society and the progress of crime, there is more in this than is dreamt of in the philosophy of those who rule. All gamblers are heartless, and when reverses come on them are unrestrained by any sentiment of feeling either of humanity or honesty; how then can it be a matter of surprise that this town should have a regular annual supply of public swindlers and other criminals? Through the public gaming-tables, every year vast numbers are hurled from respectable life to associate with wretchedness and criminals, or become exiles; and many commit suicide, and leave families in want, after having been robbed of their substance by those harpies, whom our government permit to reside even within the precincts of the court. One scoundrel, who is admitted into genteel society, and resides in a magnificent house in great style, on a fortune made by the most unlawful means, in a gaming-house, was, it is said, the cause, on an average of ten years, of fifteen suicides annually, besides bringing ruin and misery on ten times that number of families in the same period. Capt. S****, who destroyed himself at the Old Hummings, and who had an enlarged experience of gaming transactions, declared, previously to his own fall, through the arts of the same man, that the average of fifteen per annum fell far short of the real number, besides those who were hurried out of life through morbid action of the system, brought on by distress of mind and excessive irritation under their losses. One case presents itself which can be attested by hundreds of the sufferer's neighbours, being so well known. A respectable tradesman, possessing some property, who resided in Oxford street, was, in the winter season, accustomed to attend a whist-club, held at a public-house in the vicinity of his own residence. He was remarkably characterized for steadiness of conduct and regular habits, and was never known at one time to venture more than half-a-crown at any game of chance, previous to the period of which I am about to speak, at which time he was fifty years of age. By some means, a fellow named H*****, an emissary of a *rouge et noir* house in Bury street, obtained an introduction to the whist-club; and one evening, as he and his dupe were leaving the house, he said, "I am going out of curiosity to witness the game of *rouge et noir*, never having seen it. Will you go with me? We need not play." In an ill-fated hour the tradesman assented, as he subsequently stated, prompted only by the same curiosity which his companion affected to be influenced by. When at the table, seeing others win, and perhaps impelled by his cupidity, (for he was fond of money,) he was induced to venture a few stakes, which came off in his favour: following up his success, he left the house that night a winner of £80, and probably went home to sleep in peace, but it was the last he ever enjoyed! Without doubt, he had the bump of adventure, and its situation would have been pointed out and fully explained, had his periclimenium been submitted to the inspection of Dr. Gall; for no

* This miscreant is now in the House of Correction, under a sentence of fourteen days imprisonment, for having acted as waiter at a gambling-house in the Quadrant. Let the public reflect on the injury this man inflicts on society, and the nature of his sentence: there must be something more in this than meets the eye.

man ever followed gaming with such avidity as he afterwards did: he attended morning and evening play, till poverty only stopped his going. At one period it is said that he was a winner of £2000; he repeatedly knocked up his intimate friends in the middle of the night to borrow money, after having lost that which he took to the table. In a few short months his funds began to wane, and his health to decline. He lingered not long, but departed from this world a sad example of the danger of once crossing the river Styx, and entering into the infernal regions.

" You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of heaven;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play.
For some to heap, and some to throw away."

The relation of this case leads me to treat of another class of gambling swindlers, who work in society enormous mischiefs, and call for exposition, as they are but little known, although their wicked practices are daily and acutely felt. As soon as it was known that the hero of the above tale had a mania for play, it surprised him much to receive invitations to dinner from many persons respectfully stationed in life, among whom were two attorneys; one of whom, by dint of importunity and repeated calls at his shop, succeeded in drawing him to an entertainment given at his chambers in Lyon's Inn. The result of this visit was, in ten days subsequently, the presentation of an accepted bill of exchange for £200, on which payment was demanded; threats were used, and ultimately a writ issued to enforce its liquidation, but it was never paid. The dinner party, it appeared, consisted of four persons, and the acceptor of the bill, who, after taking copious libations of wine, sat down to play at whist, and subsequently at loo. How long they played, the loser of the money could not recollect, but he remembered being engaged at cards, and borrowing money of one of the party, to whom he thought he gave an acknowledgment for the same, but was not aware that he had given an acceptance on a stamp, until it was presented for payment.

In this anecdote is developed the whole system of these characters. I shall, therefore, have only to speak of the extent of the practice, that young men in particular may become cautious, and avoid joining parties in play on slight acquaintanceship, and even suspect their own intimate friends of callidity, if they are impulsive in matters of play, as all barriers of principle are prostrated before the passion of gaming. In whatever quarter of the town a party is formed to amuse themselves in an evening at cards, depend on it there is amongst them a coterie of sharps, who confer together and concert plans for the purpose of cheating their companions. After having practised this sufficiently long to become adepts, and to dispense of all qualms of conscience (which will for a time intrude, and become troublesome to all tyros in dishonesty, until habit, like the drug nepenthe, removes all pain,) they launch on the great stage of the world, visiting the gambling houses and all minor places of play, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with those who have a taste for it, and, having money, are worth attacking. When they see a respectable initiate losing his money, they commiserate him, and offer advice; sometimes lending a little money to oblige him, and gain his confidence; and the first time he walks out of a house of play, arm in arm with one of these characters, the work is all but performed. They dine together the next day at a hotel, where they accidentally meet a friend who is a pleasant fellow, and in a short time they become old friends, full confidence being established between them. A little band, or knot of these schemers, is significantly entitled a *paternoster*, if they are clever in their

calling; which means, they are so destructive that it is time for those who fall into their hands to say their prayers. These characters are very obnoxious to gaming-house keepers, as the money they obtain in private and set play would, it is thought, be brought to their tables.

The fact that there are such swindlers on the town, however, is no new information to the public. My object in alluding to the practice, is chiefly to state, that confederacy in small parties, among certain tradesmen and idlers, is carried on to a great extent, and in a way calculated to lull all suspicion of unfair play; many individuals being brought to the verge of ruin by their own most intimate friends: which shows the increased and constantly increasing effects of the vice of gambling in this metropolis. The laxity of principle so conspicuous in the present day is not to be found either in poverty or Sabbath-breaking, abstractedly, but in the all-prevailing vice of gaming, particularly at houses opened for the purpose, whence it spreads like a pestilence through all the ramifications of society, rendering the people impatient of toil and steady pursuit for the attainment of a competency, whereby their old age may be rescued from poverty. In proportion as the numbers increase of those who suddenly rise from penury to affluence (let the means by which it is accomplished be ever so vile,) so will the numbers be augmented who will strive to follow their example, and in doing so again corrupt others. It is therefore our first duty to destroy this many-headed monster at one blow, by annihilating all these receptacles of vice and generating causes of crime and demoralization. Let the heaviest sentence of our penal law fall upon those who keep these houses, if no other measure can effect their overthrow.

The murderer and the housebreaker are executed, it may be, for the first offence; yet the crimes of which they were guilty are perpetrated by the proprietor of a gaming house every day, and that continuously for years, viz: robbery, and the occasioning loss of life. It is true that the mode of committing the offence differs, but the effect is the same, and all are denounced by the statute law, and also that of reason. I have heard some say, "If men are fools enough to go to such places, let them lose their money." Are fools, then, out of the pale of the law? It is both cruel and unjust to deprive those of its protection who most stand in need of it. But the evil extends itself, as I have already shown, far beyond those who lose their money, and may be felt for ages to come in the altered character of the people, who are every day becoming more vicious, not to name the concern we should have for the salvation of souls. It is a stigma on the self-lauded Vice Society, which never can be wiped away, that they have at no period shown any disposition to remonstrate with the government or the magistracy, or in any way to grapple with this cause of every vice. They grope about in holes and corners, harassing those already harassed by poverty, instead of going into the monster's den, and taking him by the beard at once. Out upon't! it must be all cant.

There is another kind of character that is found at gaming-houses, which effects mischief in its way; it is a kind of half gambler and half money-lender. Such are to be found at all grades of houses, from the Jew who attends at the lowest to buy, or lend money on trifling personal articles of wear, &c. to the man who, through his connections, can procure thousands on reversionary or real property. These men conduct themselves very warily, playing generally for the lowest sum allowed at the table (and that only at intervals,) from which they are called *nilbatters*, because if they see any advantage to be taken, and a player having a run of extraordinary good or ill luck, they intrude themselves, and force a few pieces to share with the winning party in the

play, which they know will not be refused them, through fear of their dissatisfaction, and interruption at a moment when success attends the player; in fact, they are ready to perform any mean and dirty work for gain. Their object, however, at the higher rate tables is to obtain the earliest knowledge of those persons who have property, but through losses want to borrow money on it; great allowance being made to bringers by the lender, and something is also expected for carrying, thus getting a premium on both sides; consequently they are indefatigable in their exertions to help all unfortunate gentlemen to money, on the most liberal terms. It is at the middle-rate houses of play that this animal does the most business, and is the cause of most mischief, and where he shuns as a complete swindler. These people make it their care to ferret out the character, connexions, and situation in life, of all who visit the tables for purposes of play. They know well enough that it would be next to ruin to any respectable young man who is addicted to play, were his propensity made known to his connexions. They therefore watch such with a lynx's eye, lending occasionally two or three pounds over the table, when they are run out; soon after which they communicate that they can discount bills. Those whose infatuation has led them on to play till all their available cash is gone, but yet cherish the fatal hope it may be recovered on another adventure, are induced, in an extreme moment of necessity, to apply to these men. It is not possible, in the space devoted to this paper, to describe all the tortuous ways they have of treating their victims when once they have them in their toils, ever using that weapon, exposure, most dexterously. The end, however, of such imprudent connexion generally is, that the kind-hearted money lender retains in his hands, bills or other documents, amounting from one to two hundred pounds, making out a fictitious lien on them, or stating that the person who was to advance the money has been suddenly called to the continent, and has inadvertently taken them with him, &c. Ultimately payment is demanded by a third person, in whose hands they are, and who states that he has given full value for them. In one instance (this tale is well known by those who visited the old 55, kept by O. and B.) a young man, J——e, on the demise of his father, whose business and property were sold for twelve hundred pounds, six hundred of which was paid in money, and the remainder in bills, at six months after date, lost his all. A few days subsequent to his receiving his money, he was picked up by a gambler, or an agent at a billiard-table, and introduced to 55, where in a few days he lost his cash; and a well known character, a Jew, who was always at hand for the purpose, got possession of bills to discount. Payment, under endless pretences, being delayed from day to day, the young man was glad to take one pound or ten shillings at a time, to subsist on; until at length, irritated by vexation, and goaded by remorse at having so misused his father's hard-earned property, he threw himself into the Serpentine river and was drowned; the Jew, M*****e, received the money on the bills, and the young man, J——e, ceased to be spoken of, or even thought of, in twenty-four hours afterwards. It is astonishing that there should be so much inertness, and that all men should not more readily see through the wily arts of these detestable characters. The press has not performed its duty, or it would have more exposed the Stukelys of society, and thereby lessened the Beverleys in it. "The passion of gaming casts such a mist before the eyes, that the nobleman shall be surrounded with sharpers, and imagine himself in the best of company." The truth of this passage I saw verified on Epsom race-course. When the late Duke of Y—— won the Derby stakes, he was so elated that he entirely forgot himself. There hap-

pened to be on the ground a low vulgar gambling fellow, who was also the keeper of a house of ill-fame, commonly known by the name of Charley L. This man, with the greatest assurance, rode up to the Duke and said, "Give us your hand! By G—d I give you joy!" He was familiarly shaken by the hand, which encouraged others, *et hoc genus omne*. For some minutes the Duke, seated on his horse, remained shaking hands (without doubt, unconsciously) with characters whose very names are pollution. Most probably this great person was taken off his guard by the abominable and consummate assurance of the said Charley. It is however a well-known fact, and the fellow boasts of it to this day.

A mistaken sense of that which constitutes the true happiness of human life, aided by pride, is among young men constantly at work in the mind, impelling them to break out of the walk of life to which birth and connexions have assigned them. It is an idle vanity to desire an introduction into what is erroneously termed genteel society and fashionable life; this vanity, however, is the chief cause of many thousands resorting to a gambling-table. Young cits, attorneys' clerks, and others, encouraging themselves in the foolish notion, that they were born with a spirit above plodding through life, and are possessed of a person formed to figure among the higher classes of the town, find in gambling-houses a society formed of factitious gentility, which is mistaken for that which is genuine. "Dressed like a nobleman, with money in his pocket, and a set of dice that shall deceive the devil." At any rate, they see (should they be fortunate) that it is a road through which they may dine at great men's tables: no other argument than this need be adduced to show how extended and potential are the effects of gambling houses. All the causes which tend to divert the public or individual mind from the natural channels into which by birth the parties were destined to flow, it should be the first object of all governments to remove; for the evil is not only observable in those who do actually run out of the course, (to use a sporting phrase) but in the diversion and moral shake it gives to every rising and new generation; the aggregated effect of which at some future day it is terrible to conceive, and awful in contemplation. It cannot, neither must it be, disguised, that these accumulated evils are only tolerated by the government from a prevailing idea, that the aristocracy of the country are so mixt up in most great questions of gambling affairs, that any attempts to legislate more coercively for its repression would be opposed by rank and power, calling down animadversion and calumny on the heads of those who should strenuously support any proposed measures for its entire suppression. The rich have a right to gamble—it is a privilege the law may give them; but let there be a barrier fixed, let them keep the vice to themselves, and let the cordon be effective, that it may not, through them, as it has done, again inundate the country, vitiating and producing consequences of an alarming nature to the general interests of the community. The great people have a right to their amusements; but the contagion of ill example, which their wealth enables them to support, they have no right to bring down into the body of the people, through these inlets of vice, the gaming-houses, many of which are established by waiters and servants, who have previously been engaged, and have acquired money, in club-houses. Many instances may be adduced of the lowest menials in these establishments having aggrandized considerable sums in a short time, which it is said is done by lending money to the members who at play lose their money and stand in need of a temporary supply, for which a bonus of from five to twenty pounds is expected, if it be only for a day. This is an un-

natural state of things, and is calculated to injure the steady and healthful condition of society. One man, Mr. F—, a waiter at the B— club, in a very few years amassed money enough in his situation to purchase some very valuable freehold ground, abutting on the road side, a few miles from town, on the road to Brighton. Here he has subsequently built a house, with sundry detached offices, and planted shrubberies, the whole of which it is estimated cannot have cost less than £20,000. "Can he be innocent who stains his hands with ore drenched in the gamester's blood, dug from the widow's and the orphan's heart with tears, and cries, and agonies unutterable? 'Tis property assured; were it a mine as deep as the centre, I would not touch an atom to preserve myself from starving."

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHOOLMASTER'S EXPERIENCE IN NEWGATE."

ON NOVELS OF PRESENT MANNERS.

(*Being part of an article in the Edinburgh Review.*)

IT is not our purpose to enquire whether the present great demand for novels is to be attributed to the increased number of those who seek amusement from reading; to our undramatic habits, and the decline of the stage; to the impulse, still unspent, contributed by the example of the author of Waverley, and the minor successes of others; or to the accidental absence at this time of any great and unexhausted poet. It is probable that all these causes combine in a greater or lesser degree to stimulate the demand for this agreeable species of literature; and it is immaterial to ask which cause is most likely to preponderate. Neither shall we inquire whether the supply bears a just proportion to the demand, or whether the public are satisfied with its abundance. Be this as it may, we see no near prospect of a material diminution; and while it continues, we must hail with satisfaction the appearance of those works which best fulfil the promise of their pretensions.

It is no longer necessary to defend the novels against those sweeping denunciations by which it was once assailed, and which were at no time either philosophical or candid. It is true they were once seemingly justified by the multiplicity of bad publications of this kind, and the extreme paucity of good ones. But even if there had been no good ones, a truly sagacious and philosophical critic ought to have perceived the inherent capabilities of this species of composition. Fictitious narrative can often better illustrate those general truths which experience teaches, than the bare relation of partial facts; and many a novel, devoid of every other merit, may not be without its value as a faithful portrait of the manners of the day. It is sometimes urged, that from a delineation of the customs and manners of a single class, no just inference with respect to the state of society can be drawn; but it should be remembered, that in fact no novel does treat of one class only. Society in England is composed of ranks that press so closely on each other, that though we can view its lengthened chain as a whole, or mark at long intervals the variety it includes, it is difficult to distinguish each link that binds it together. Nevertheless, each link is a departure from the single narrow circle; and we venture to assert, that the simplest tale of the most uneventful life, was never yet related without the introduction of characters moving in different spheres. Under the vague title of "fashionable novels," (a title which it pleases publishers to give, and the public to adopt, without much propriety or meaning,) we may collect a tolerably accurate delineation of almost every description of

the educated classes in this kingdom; and it must be allowed, that from this mass of productions, posterity will receive that faithful portrait of the social habits and feelings of the day which we would so gladly have received from our predecessors. The readers of the twentieth century will be in this respect more fortunate than we are. We have received in the garb of fiction some sketches of the social habits and feelings of other times, but they have been conveyed in the less elastic and comprehensive form of the poem or the play. In both of these the language is more conventional, and description is almost excluded from the latter; and we therefore receive from them less information than if novels had been written in their stead.

Novels are now so numerous, that whatever may be their claims to a permanent reputation, they are scarcely regarded by the public in any other light than as ephemeral publications. They are read rapidly and soon forgotten; and the tale of one week is almost obliterated from the mind of many a reader by the novelty of the next. There is, therefore, no point of view in which the public is less disposed to regard the novel than as a record of the present time, addressed to the readers of a future age. This it may be said, is not their object. If it were, the aim would be too ambitious. They are not written with the hope of being read in another century. On the contrary, they are, perhaps, beyond all works, save the periodical essay, or the party pamphlet, written peculiarly for the present day. This is true, yet we may be allowed to consider the use of a work as distinguished from its object, its applicability, as well as its intention. Novels are not meant for records; but they may become records nevertheless. This is an ulterior use, independent of present success, and not determined by the same qualities; save only the one great quality which ought to be alike essential to success, either present or to come—the adherence to *abstract truth*. This adherence is not indeed essential to the acquisition of present popularity so much as we could wish; but it is evidently essential in order that a novel may possess any claim to utility as a record of present habits to future times. The dullest novel possessing this quality, will, under this point of view, have a value, which we must deny to the most amusing production that possesses it not. In saying this, we mean only to recommend more strongly our adherence to abstract truth—not to advocate dulness, or decry the faculty of conveying amusement; for the novel, if dull, be it as faithful as it may, will not float down the stream of time; and unless it bears with it a rich freight of interest and entertainment, it will not reach posterity at all.

Under this view of the uses of the novel, that species which describes existing manners is to be preferred to the historical romance. We regret that we produced no novels descriptive of manners as they then existed; but we cannot equally regret that the writers of those times did not give us historical novels, describing manners and customs as they believed them to have existed in the days of the Plantagenets. Such works, attractive as they might have been to those for whom they were written, would, as records, be valueless to us. The best historical novel is but an approximation to the truth. In reading those of Sir Walter Scott, we dwell with delight on that charm so peculiarly their own, whereby we are transported to times long past, and made to live in the age of which they treat. The minuteness of his descriptions has lent an air of truth to his rich details of picturesque costume. He has even heightened the illusion by inventing a style of language to which we are unaccustomed; and so dexterously has he contrived an amalgamation of the real and ideal, that we fondly desire to accept the whole as a truth. But reflex-

tion tells us that true to nature as are the characters described (for human nature in its passions and capacities may be alike in all ages,) it must ever be remembered that when the rude customs of comparative barbarism are ornamented with the refinement and feelings of superior civilization, the beauty of the picture may be heightened, but the portrait is no longer faithful. Historical novels may combine research with originality; but the most accomplished genius of the nineteenth century could not view the events of past times with other feelings than those of the present. We are therefore inclined to think, that novels, descriptive of the manners of the day, if imbued with a sufficiency of talent to enable them to live, will be more acceptable to our successors than equally well written novels of the historical class.

From the *Literary Examiner*.

NOTRE-DAME;

A Tale of the Ancien Régime: from the French of Victor Hugo. Effingham Wilson.

The *Notre-Dame* of Victor Hugo must take rank with the best romances by the Author of *Waverley*. If it fall short in copiousness and variety of incident and adventure, it transcends on the other hand in vigour, animation, and familiarity with the age. The reader of this book will never stop to admire the antiquarian lore of the author, it seems as if we were but listening to his reminiscences of the time of Louis XI. To put old Paris before our eyes appears to be rather an act of memory than an act of study, and he sets it forth with a freshness which sparkles in the fancy. The centuries since, but the scene has the vividness of the present sunshine. *Notre-Dame* abounds with characters any one of which would have served to carry on the interest of a modern novel. La Esmeralda, a gipsy dancing girl, will remind the reader of the Fennella of Scott, but there is the difference between them of being of warm blood, and the plastered gew-gaw figure on the top of a Twelfth cake. La Esmeralda has all the reality that Fennella wants. Quasimodo, a monster of strength and ugliness, whose frightful aspect has made him an object of disgust to the world, which he repays with hatred to all but two beings, Frollo, who has reared him from his deserted childhood, and La Esmeralda, who has succoured him in suffering and ignominy, is a character not original, but managed with admirable power. Upon Frollo all the mischievous turns. He is a monk whose pent passions, long subdued and late excited, overbear his reason, and turn him to a fiend. As his case exemplifies the curb to nature, so his brother's (a spendthrift abandoned to debauchery) emphasizes the spur, but the passions of the first boil over in injury to others, and the profligate is mischievous only to himself. La Esmeralda is the unfortunate object of the monk's desires; he is hateful to her and rejected; and Frollo, resolved that no other shall enjoy what is denied to him, ultimately betrays her up to summary execution under a sentence of witchcraft. This incident occurs in the Place de Greve at the break of day, and the priest, certain of the instant execution of the victim with no more ceremony than goes to the hanging of a dog, hurries up to one of the towers of Notre-Dame to witness the event. The night has been one of tumult, outrage, blood, and terror; the morning is all calm and loveliness, and just as the sun pours his glories on the scene—with the opening of a day such as she loved to live for—La Esmeralda tastes the bitterness of death. We have omitted to advert to much that is remarkable in order to give this

terrible scene entire—we think, in power, in horror, and the skilful use of circumstances, it stands out unrivalled.

"It is a magnificent and captivating spectacle, and at that day it was yet more so, to look down upon Paris from the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame, in the fresh light of a summer dawn." The day in question might be one of the early ones of July. The sky was perfectly serene. A few lingering stars were fading away in different directions; and eastward, there was one very brilliant, in the lightest part of the heavens. The sun was on the point of making his appearance. Paris was beginning to stir. A very white, pure light, showed vividly to the eye the endless varieties of outline which its buildings presented on the east; while the giant shadows of the steeples traversed building after building from one end of the great city to the other. Already, voices and noises were to be heard from several quarters of the town. Here was heard the stroke of a bell—there that of a hammer—and there again the complicated clatter of a dray in motion. Already the smoke from some of the chimneys was escaping scatteredly over all that surface of roofs, as if through the fissures of some vast sulphur-work. The river, whose waters are rippled by the piers of so many bridges and the points of so many islands, was wavering in folds of silver. Around the town, outside the ramparts, the view was lost in a great circle of fleecy vapours, through which were indistinctly discernible the dim line of the plains and the graceful swelling of the heights. All sorts of floating sounds were scattered over that half-awakened region. And eastward, the morning breeze was chasing across the sky a few light locks plucked from the fleecy mantle of the hills.

"In the Parvis, some good women, with their milk-pots in their hands, were pointing out to one another, in astonishment, the singularly shattered state of the great door of Notre-Dame, and the two congealed streams of lead all down the crevices of the front. It was all that remained of the tumult of the night before. The pile kindled by Quasimodo between the towers was extinct. Tristan had cleared the ground of the Place, and had the dead thrown into the Seine. Kings like Louis XI. take care to clean the pavements quick after a massacre.

"Outside the balustrade of the tower, exactly underneath the point where the priest had stopped, was one of those fantastically carved stone gutters which diversify the exterior of gothic buildings; and in a crevice of this gutter, two pretty wall-flowers in full bloom, shaken and vivified as it were by the breath of the morning, made sportive salutation to each other; while over the towers, far above in the sky, were heard the cheerful voices of early birds.

"But the priest neither saw nor heard anything of all that. He was one of those men to whom there are neither mornings, nor birds, nor flowers. In all that immense horizon, spread around him with such diversity of aspect, his contemplation was concentrated upon one single point.

"Quasimodo burned to ask him what he had done with the gipsy girl; but the archdeacon seemed, at that moment, to be rapt out of the world. He was evidently in one of those violent passages of existence when the earth itself might fall to ruin without our perceiving it.

"With his eyes invariably fixed upon a certain spot, he remained motionless and silent; and in that silence and immobility there was something so formidable, that the savage ringer shuddered at the contemplation, and dared not obtrude upon them. All that he did—and it was one way of interrogating the archdeacon—was, to follow the direction of his vision, which thus guided the view of the unfortunate hunchback to the Place de Greve.

"In this manner he discovered what the priest was looking at. The ladder was erected against the permanent gibbet. There were some people in the Place, and a number of soldiers. A man was dragging along the ground something white, to which something black was clinging. This man stopped at the foot of the gibbet. Here something took place which Quasimodo could not very distinctly see—not that his only eye had not preserved its long reach—but there was a body of soldiers in the way, which prevented him from distinguishing all. Moreover, at that instant the sun appeared, and such a flood of light burst over the horizon, that it seemed as if every point of Paris, spires, chimneys, and gables, were taking fire at once.

"Meantime the man began to ascend the ladder. Then Quasimodo saw him distinctly again. He was carrying a female figure upon his shoulder—a young girl clad in white. There was a noose round the young girl's neck. Quasimodo recognised her. It was she!

"The man arrived with his burden at the top of the ladder. There he arranged the noose. And now the priest, to have a better view, set himself on his knees upon the balustrade.

"All at once the man pushed away the ladder with his heel; and Quasimodo, who, for some moments, had not drawn his breath, saw wavering at the end of the cord, about two toises above the ground, the form of the unfortunate girl, with that of the man squatted upon her shoulders. The cord made several turns upon itself; and Quasimodo beheld horrible convulsions agitating the frame of the gipsy girl. On the other hand, the priest, with outstretched neck and starting eyeballs, was contemplating that frightful group of the man and the girl—the spider and the fly!

"At the moment when it looked the most horrible, a demoniacal laugh—a laugh such as can come only from one who is no longer human—burst from the livid visage of the priest. Quasimodo did not hear that laugh—but he *saw* it. The ringer made a few steps backward from behind the archdeacon; and then, rushing furiously upon him, thrusting both his large hands against his back, he pushed Dom Claude over into the abyss towards which he had been leaning.

"The priest cried out, "Damnation!" and fell.

"The gutter-head over which he had been leaning arrested his fall. He clung to it with desperate gripe; but, at the moment that he was opening his lips to cry out again, he saw passing along the verge of the balustrade above him, the formidable and avenging countenance of Quasimodo, and was silent.

"Beneath him was the abyss—a fall of full two hundred feet—and the pavement. In this dreadful situation, the archdeacon said not a word, breathed not a groan. Only he writhed upon the gutter, making incredible efforts to reascend; but his hands had no hold of the granite—his feet constantly slid away upon the blackened wall. They who have ascended to the top of the towers of Notre-Dame, know that the stone-work swells out immediately below the balustrade. It was on the re-entering angle of this ridge that the miserable archdeacon was exhausting his efforts. It was not with a wall merely perpendicular that he was striving, but with a wall that sloped away from under him.

"Quasimodo would only have had to stretch out his hand to him, to draw him from the gulf; but he did not so much as look at him. He was looking on the Greve—he was looking on the gibbet—he was looking on the gipsy girl. The poor deaf creature had leaned his elbows on the balustrade in the very place where the archdeacon had been the moment before; and there, keeping his eye fixed upon the only object of which at that moment he was conscious, he was mute and motionless as one

struck by the thunderbolt—except that a long stream of tears was flowing from that eye which until then had never shed but one.

"Meanwhile, the archdeacon was panting—his bald forehead was streaming with perspiration—his nails were bleeding against the stones—he was grazing his knees against the wall. He could hear his cassock, which had caught hold of the gutter, tearing more and more at each jerk that he gave it—and to complete his misfortune, the gutter itself terminated in a leaden pipe, which he could feel slowly bending under the weight of his body. The wretched man was saying to himself, that when his hands should be worn out with fatigue—when his cassock should be rent asunder—when that lead should be completely bent—he must, of necessity, fall—and terror froze his veins. Now and then he looked down bewilderedly upon a sort of small table formed, some ten feet lower, by projections of sculpture; and he implored heaven, from the bottom of his agonizing soul, that he might be permitted to spend the remainder of his life upon that narrow space of two feet square, though it were to last a hundred years. Once he ventured to look down into the Place below him; but when he turned his head upwards again, it was with closing eyes and hair erect.

"There was something frightful in the silence of these two men. While the archdeacon was agonizing in that horrible manner, but a few feet from him, Quasimodo was weeping and looking upon the Greve.

"The archdeacon, finding that all his efforts to raise himself served only to warp the one feeble point of support that remained to him, had at length resolved to remain quite still. There he was—clasping the gutter—scarcely drawing his breath—stirring not at all—without any other motion than that mechanical convulsion of the viscera which is felt in a dream when we fancy we are falling. His fixed eyes were wide open with a stare of pain and astonishment. Meanwhile, he felt himself going by degrees: his fingers slipped upon the gutter; he felt more and more the weakness of his arms and the weight of his body; the bending piece of lead that supported him inclined more and more downwards. He saw beneath him, frightful to look upon, the sharp roof of the church of Saint-Jean-le-Rond, small as a card bent double. He looked, one after another, at the imperturbable sculptures of the tower—like him suspended over the precipice—but without terror for themselves or pity for him. All around him was of stone,—before his eyes, the gaping monsters,—in the Place below, the pavement,—over his head, Quasimodo weeping.

"Down in the Parvis there were some groups of worthy starers, quietly striving to guess what madman it could be that was amusing himself after so strange a fashion. The priest could hear them saying—for their voices mounted up to him clear and shrill—"Why, he'll surely break his neck!"

"Quasimodo was weeping.

"At length, the archdeacon, foaming with rage and dread, felt that all was unavailing. However, he gathered what strength he had remaining, for one last effort. He drew himself up on the gutter—sprung from against the wall with both his knees—hung his hands in a cleft of the stone-work—and succeeded, perhaps, in climbing up with one foot: but the force which he was obliged to use, gave sudden bend to the leaden beak that supported him; and the same effort rent his cassock asunder. Then, finding everything under him give way—having only his benumbed and powerless hands by which to cling to anything—the unhappy man closed his eyes, left hold of the gutter, and fell.

"Quasimodo looked at him falling.

"A fall from such a height is seldom perpen-

dicular. The archdeacon, launched through the void, fell at first with his head downwards and his arms extended—then he turned round several times. The wind carried him against the top of one of the houses, upon which the miserable man was first dashed. However, he was not dead when he reached it. The ringer could perceive him still make an effort to cling to the gable with his hands—but the slope was too quick, and he had no strength left. He glided rapidly down the roof, like a loosened tile—then dashed upon the pavement—and there he lay quite still.

"Quasimodo then lifted his eye to look upon the gipsy girl, whose body, suspended from the gibbet, he beheld quivering afar, under its white robe, in the last struggles of death,—then again he dropped it upon the archdeacon, stretched a shapeless mass at the foot of the tower,—and he said, with a sob that heaved his deep breast to the bottom, 'Oh!—all that I've ever loved!'

Now for a specimen of critical accuracy. The *Edinburgh Review* refers to

"That awful scene where the archdeacon, gazing down from the tower of Notre-Dame upon the execution of his victim in the square beneath, is seized by Quasimodo—who has now relapsed into the savage, since the destruction of the only being to whom his heart had opened—and hurled from a height of two hundred feet "plumb down" upon the pavement below. This description is terrible beyond conception. Every motion, every struggle of the wretched priest, every clutch of his nails, every heave of the breast, as he clings to the projecting spout which has arrested his fall; then the gradual bending of the spout itself beneath his weight; the crowd shouting beneath, the monster above him—weeping;—for he had loved the priest, and only the fury of disappointed attachment had urged him to this crime;—the victim balancing himself over the gulf, his last convulsive effort ere he resigns his hold, even the revolutions of his body as he descends, his striking on the roof, from which he glides off like a tile detached by the wind, and then the final crash and rebound upon the pavement—all are portmeyed with the most horrible minuteness and reality."

First, Quasimodo has not hurled the monk from a height of two hundred feet "plumb down" upon the pavement below; he has hurled him over the balustrade, but his fall has been stopped within a few feet of the summit. The horror of the scene is in the suspension and not in the sheer descent—in the protracted and hopeless, nerveless, giddy struggle, and not in a sudden pitch to destruction, and the reviewer mars the effect by placing the final catastrophe before the lingering circumstances that comprehend a world of agony."

The reviewer, in running over the circumstances of horror, says, "the crowd shouting beneath." So the reviewer would have conceived it very likely, but Victor Hugo has another method of raising the horror of a scene. He says, "down in the Parvis (the open space at the foot of the cathedral) there were some groups of worthy starers, *quietly* striving to guess what madman it could be that was *amusing* himself after so strange a fashion. The priest could hear them saying—for their voices mounted up to him clear and shrill—Why, he'll surely break his neck."

It is this careless, indifferent speculation which strikes worse than mockery clearly and shrilly upon the monk's ear while in his agony for self-preservation and throes of mortal dread. There is no where concern for his terrible peril. Before him are the stones grinning in fantastic effigies; below him people coolly conjecturing that he will break his neck; above him the grim face of Quasimodo weeping: and here is another notable blunder of the reviewer, who observes upon his weeping

that he had loved the priest, as if Quasimodo was weeping for the priest! No such thing; Quasimodo is weeping for the sufferings of La Esmeralda wavering and writhing on the gibbet, and not for the priest. He sees not the priest; another object fills his eyes: and it is the misery of the priest to be struggling within arm's length of one who *could* save him, but who is so absorbed in the sufferings of another, that he is not even conscious of his hideous jeopardy. The author says, "Quasimodo would only have to stretch out his hand to draw him from the gulf; but he did not so much as look at him—he was looking on the Greve—he was looking on the gibbet—he was looking on the gipsy girl;" and the exact critic describes him as relentlessly weeping for the priest's helpless and horrible posture of peril. Reading with this misunderstanding the reviewer could not comprehend half the effect of the scene which he pretends to estimate. The repeated reference to Quasimodo weeping, in describing the monk's agony, is to heighten the misery by the presence of the means of safety within arm's length of the tortures of terror and despair; but Quasimodo, who could save by stretching out a hand, is insensible to the hideous struggle that is going on under his very feet. He is deaf: had the clinging monk a bate to spare in the voice of a hundred men, the ear of him who had the helping hand would be insensible to it.

Considering the pretension of Quarterly critics, and the arrogant judgment of the very reviewer whose blunders in so short a space we have instanced, a little more care and accuracy might not unreasonably be expected. It is not much to require that they read before they judge.

Before the execution of La Esmeralda there is a very fine tragic scene, full of nature, in the discovery of her mother. The parent recovers her child (stolen by gypsies in her infancy) just at the moment that the pursuers are on her track. The mother's pleadings are beyond words pathetic.

Another very grand scene, but not of the same high order, is an attack on Notre-Dame by the Truands, or mendicants and vagabonds of Paris, then a formidable body.

The fault of the book is the opening, which tires by its grotesqueness before the purpose is developed. The reader must not be deterred by this heavy introduction, for he will be no sooner clear of it than he will feel the interest of the story, which steadily increases to the catastrophe, where it makes the heart leap as it rushes boiling on, not without eddying, round incidents that stay the imagination without diverting the main tide of the curiosity.

One word to the translator. With what appropriateness is some rigmarole about pauperism, and Mr. Grey, and Mr. Atwood, and the *Beggars' Opera*, and Pierce Egan, introduced into the mid-scenes of a French romance of the age of Louis XI! He asks pardon for "a burst of political feeling,"—we can grant none for a burst of political balderdash, or a burst of anything else so utterly out of place. Let the translator keep to his translation, and not deface so grand a structure as *Notre-Dame*, by sticking up his poor-house on it with a rabble of trivial allusions.

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JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON. BY LADY BLESSINGTON.

No. X.

BYRON'S bad opinion of mankind is not, I am convinced, genuine; and it certainly does not operate

on his actions, as his first impulses are always good, and his heart is kind and charitable. His good deeds are never the result of reflection, as the heart acts before the head has had time to reason. This cynical habit of decrying human nature is one of the many little affectations to which he often descends, and this impression has become so fixed in my mind, that I have been vexed with myself for attempting to refute opinions of his, that, on reflection, I was convinced were not his real sentiments, but uttered either from a foolish wish of display, or from a spirit of contradiction which much influences his conversation. I have heard him assert opinions one day, and maintain the most opposite, with equal warmth, the day after; this arises not so much from insincerity, as from being wholly governed by the feeling of the moment; he has no fixed principle of conduct or of thought, and the want of it leads him into errors and inconsistencies from which he is only rescued by a natural goodness of heart that redeems, in some degree, what it cannot prevent. Violence of temper tempts him into expressions that might induce people to believe him vindictive and rancorous; he exaggerates all his feelings when he gives utterance to them, and here the imagination, that has led to his triumph in poetry, operates less happily, by giving a darker shade to his sentiments and expressions. When he writes or speaks at such moments, the force of his language imposes a belief that the feeling that gives birth to it must be fixed in his mind; but see him in a few hours after, and not only no trace of his angry excitement remains, but, if recurred to by another, he smiles at his own exaggerated warmth of expression, and proves, in a thousand ways, that the temper only is responsible for his defects, and not the heart.

"I think it is Diderot (said Byron) who says that, to describe woman, one ought to dip one's pen in the rainbow; and, instead of sand, use the dust from the wings of butterflies to dry the paper. This is a *concocto* worthy of a Frenchman; and, though meant as complimentary, is really by no means so to your sex. To describe woman, the pen should be dipped, not in the rainbow, but in the heart of man, ere more than eighteen summers have passed over his head; and, to dry the paper, I would allow only the sighs of adolescence. Women are best understood by men whose feelings have not been hardened by a contact with the world, and who believe in virtue because they are unacquainted with vice. A knowledge of vice will, as far as I can judge by experience, invariably produce disgust, as I believe, with my favourite poet, that

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

But he who has known it can never truly describe woman as she ought to be described; and, therefore, a perfect knowledge of the world unfita man for the task. When I attempted to describe Haidée and Zuleika, I endeavoured to forget all that friction with the world had taught me; and if I at all succeeded, it was because I was, and am, penetrated with the conviction that women only know evil from having experienced it through men; whereas men have no criterion to judge of purity or goodness but woman. Some portion of this purity and goodness always adheres to woman, (continued Byron,) even though she may lapse from virtue; she makes a willing sacrifice of herself on the altar of affection, and thinks only of him for whom it is made: while men think of themselves alone, and regard the woman but as an object that administers to their selfish gratification, and who, when she ceases to have this power, is thought of no more, save as an obstruction in their path. You look incredulous, (said Byron;) but I have said what I think, though not all that I think, as I have

a much higher opinion of your sex, than I have even now expressed."

This would be most gratifying could I be sure that, to-morrow or next day, some sweeping sarcasm against my sex may not escape from the lips that have now praised them, and that my credulity, in believing the praise, may not be quoted as an additional proof of their weakness. This instability of opinion, or expression of opinion of Byron, destroys all confidence in him, and precludes the possibility of those who live much in his society, feeling that sentiment of confiding security in him, without which a real regard cannot subsist. It has always appeared a strange anomaly to me, that Byron, who possesses such acuteness in discerning the foibles and defects of others, should have so little power either in conquering or concealing his own, that they are evident even to a superficial observer; it is also extraordinary that the knowledge of human nature that enables him to discover, at a glance, such defects, should not dictate the wisdom of concealing his discoveries, at least from those in whom he has made them; but in this he betrays a total want of tact, and must often send away his associates dissatisfied with themselves, and still more so with him, if they happen to possess discrimination or susceptibility.

"To let a person see that you have discovered his faults, is to make him an enemy for life," (says Byron,) and yet this he does continually: he says, "that the only truths a friend will tell you, are your faults; and the only thing he will give you, is advice." Byron's affected display of knowledge of the world deprives him of commiseration for being its dupe, while his practical inexperience renders him so perpetually. He is at war with the actual state of things, yet admits that all that he now complains of has existed for centuries; and that those who have taken up arms against the world have found few applauders, and still fewer followers. His philosophy is more theoretical than practical, and must so continue, as long as passion and feeling have more influence over him than reflection and reason. Byron affects to be unfeeling, while he is a victim to sensibility; and to be reasonable, while he is governed by imagination only; and so meets with no sympathy from either the advocates of sensibility or reason, and consequently condemns both. "It is fortunate for those (said Byron) whose near connexions are good and estimable; independently of various other advantages that are derived from it, perhaps the greatest of all are the impressions made on our minds in early youth by witnessing goodness, impressions which have such weight in deciding our future opinions. If we witness evil qualities in common acquaintances, the effect is slight, in comparison with that made by discovering them in those united to us by the ties of consanguinity; this last disgusts us with human nature, and renders us doubtful of goodness, a progressive step made in misanthropy, the most fearful disease that can attack the mind. My first and earliest impressions were melancholy,—my poor mother gave them; but to my sister, who, incapable of wrong herself, suspected no wrong in others, I owe the little good of which I can boast; and had I earlier known her, it might have influenced my destiny. Augusta has great strength of mind, which is displayed not only in her own conduct, but to support the weak and infirm of purpose. To me she was, in the hour of need, as a tower of strength. Her affection was my last rallying point, and is now the only bright spot that the horizon of England offers to my view. Augusta knew all my weaknesses, but she had love enough to bear with them. I value not the false sentiment of affection that adheres to one while we believe him faultless: not to love him would then be difficult; but give me the love that, with perception to view the errors, has suffi-

cient force to pardon them,—who can ‘love the offender, yet detest the offence,’ and this my sister had. She has given me such good advice, and yet, finding me incapable of following it, loved and pitied me but the more, because I was erring. This is true affection, and above all, true christian feeling; but how rarely is it to be met with in England, where *amour propre* prompts people to show their superiority by giving advice; and a *melange* of selfishness and wounded vanity engages them to resent its not being followed, which they do by not only leaving off the *advised*, but by injuring him by every means in their power. Depend on it, (continued Byron) the English are the most perfidious friends and unkind relations that the civilized world can produce; and if you have had the misfortune to lay them under weighty obligations, you may look for all the injuries that they can inflict, as they are anxious to avenge themselves for the humiliations they suffer when they accept favours. They are proud, but have not sufficient pride to refuse services that are necessary to their comfort, and have too much false pride to be grateful. They may pardon a refusal to assist them, but they never can forgive a generosity which, as they are seldom capable of practising or appreciating, overpowers and humiliates them. With this opinion of the English, (continued Byron,) which has not been lightly formed, you may imagine how truly I must value my sister, who is so totally opposed to them. She is tenacious of accepting obligations, even from the nearest relations; but having accepted, is incapable of aught approaching to ingratitude. Poor Lady — had just such a sister as mine, who, faultless herself, could pardon and weep over the errors of one less pure, and almost redeem them, by her own excellence. Had Lady —’s sister or mine (continued Byron) been less good and irreproachable, they could not have afforded to be so forbearing; but being unsullied, they could show mercy without fear of drawing attention to their own misdemeanours.”

Byron talked to-day of Campbell the poet: said that he was a warm-hearted and honest man; praised his works, and quoted some passages from the “Pleasures of Hope,” which he said was a poem full of beauties. “I differ, however, (said Byron,) with my friend Campbell on some points. Do you remember the passage—

“But mark the wretch whose wanderings never knew
The world’s regard, that soothes though half untrue;
His erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it erred no more.”

This, he said, was so far a true picture, those who once erred being supposed to err always, a charitable, but false, supposition, that the English are prone to act upon. “But (added Byron) I am not prepared to admit, that a man, under such circumstances as those so poetically described by Campbell, could feel hope; and, judging by my own feelings, I should think that there would be more of envy than of hope in the poor man’s mind, when he leaned on the gate, and looked at ‘the blossomed bean-field and the sloping green.’ Campbell was, however, right in representing it otherwise (continued Byron). We have all, God knows, occasion for hope to enable us to support the thousand vexations of this dreary existence; and he who leads us to believe in this universal panacea, in which, *par parenthèse*, I have little faith, renders a service to humanity. Campbell’s ‘Lochiel’ and ‘Mariners’ are admirable spirit-stirring productions (said Byron); his ‘Gertrude of Wyoming’ is beautiful; and some of the episodes in his ‘Pleasures of Hope’ pleased me so much that I know them by heart. By-the-by (con-

tinued he) we must be indebted to Ireland for this mode of expressing the knowing any thing by rote, and it is at once so true and poetical, that I always use it. We certainly remember best those passages, as well as events, that interest us most, or touch the heart, which must have given birth to the phrase—know by heart! The ‘Pleasures of Memory’ is a very beautiful poem, (said Byron,) harmonious, finished, and chaste; it contains not a single ineradicable ornament. If Rogers has not fixed himself in the higher fields of Parnassus, he has, at least, cultivated a very pretty flower-garden at its base. Is not this (continued Byron) a poetical image worthy of a *conversation* at Lydia White’s? But, jesting apart, for one ought to be serious in talking of so serious a subject as the pleasures of memory, which, God knows, never offered any pleasure to me, (mind, I mean memory, and not the poem,) it really always did remind me of a flower-garden, so filled with sweets, so trim, so orderly. You, I am sure, know the powerful poem written in a blank leaf of the ‘Pleasures of Memory,’ by an unknown author? He has taken my view of the subject, and I envy him for expressing all that I felt; but did not, could not, express as he has done. This wilderness of triste thoughts offered a curious contrast to the *hortus siccus* of pretty flowers that followed it, (said Byron,) and marks the difference between inspiration and versification.

“Having compared Rogers’ poem to a flower-garden (continued Byron) to what shall I compare Moore’s—to the valley of diamonds, where all is brilliant and attractive, but where one is so dazzled by the sparkling on every side that one knows not where to fix, each gem beautiful in itself, but overpowering to the eye from their quantity. Or, to descend to a more homely comparison, though really (continued Byron) so brilliant a subject hardly admits of any thing homely, Moore’s poems (with the exception of the Melodies) resemble the fields in Italy, covered by such myriads of fire-flies shining and glittering around, that if one attempts to seize one, another still more brilliant attracts, and one is bewildered from too much brightness. I remember reading somewhere (said Byron) a *concetto* of designating different living poets, by the cups Apollo gives them to drink out of. Wordsworth is made to drink from a wooden bowl, and my melancholy self from a skull, chased with gold. Now, I would add the following cups:—To Moore, I would give a cup formed like the lotus flower, and set in brilliants; to Crabbe, a scooped pumpkin; to Rogers, an antique vase, formed of agate; and to Colman, a champagne glass, as descriptive of their different styles. I dare say none of them would be satisfied with the appropriation; but who ever is satisfied with any thing in the shape of criticism? and least of all, poets.”

Talking of Shakespeare, Byron said, that he owed one-half of his popularity to his low origin, which, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins with the multitude, and the other half, to the remoteness of the time at which he wrote from our own days. All his vulgarisms (continued Byron) are attributed to the circumstances of his birth and breeding depriving him of a good education; hence they are to be excused, and the obscurities with which his works abound are all easily explained away by the simple statement, that he wrote above 200 years ago, and that the terms then in familiar use are now become obsolete. With two such good excuses, as want of education, and having written above 200 years before our time, any writer may pass muster; and when to these is added, the being a sturdy hind of low degree, which to three parts of the community in England has a peculiar attraction, one ceases to wonder at his supposed popularity; I say, supposed, for who goes to see his plays, and who, except country parsons, or mouthing, stage-struck,

theatrical amateurs, read them?" I told Byron what really was, and is, my impression, that he was not sincere in his depreciation of our immortal bard; and I added, that I preferred believing him insincere, than incapable of judging works, which his own writings proved he must, more than most other men, feel the beauties of. He laughed, and replied, "That the compliment I paid to his writings was so entirely at the expense of his sincerity, that he had no cause to be flattered; but that, knowing I was one of those who worshipped Shakespeare, he forgave me, and would only bargain, that I made equal allowance for his worship of Pope." I observed, "That any comparison between the two was as absurd as comparing some magnificent feudal castle, surrounded by mountains and forests, with foaming cataracts, and boundless lakes, to the pretty villa of Pope, with its sheer lawn, artificial grotto, stunted trees, and trim exotics." He said that my simile was more ingenious than just, and hoped that I was prepared to admit, that Pope was the greatest of all modern poets, and a philosopher as well as a poet. I made my peace by expressing my sincere admiration of Pope, but begged to be understood as refusing to admit any comparison between him and Shakespeare, and so the subject ended. Byron is so prone to talk for effect, and to assert what he does not believe, that one must be cautious in giving implicit credence to his opinions. My conviction is, that, in spite of his declarations to the contrary, he admires Shakespeare as much as most of his countrymen do; but that, unlike the generality of them, he sees the blemishes that the freedom of the times in which the great poet lived led him to indulge in his writings, in a stronger point of view, and takes pleasure in commenting on them with severity, as a means of wounding the vanity of the English. I have rarely met with a person more conversant with the works of Shakespeare than was Byron. I have heard him quote passages from them repeatedly; and in a tone that marked how well he appreciated their beauty, which certainly lost nothing in his delivery of them, as few possessed a more harmonious voice or a more elegant pronunciation than did Byron. Could there be a less equivocal proof of his admiration of our immortal bard, than the tenacity with which his memory retained the finest passages of all his works? When I made this observation to him he smiled, and affected to boast that his memory was so retentive, that it equally retained all that he read; but as I had seen many proofs of the contrary, I persevered in affirming what I have never ceased to believe, that, in despite of his professions to the reverse, Byron was in his heart a warm admirer of Shakespeare.

Byron takes a peculiar pleasure in opposing himself to popular opinion on all points; he wishes to be thought as dissenting from the multitude, and this affectation is the secret source of many of the incongruities he expresses. One cannot help lamenting that so great a genius should be sullied by this weakness; but he has so many redeeming points that we must pardon what we cannot overlook, and attribute this error to the imperfection of human nature. Once thoroughly acquainted with his peculiarities, much that appeared incomprehensible is explained, and one knows when to limit belief to assertions that are not always worthy of commanding it, because uttered from the caprice of the moment. He declares that such is his bad opinion of the taste and feelings of the English, that he should form a bad opinion of any work that they admired, or any person that they praised; and that their admiration of his own works has rather confirmed than softened his bad opinion of them. "It was the exaggerated praises of the people in England (said he) that indisposed me to the Duke of Wellington. I know that the same herd, who were

trying to make an idol of him, would, on any reverse, or change of opinions, hurl him from the pedestal to which they had raised him, and lay their idol in the dust. I remember (continued Byron) enraging some of his Grace's worshippers, after the battle of Waterloo, by quoting the lines from Ariosto:-

"Fu il vincere sempre mai laudabil cosa,
Vincasi o per fortuna o per ingegno,

in answer to their appeal to me, if he was not the greatest general that ever existed."

I told Byron that his quotation was insidious, but that the Duke had gained too many victories to admit the possibility of any of them being achieved more by chance than ability; and that, like his attacks on Shakespeare, he was not sincere in disparaging Wellington, as I was sure he must *au fond* be as proud of him as all other Englishmen are. "What! (said Byron) could a Whig be proud of Wellington? could this be consistent?"

The whole of Byron's manner, and his countenance on this and other occasions, when the name of the Duke of Wellington has been mentioned, conveyed the impression, that he had not been *de bonheur* for in his censures on him. Byron's words and feelings are so often opposed, and both so completely depend on the humours of the moment, that those who know him well could never attach much confidence to the stability of his sentiments, or the force of his expressions; nor could they feel surprised, or angry, at hearing that he had spoken unkindly of some for whom he really felt friendship. This habit of censuring is his ruling passion, and he is now too old to correct it.

"I have been amused (said Byron) in reading 'Les Essais de Montaigne,' to find how severe he is on the sentiment of tristesse: we are always severe on that particular passion to which we are not addicted, and the French are exempt from this. Montaigne says, that the Italians were right in translating their word tristezza, which means tristesse, into malignity; and this (continued Byron) explains my mechancete, for that I am subject to tristesse cannot be doubted; and if that means, as Le Sieur de Montaigne states, *la malignite*, this is the secret of all my evil doings, or evil imaginings, and probably is also the source of my inspiration." This iden appeared to amuse him very much, and he dwelt on it with apparent satisfaction, saying that it absolved him from a load of responsibility, as he considered himself, according to this, no more accountable for the satires he might write or speak, than for his personal deformity. Nature, he said, had to answer for malignity as well as for deformity, she gave both, and the unfortunate persons on whom she bestowed them were not to be blamed for their effects. Byron said that Montaigne was one of the French writers that amused him the most, as, independently of the quaintness with which he made his observations, a perusal of his works was like a repetition at school, they rubbed up the reader's classical knowledge. He added, that "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy" was also excellent, from the quantity of desultory information it contained, and was a mine of knowledge that, though much worked, was inexhaustible. I told him that he seemed to think more highly of Montaigne than did some of his own countrymen; for that when Le Cardinal de Perron "appelloit les Essais de Montaigne le breviaire des honnêtes gens; le célèbre Huot, évêque d'Avranches, les disoit celui des honnêtes paresseux et des ignors, qui veulent s'enfuir de quelque teinture des lettres,"—Byron said that the critique was severe, but just; for that Montaigne was the greatest plagiarist that every existed, and certainly had turned his reading to the most account. "But

(said Byron) who is the author that is not, intentionally, or unintentionally, a plagiarist? Many more, I am persuaded, are the latter than the former; and if one has read much, it is difficult, if not impossible, to avoid adopting, not only the thoughts, but the expressions of others, which, after they have been some time stored in our minds, appear to us to come forth ready formed, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, and we fancy them our own progeny, instead of being those of adoption. I met lately a passage in a French book (continued Byron) that states, *a propos* of plagiaries, that it was from the preface to the works of Montaigne, by Mademoiselle de Gournay, his adopted daughter, that Pascal stole his image of the Divinity.—C'est un cercle, dont la circonference est partout, et le centre nulle part.' So you see that even the saintly Pascal could steal as well as another, and was probably unconscious of the theft.

"To be perfectly original, (continued Byron,) one should think much and read little; and this is impossible, as one must have read much before one learns to think; for I have no faith in innate ideas, whatever I may have of innate predispositions. But after one has laid in a tolerable stock of materials for thinking, I should think the best plan would be to give the mind time to digest it, and then turn it all well over by thought and reflection, by which we make the knowledge acquired our own; and on this foundation we may let our originality (if we have any) build a superstructure, and if not, it supplies our want of it, to a certain degree. I am accused of plagiarism, (continued Byron,) as I see by the newspapers. If I am guilty, I have many partners in the crime; for I assure you I scarcely know a living author who might not have a similar charge brought against him, and whose thoughts I have not occasionally found in the works of others; so that this consoles me.

"The book you lent me, Dr. Richardson's 'Travels along the Mediterranean,' (said Byron,) is an excellent work. It abounds in information, sensibly and unaffectedly conveyed, and even without Lord B.'s praises of the author, would have led me to conclude that he was an enlightened, sensible, and thoroughly good man. He is always in earnest, (continued Byron,) and never writes for effect: his language is well chosen and correct; and his religious views unaffected and sincere without bigotry. He is just the sort of man I should like to have with me for Greece—clever, both as a man and a physician; for I require both—one for my mind, and the other for my body, which is a little the worse for wear, from the bad usage of the troublesome tenant that has inhabited it, God help me!

"It is strange (said Byron) how seldom one meets with clever, sensible men in the professions of divinity or physic; and yet they are precisely the professions that most peculiarly demand intelligence and ability,—as to keep the soul and body in good health requires no ordinary talents. I have, I confess, as little faith in medicine as Napoleon had. I think it has many remedies, but few specifics. I do not know if we arrived at the same conclusion by the same road. Mine has been drawn from observing that the medical men who fell in my way were, in general, so deficient in ability, that even had the science of medicine been fifty times more simplified than it ever will be in our time, they had not intelligence enough to comprehend or reduce it to practice, which has given me a much greater dread of remedies than diseases. Medical men do not sufficiently attend to idiosyncrasy, (continued Byron,) on which so much depends, and often hurry to the grave one patient by a treatment that has succeeded with another. The moment they ascertain a disease to be the same as one they have known, they conclude the same reme-

dies that cured the first must remove the second, not making allowance for the peculiarities of temperament, habits, and disposition, which last has a great influence in maladies. All that I have seen of physicians has given me a dread of them, which dread will continue, until I have met a doctor like your friend Richardson, who proves himself to be a sensible and intelligent man. I maintain (continued Byron) that more than half our maladies are produced by accustoming ourselves to more sustenance than is required for the support of nature. We put too much oil into the lamp, and it blazes and burns out; but if we only put enough to feed the flame, it burns brightly and steadily. We have, God knows, sufficient alloy in our compositions, without reducing them still nearer to the brute by overfeeding. I think that one of the reasons why women are in general so much better than men,—for I do think they are, whatever I may say to the contrary,—(continued Byron,) is, that they do not indulge in *gourmandise* as men do; and, consequently, do not labour under the complicated horrors that indigestion produces, which has such a dreadful effect on the tempers, as I have both witnessed and felt.

"There is nothing I so much dread as flattery, (said Byron;) not that I mean to say I dislike it,—on the contrary, if well administered, it is very agreeable,—but I dread it because I know, from experience, we end by disliking those we flatter: it is the mode we take to avenge ourselves for stooping to the humiliation of flattering them. On this account, I never flatter those I really like; and, also, I should be fearful and jealous of owing their regard for me to the pleasure my flattery gave them. I am not so forbearing with those I am indifferent about; for seeing how much people like flattery, I cannot resist giving them some, and it amuses me to see how they swallow even the largest doses. Now, there is — and —; who could live on possible terms with them, that did not administer to their vanity? One tells you all his *bonnes fortunes*, and would never forgive you if you appeared to be surprised at their extent; and the other talks to you of prime ministers and dukes by their surnames, and cannot state the most simple fact or occurrence without telling you that Wellington or Devonshire told him so. One does not (continued Byron) meet this last *foible* out of England, and not then, I must admit, except among *parvenus*.

"It is doubtful which, vanity or conceit, is the most offensive, (said Byron;) but I think conceit is, because the gratification of vanity depends on the suffrages of others, to gain which vain people must endeavour to please; but as conceit is content with its own approbation, it makes no sacrifice and is not susceptible of humiliation. I confess that I have a spiteful pleasure (continued Byron) in mortifying conceited people; and the gratification is enhanced by the difficulty of the task. One of the reasons why I dislike society is, that its contact excites all the evil qualities of my nature, which, like the fire in the flint, can only be elicited by friction. My philosophy is more theoretical than practical: it is never at hand when I want it; and the puerile passions that I witness in those whom I encounter excite disgust when examined near, though, viewed at a distance they only create pity,—that is to say, in simple, homely truth, (continued Byron,) the follies of mankind, when they touch me not, I can be lenient to, and moralize on; but if they rub against my own, there is an end to the philosopher. We are all better in solitude, and more especially if we are tainted with evil passions, which, God help us! we all are, more or less, (said Byron.) They are not then brought into action: reason and reflection have time and opportunity to resume that influence over us which

they rarely can do if we are actors in the busy scene of life; and we grow better, because we believe ourselves better. Our passions often only sleep when we suppose them dead; and we are not convinced of our mistake, till they awake with renewed strength, gained by repose. We are, therefore, wise when we choose solitude, where 'passions sleep and reason wakes'; for we cannot conquer the evil qualities that adhere to our nature, we do well to encourage their slumber. Like cases of acute pain, when the physician cannot remove the malady he administers soporifics.

"When I recommend solitude, (said Byron,) I do not mean the solitude of country neighbourhood, where people pass their time, *a dire, redire, et medire*. No! I mean a regular retirement, with a woman that one loves, and interrupted only by a correspondence with a man that one esteems, though if we put plural of man, it would be more agreeable for the correspondence. By this means, friendship would not be subject to the variations and estrangements that are so often caused by a frequent personal intercourse; and we might delude ourselves into belief that they were sincere, and might be lasting—two difficult articles of faith in my creed of friendship. Socrates and Plato (continued Byron) ridiculed Laches, who defined fortune to consist in remaining firm in the ranks opposed to the enemy; and I agree with those philosophers in thinking that a retreat is not inglorious, whether from the enemy in the field or in the town, if one feels one's own weakness, and anticipates a defeat. I feel that society is my enemy, in even more than a figurative sense: I have not fled, but retreated from it; and if solitude has not made me better, I am sure it has prevented my becoming worse, which is a point gained.

"Have you ever observed (said Byron) the extreme dread that *parevus* have of aught that approaches to vulgarity? In manners, letters, conversation, nay, even in literature, they are always superfine; and a man of birth would unconsciously hazard a thousand dubious phrases, sooner than a *parevus* would risk the possibility of being suspected of one. One of the many advantages of birth is, that it saves one from this hypercritical gentility, and he of noble blood may be natural without the fear of being accused of vulgarity. I have left an assembly filled with all the names of *haut ton* in London, and where little but names were to be found, to seek relief from the ennui that overpowered me, in a—cyder cellar—are you not shocked!—and have found there more food for speculation than in the vapid circles of glittering dulness I had left. — or — dared not have done this, but I had the potent of nobility to carry me through it, and what would have been deemed originality and spirit in me, would have been considered a natural bias to vulgar habits in them. In my works, too, I have dared to pass the frozen mole hills—I cannot call them Alps, though they are frozen eminences—of high life, and have used common thoughts and common words to express my impressions; where poor — would have clarified each thought, and double-refined each sentence, until he had reduced them to the polished and cold temperature of the illuminated houses of ice that he loves to frequent; which have always reminded me of the palace of ice built to please an empress, cold, glittering, and costly. But I suppose that — and — like them, from the same cause that I like high life below stairs, not being born to it—there is a good deal in this. I have been abused for dining at Tom Cribb's, where I certainly was amused, and have returned from a dinner where the guests were composed of the magnates of the land, where I had nigh gone to sleep—at least my intellect slumbered—dullified was I and those around me, by the soporific quality

of the conversation, if conversation it might be called. For a long time I thought it was my constitutional melancholy that made me think London society so insufferably tiresome; but I discovered that those who had no such malady found it equally so; the only difference was that they yawned under the nightly inflictions, yet still continued to bear them, while I writhed, and 'muttered curses not loud but deep' against the well-dressed automations, that threw a spell over my faculties, making me doubt if I could any longer feel or think; and I have sought the solitude of my chamber, almost doubting my own identity, or, at least, my sanity, such was the overpowering effect produced on me by exclusive society in London. Madame de Staél was the only person of talent I ever knew who was not overcome by it; but this was owing to the constant state of excitement she was kept in by her extraordinary self-complacency, and the mystifications of the dandies, who made her believe all sorts of things. I have seen her entranced by them, listening with undisguised delight to exaggerated compliments, uttered only to hoax her, by persons incapable of appreciating her genius, and who doubted its existence from the facility with which she received mystifications which would have been detected in a moment by the most commonplace woman in the room. It is thus genius and talent are judged of (continued Byron) by those who, having neither, are incapable of understanding them; and a punster may glory in puzzling a genius of the first order, by a play on words that was below his comprehension, though suited to that of the most ordinary understandings. Madame de Staél had no tact; she would believe anything merely because she did not take the trouble to examine, being too much occupied with self, and often said the most *mal à propos* things, because she was thinking not of the person she addressed, but of herself. She had a party to dine with her one day in London, when Sir James and Lady — entered the drawing-room, the lady dressed in a green gown, with a shawl of the same verdant hue, and a bright red turban. Madame de Staél marched up to her in her eager manner, and exclaimed, 'Ah, mon Dieu, miladi! comme vous ressemblez à un perroquet.' The poor lady looked confounded: the company tried, but in vain, to suppress the smiles the observation excited; but all felt that the making it betrayed a total want of tact in the Corinne.

"Does the cant of sentiment still continue in England? (asked Byron.) 'Childe Harold' called it forth; but my Juan was well calculated to cast it into shade, and had that merit, if it had no other; but I must not refer to the Don, as that, I remember, is a prohibited subject between us. Nothing sickens me so completely (said Byron) as women who affect sentiment in conversation. A woman without sentiment is not a woman; but I have observed, that those who most display it in words have least of the reality. Sentiment, like love and grief, should be reserved for privacy; and when I hear women *affichant* their sentimentality, I look upon it as an allegorical mode of declaring their wish of finding an object on whom they could bestow its superfluity. I am of a jealous nature, (said Byron,) and should wish to call slumbering sentiment into life in the woman I love, instead of finding that I was chosen, from its excess and activity rendering a partner in the firm indispensable. I should hate a woman (continued Byron) who could laugh at or ridicule sentiment, as I should, and do, women who have not religious feelings; and, much as I dislike bigotry, I think it a thousand times more pardonable in a woman than irreligion. There is something unfeminine in the want of religion, that takes off the peculiar charm of woman. It inculcates mildness, forbearance, and charity,—those graces that adorn them more than

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all others, (continued Byron,) and whose beneficent effects are felt, not only on their minds and manners, but are visible in their countenances, to which they give their own sweet character. But when I say that I admire religion in women, (said Byron,) don't fancy that I like sectarian ladies, distributors of tracts, armed and ready for controversies, many of whom only preach religion, but do not practise it. No! I like to know that it is the guide of woman's actions, the softener of her words, the soother of her cares, and those of all dear to her, who are comforted by her,—that it is, in short, the animating principle to which all else is referred. When I see women professing religion and violating its duties,—mothers turning from erring daughters, instead of staying to reclaim,—sisters deserting sisters, whom, in their hearts, they know to be more pure than themselves,—and wives abandoning husbands on the ground of faults that they should have wept over, and redeemed by the force of love,—then it is (continued Byron) that I exclaim against the cant of false religion, and laugh at the credulity of those who can reconcile such conduct with the dictates of a creed that ordains forgiveness, and commands that 'if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted'; and that tells a wife, that 'if she hath an husband that believeth not, and if he be pleased to dwell with her, let her not leave him. For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife,' &c. Now, people professing religion either believe, or do not believe, such creeds, (continued Byron.) If they believe, and act contrary to their belief, what avails their religion, except to throw discredit on its followers, by showing that they practise not its tenets? and if they inwardly disbelieve, as their conduct would lead one to think, are they not guilty of hypocrisy? It is such incongruities between the professions and conduct of those who affect to be religious that puts me out of patience, (continued Byron,) and makes me wage war with cant, and not, as many suppose, a disbelief or want of faith in religion. I want to see it practised, and to know, which is soon made known by the conduct, that it dwells in the heart, instead of being on the lips only of its votaries. Let me not be told that the mothers, sisters, and wives, who violate the duties such relationships impose, are good and religious people: let it be admitted that a mother, sister, or wife, who deserts instead of trying to lead back the stray sheep to the flock, cannot be truly religious, and I shall exclaim no more against hypocrisy and cant, because they will no longer be dangerous. Poor Mrs. Sheppard tried more, and did more, to reclaim me (continued Byron) than—but no, as I have been preaching religion, I shall practise one of its tenets, and be charitable; so I shall not finish the sentence."

It appears to me that Byron has reflected much on religion, and that many, if not all, the doubts and sarcasms he has expressed on it are to be attributed only to his enmity against its false worshippers. He is indignant at seeing people professing it governed wholly by worldly principles in their conduct; and fancies that he is serving the true cause by exposing the votaries that he thinks dishonour it. He forgets that in so exposing and decrying them, he is breaking through the commandments of charity he admires, and says ought to govern our nations towards our erring brethren; but that he reflects deeply on the subject of religion and its duties, is, I hope, a step gained in the right path, in which I trust he will continue to advance; and which step I attribute, as does he, to the effect of the prayer of Mrs. Sheppard had on his mind, and which, it is evident, has made a lasting impression, by the frequency and seriousness with which he refers to it.

From the Literary Examiner.

Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald, including her familiar Correspondence with the most distinguished Persons of her Time. Edited by James Boudon, Esq. 2 vols. Bentley, 1833.

THIS is a far better work than has ever hitherto come from Mr. Boudon's pen—no thanks to him! He has spoiled his materials as far as it was possible for man to do, but Mrs. Inchbald's life was not one of a kind to be wholly *burred*, however fell the grasp of the greedy murderer. This lady, actress, and authoress left ample documents for the making out her curious biography—diaries, accounts, letters, memoranda, &c. &c.—for she was one of the most punctual and assiduous persons that ever wrote. These materials Mr. Boudon has cut up; in fact, made a complete *hash* of them; or rather, he has shredded up the muscles of his subject, hung them to dry, and jerked the carion for use; so that instead of a rich piece of narrative, as it might have been, or a volume of original and simple entries of journals and diaries from her own pen, we have Mr. Boudon's finery hanging in ribbons about a few dried remains of his authoress.

Of all the vicious styles the fancy of modern *literateurs* has hit upon, surely there is none so bad as Mr. Boudon's; he never tells you any thing, he *hints* it; if the circumstance is of an amusing kind, he jokes and puns about it, but never informs you of the matter in hand; if there is a pathetic incident he weeps and whines over it, and expects your sympathy; but, alas! your only grief is, that you must guess as to what the poor, tearful scribbler is driving at. Treason and other high crimes are constructed by *inuendo*. This is the way Mr. Boudon builds up his biography; they are one long *inuendo*—the single hint is varied by a *double entremet*, and here the variety ends. He has long been a writer for the stage, but surely he never composed a play wholly of *Audes*, and yet this is the way he treats the readers of his lives. He is always blinking, and smirking, and whispering with his hand to his mouth, separating his auditor from the public, until the said auditors stamp with rage to know what the venerable old gentleman would be at. Mr. Boudon does not want industry; we will be bound that he has got up his biography with extraordinary zeal and assiduity; he knows his dramatic times, too, well; and yet, what is it that he has produced? We should call it "a series of shy hints at the private papers of the late Mrs. Inchbald." It is a pity. Mrs. Inchbald was a woman of ten thousand; talent, beauty, powers of various kinds were hers, and, combined with her eccentricities, her temper, her vanity, (open and candid,) her penuriousness by principle, and her generosity by impulse; her odd adventures, her love, platonic and truly feminine, her independent moods of mind; these, and many other points, make her life well worth the study of one who understands our social system. We should say that Mrs. Leman Grimstone could not choose a better subject than the Life of Mrs. Inchbald for commentary. She should add three or four others that might be named, and we think we may promise her that biography will be found a better vehicle for her radical notions on the subject of female education than any novel whatever.

As for our old gossip Boudon, we are almost sorry to treat him rudely; but what are you to do when a proverbial bore gets you by the button, pokes you in the side with the extended forefinger of the disengaged hand, puns as he pokes, winks knowingly in your face, and in spite of your not comprehending one word of his pompous rigmarole, lets you go with a tremendous chuckle over the goodness of the story he has been big with for a quarter of an hour, though never for a moment near delivery.

As for this book, we have positively read it; and whether we have been most taken up with the virtuous vixen herself or her bungling biographer, it would be difficult to say. Mrs. Inchbald is not always to be admired; it was not every body that could keep their temper in her company; but dead as she is now, we can admire her and almost love her oddities, encased as they were in beauty. But this busybody fumbling about her memory has almost in every page been too much for our equanimity; and yet we have been irresistibly compelled to read on,—muttering, phawing, nay, we must confess, even cursing. Soul of Boaden! mayst thou not be the worse for our iniquity; but perhaps, after all, Boaden has no soul,—he is possibly only a fibbergigget biographer of the stage; a sort of green-room vampire—he sucks the blood of the dramatic dead. Let us see how many have been his victims: first he batteened on the blood of Kemble, he then burst open the fresh sere cloth of Siddons,—afterwards, he went back upon the shrivelled bones of the once succulent Jordan; now he revels in the tomb of the tenth muse, the all-lovely antique, the miser-beauty, Inchbald. Who is to be the next victim? Do not the "stars" tremble? Surely if they fall, the stage-banshee will have them in the shape of BOGLE BOADEN, and him and chuckle their memories into the lowest pit of oblivion. Let no dramatic hero die yet; were we admitted to the sick, we would keep life in them by merely whispering in a sensitive ear, BEWARE OF BOADEN. This is a thorough dramatic anti-viaticum.

From the Spectator.

This is the life of a woman of genius; and such is the interesting nature of its incidents, that even the clumsy affection of the biographer can only blunt the effect of the narrative. Mrs. Inchbald was a beauty, a virtue, a player, and, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, an authoress of works which will always live. Her family were numerous, distressed, and impulsive; she was generous and benevolent; and yet she, by the labour of her own hands, accumulated a handsome independence. Her character is a singular compound of steadiness and impulse. She did the wildest things that girl or woman ever did; but such was the sterling purity of her mind, and above all, the decision of her temper even in the midst of folly, that reproach never, except momentarily, visited her fair fame. She left her home a mere girl, with a determination of seeking employment upon the stage; was for some time exposed to all the temptations and dangers which beset a beautiful and unprotected creature in London; and yet came out of the ordeal only brighter and purer than she entered it. All her life she seems to have been warmly attached to male society; her friendships, acquaintances, and correspondences with men of various views and ranks, are most numerous. She answered every letter, even when it conveyed proposals of a kind which she repelled with indignation. She stood upon her independence, without exactly reflecting what it was she stood upon: but the men knew it, and were afraid. After the death of that excellent man Inchbald (albeit a vagabond by law), she never married again—though not from any objection she had to the married state: several, nay many, fluttered about her for years, but never resolved on the fatal pop. Sir Charles Bunbury was her most noted admirer. John Kemble was another. Holcroft swells the list. Dr. Gishorne all but plunged, and would not have had the fate Holcroft met with. The famous Sætt, and Dick Wilson, a noted actor, were among her rejected. Mr. Glover, a man of beees and land—in fact, a country gentleman of fortune—offered his hand and his estate; and the biographer seems to wonder why they were

not accepted. The cause is hinted at: Sir Charles Bunbury was in a more uncertain mood than ever, and seemed to be inclined to throw the weight into the legal scales and kick the matrimonial beam. He did not: not because the lady was an actress,—a farmer's daughter whose birth-place bordered on his own extensive domains in Suffolk,—but most probably because he saw and knew that no empress on her throne was more in the humour to have her way as regarded herself, and all connected with herself, than the fair authoress of the unequalled *Simple Story*. She laid no trap—was no hypocrite—hated the syren's arts—or this eminent member of the turf, "wide awake" as he might fancy himself, would have assuredly been conjoined with much green-room notoriety. He could not have had a fairer, a purer, a more noble-spirited creature; who was, moreover, a woman of genius, a woman of inexhaustible stores of knowledge, and who would have done honour to the strawberry-leaves of a ducal coronet. True, Sir Charles would have been overrun with Debby, and Dolly, the Hugginses, the Bigbys, the Hunts, and the Simpons; and such a tag-rag and bob-tail of poor relations is worse than death to an aristocratic personage, who fancies he has only married a beauty and a genius. Mrs. Inchbald, as plain Mrs. Inchbald, did justice and kindness to these people, out of her hard-earned funds: she did not want their society, and had little of it: as Lady Bunbury she could have hardly done more or been more annoyed. Sister Dolly was a bar-maid; and, alas! sister Debby ("more beautiful than me," writes the authoress) joined the frail sisterhood, who, because they depend upon the accidental exhibition of personal charms, are said to live upon the monster Town. These were serious drawbacks in the estimation of perhaps a selfish man of the world: but what must they have been to poor Mrs. Inchbald herself? She was a queen among these poor relations: it is to be doubted whether the baronetcy could have raised her higher in their estimation, than the "trunkmakers" of the gallery, on the night of one of her successful comedies, when all the house were rapt in enthusiasm, or when the King took the cue from the People, and commanded each of her new pieces, generally a few nights after its first exhibition. After every successful play or farce, she was besieged by these poor unfortunates, and always distributed a portion of her gains: the rest was inexorably deposited in the Funds; and though, between her charity and her determination to secure independence, she was often reduced to second stories at 3s. 6d. per week, to scour her own floors, and wash down the stairs in turn with her own hands,—hands that on the same day held the pen, and kept the country in a state of delight with the result of its markings,—still she persevered; still she determined upon saving enough to secure her from hanging on the charity of others, and keeping enough to dispense among the poor relatives whom accident had thrown in part upon her bounty. Nay, she allowed her old sister a hundred a year, when she could not afford herself coals: her Diary speaks of her crying for cold, and her only consolation being that she had secured her poor sister a good fire. If this is not nobility, what is? Some of her conduct bears the air of rigidity; and yet, contemporaneously with it, we find the whole laughing nature of this splendid dame woman breaking through the crust of custom, and indulging in—what shall we call them?—foibles—folly—imprudences!—amusing herself with run-away knocks at night; with running over the town and wearing the stones of Sackville and other streets into holes after Dr. Warren, for whom she had conceived a *platonic*, in spite of his being a married man; nay, with even permitting addresses in the street, which she called "adventures:" with her visits to bachelors, like Mr. Babb, at Little Hol-

land House, or her perpetual Sunday dinners and readings with that fine specimen of humanity old Horace Twiss, the father of the present Horace. We call him old, because we remember him as such; but at the time we speak of—when he had the supreme pleasure of being visited every Sunday by the “tenth Muse” in the shape of a beautiful and exemplary actress—he was a young and flourishing merchant, besides being a man of property and cultivated intellect. He had an enthusiastic love of the drama—not of the green-room and the stage only—an attachment which he afterwards showed by his marriage with the beautiful sister of Mrs. Siddons. It may be stated, though hardly necessary to prove the perfect purity of Mrs. Inchbald's visits to this bachelor, that her Sunday readings were continued after his marriage.

All the peculiarities of this extraordinary character—the incrustations, as it were, of a beautiful form, as it grew older (for she was never old, never dull, always original, and full of talent)—are to be learned by a study of the books before us. We only wish her papers had been in better hands; as it is, we trust they are not destroyed—her Diary alone will be worth all that good old *riddle-me-reve* Boaden could hint, and pan, and allude to, in a dozen volumes of that droll *circumbendibus* which he probably calls style.

Mrs. Inchbald lived to be nearly seventy years of age. She was a Roman Catholic, and did honour to that faith. She is buried in Kensington Church-yard. The Memoirs of her life, written by herself, were destroyed at her death—we cannot help lamenting that such should have been her will.

The “character” of the heroine, by Boaden, at the end of the book, is good; and that means far better than any thing we ever saw of his, deeply as he has dealt with stage biography. He has now but one more life to write—that is his own: let him set about it. His heart is in the right place; but he seems to hold the pen at the end of a walking-stick, and instead of words, makes strange signs in the air.

From Fraser's Magazine.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

O READER dear! do pray look here, and you will spy the curly hair, and forehead fair, and nose so high, and gleaming eye, of Benjamin D'Israe-li, the wondrous boy who wrote *Alroy* in rhyme and prose, only to show how long ago victorious Judah's lion-banner rose. In an earlier day he wrote *Vivian Grey*—a smart-enough story, we must say, until he took his hero abroad, and trundled him over the German road; and taught him there not to drink beer, and swallow schnaps, and pull madchen's caps, and smoke the cigar and the meerham true, in alehouse and lusthaus all Fatherland through, until all was blue, but talk secondhand that which, at the first, was never many degrees from the worst—namely, German cant and High-Dutch sentimality, maudlin metaphysics, and rubbishing reality. But those who would find how Vivian wined with the Marchioness of Puddledock, and other great grandees of the kind, and how he talked aesthetic, and waxed eloquent and pathetic, and kissed his Italian puppies of the greyhound breed, they have only to read—if the work be still alive—*Vivian Grey*, in volumes five.

As for his tentative upon the *Representative*, which he and John Murray got up in a very great hurry, we shall say nothing at all, either great or small; and all the wars that thence ensued, and the Moravian's deadly feud: nor much of that fine book, which

is called the *Young Duke*, with his slippers of velvet blue, with clasps of snowy-white hue, made out of the pearl's mother, or some equally fine thing or other; and *Fleming* (*Contarini*), which will cost ye a guinea; and *Gallomania* (get through it can you?) in which he made war on (assisted by a whiskered baron—his name was Von Haber, whose Germanical jabber Master Ben, with ready pen, put into English smart and jinglish) King Louis Philippe and his court; and many other great works of the same sort—why, we leave them to the reader to peruse, that is to say, if he should choose.

He lately stood for Wycombe, but there Colonel Grey did lick him, he being parcel Tory and parcel Radical—which is what in general mad we call; and the latest affair of his we chanced to see, is *What is he?* a question which, by this time, we have somewhat answered in this our pedestrian rhyme. As for the rest,—but writing rhyme is, after all, a pest; and, therefore —

We shall finish what we have to say, without any *Alroyizing*, in plain prose; and, like Balaam (we mean the prophet, not that material which is so prominent in all magazines), we shall conclude with a blessing an article which has begun in not, perhaps, a complimentary strain. The plain fact then is, that Ben D'Israeli is a clever fellow, who has written some striking books, in which we think he has shewn great indications of talent, but nothing more. The books prove that the author is a man of abilities, though they do not reach the mark at which he aims. Benjamin's politics are rather preposterous; but he is young, and may improve. There is one thing good about him, viz., that he can never be a Whig; and while that can be said of any man, there is hope for him. Only, we beseech our friend not to write any more of that sounding fustian which infests the wondrous tale of *Alroy*. If he wishes to Judease, why does he not at once write us Tales of the Talmud, or Gestes of the Gemara, or Memorandums of the Mischna? A *Romance of Rag-fair*, or a *Heroine of Houndsditch*, would be rather a novelty in these piping times. Scott, the novelographer of the border thieves, is departed—why should not one of London breed attempt to occupy his place? We cannot see any reason to the contrary.

We have already expressed our favourable feelings towards Benjamin's father; and we must conclude this article, by hoping that, in the end, he will indeed be old Isaac's “son of his right hand,” as his name imports in the original Hebraic. He could not follow a more honourable example in life or in letters than the old Curiosity of Literature; and we trust that as there is stuff, and good stuff in Ben, he will speedily get rid of some ridiculous ideas that pursue him, and shew those who think well of his talents that he can do what they wish to see him attempting.

From the Christian Advocate.

WM. WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

The loss of private friends is too absorbing an event to be immediately instructive. It is too long before the wounded feelings of the survivors will permit that calm retrospect, which first teaches resignation, and then guides the thoughts to eternity. The vivid recollection of features that we loved, and last beheld convulsed in the agony of approaching dissolution; the memory of recent kindness, of domestic enjoyment, gone, perhaps never to return; the fond, endearing associations of a long, united home, now for the first time severed and dispersed; all combine to raise painful and tumultuous emotions, inconsistent with that tone of deep

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and solemn interest, with which we contemplate the loss of our public men.

Few, indeed, could be mentioned whose names are more calculated to elevate the mind to a devotional, as well as an affectionate temperament, than Mr. Wilberforce's. He was intimately connected, in the remembrance of every man, with all that is great and good. He was a bright star in that galaxy of talent that shed a lustre over our political world at the end of the last century. He shone with brilliancy in our senate, even when men were dazzled with the splendour of Pitt and Fox. He was the ornament of society when Burke was in the meridian of his glory, and Sheridan in his zenith, and Canning in the spring of his radiant career. But honours like these were the least that distinguished the course of this venerated man. He achieved for himself a triumph far more illustrious, even for its earthly value, than all that eloquence, or learning, or wit, can obtain for their possessors. At a time when religious sincerity was not understood in the higher walks of life, and piety was stigmatized in aristocratic circles with scarcely less reproach than in the days of the Second Charles; when the heat of politics and the rage of party almost excluded Christianity from sight, and banished her professors from fashionable life; Mr. Wilberforce, with a courage and a consistency worthy of an Apostle, exerted himself, by his writings and his example, to work a moral reform in the sphere in which he moved: and his exertions were crowned with success. He established around him a circle of pious men, which has gradually but constantly been extending itself, till it has at length included within it many, as we hope, of our distinguished characters in every class of life, political, literary, and scientific. With many shades of difference in opinion, and even perhaps in principle, there is undoubtedly a large body of men now existing, who take a prominent part in every scheme of benevolence or religious instruction, and who have acquired for our country a reputation for charitable and pious exertions beyond that of any other nation in the world. We attribute the merit of this, under the blessing of God, more to the example and influence of Mr. Wilberforce, than to any other secondary cause. While others have given to him that need of praise which is justly his due, for his great exertions in the cause of the enslaved Negro, we have always considered this to be his highest honour, and one which will shed a glory on his name when the existence of Colonial Slavery is mere matter of historical research.

We have endeavoured to glean a few facts of the biography of this celebrated man, to satisfy the anxious wishes of our readers.

His ancestors for many years were successfully engaged in trade at Hull. His great-great-grandfather was a Mr. William Wilberforce, who was one of the Governors of Beverley in the year 1670. The grandson of this gentleman married Sarah, the daughter of Mr. John Thornton, about the year 1711; and hence, we believe, originated that intimate connexion with the Thornton family which continued to the end of Mr. Wilberforce's life. There were two sons and two daughters, the issue of this marriage. William, the elder son, died without issue in the year 1780. Robert, the younger, married Miss Elizabeth Bird; the aunt, as we believe, of the present Bishop of Winchester and Chester. The late Mr. Wilberforce was the only son of Mr. Robert Wilberforce. There were two daughters, Elizabeth and Sarah: the former died unmarried; the latter was twice married, first to the Rev. — Clarke, and then to Mr. Stephen, the late Master in Chancery.

Mr. Wilberforce was born at Hull in the year 1759, in a house in High street, now the property of Mr. Henwood. He went to St. John's College,

Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner, at the usual age, and there formed an intimacy with Mr. Pitt, which remained unbroken till his death. Mr. Wilberforce did not obtain academical honours; and, in fact, such honours were rarely sought at that time by those who wore a fellow-commoner's gown: but he was distinguished as a man of elegant attainments and acknowledged classical taste. Dr. Milner, the late president of Queen's College in the same University, was another intimate of Mr. Wilberforce, and accompanied him and Mr. Pitt in a tour to Nice. We believe Miss Sarah Wilberforce was also of the party. This little event deserves particular mention, even in this hasty memoir of him; for he has often been heard to acknowledge that his first serious impressions of religion were derived from his conversations with Dr. Milner, during the journey. Milner was a man worthy of the proud distinction* of having thus led Mr. Wilberforce's mind into paths of pleasantness and peace.

Mr. Wilberforce was chosen as the Representative of his native town as soon as he attained his majority. We first find his name in the Parliamentary Journals in the year 1781, as one of the Commissioners for administering the oaths to Members. We believe that he represented Hull for two, if not three parliaments. He does not appear to have taken an active part in the business of the House till 1783, when he seconded an address of thanks on the Peace. The next occasion on which he came forward was in opposition to Mr. Fox's India Bill, in 1783. We have never seen any report of his speech: we have heard it mentioned in terms of approbation, but as marked with more asperity of style than generally characterized his oratory. It cannot but be interesting at the present time, to find that in 1785 Mr. Wilberforce spoke in favour of a reform in Parliament, when that subject was brought forward by Mr. Pitt. The plan then suggested was infinitely short of that which has since been carried into effect. Mr. Pitt proposed to suppress thirty-six decayed boroughs; to distribute their members among the counties; and to establish a fund of one million for the purchase of the franchise of other boroughs, to be transferred to unrepresented towns. It is worthy of remark, that Mr. Fox, who avowed himself favourable to the principle of reform, but resisted the plan of purchasing it, complained of Mr. Wilberforce for not taking the "most conciliatory mode" of acquiring strength in the cause, and for "reproaching characters of the greatest weight in Parliament."

In the following year Mr. Wilberforce succeeded in carrying through the Commons a Bill for amending the Criminal law. It was crude and imperfect in its forms, and opposed by Lord Loughborough in the Upper House, principally for this reason. It was rejected without a division. Its principal object was to give certainty to punishment; but, if we may judge from Lord Loughborough's comments upon it, it reflected more credit upon Mr. Wilberforce's benevolent feelings than upon his legal skill: nor is this improbable; Mr. Wilberforce was not a man to subject his enlarged views to the trammels of special-pleading precaution. It is not, indeed, likely, that he was qualified by any professional study for that petty dexterity which is necessary to adapt legislation to the correction of abuses strictly legal.

It is instructive to observe the early Parliamentary career of this great man. If there ever was a being gifted with more than human kindness, it was Mr. Wilberforce. His tone, his manners, his look, were all conciliatory, even to persuasive tenderness; yet we have already seen him reproved for undue severity by Fox, and we next find him tutored in meekness by Pitt! In 1787, in a debate

*Dr. Milner would not have approved this phrase.

on the commercial relations with France. Burke had provoked Mr. Wilberforce into some acrimony of retort, when Mr. Pitt checked him for his imprudence, telling him that "it was as far beyond his powers as his wishes, to contend with such an opponent as Burke, in abuse and personality."

We have not space to follow in detail the Parliamentary history of Mr. Wilberforce. We must hasten on to that great question, to which he devoted his best powers and his best days; the Abolition of the Slave Trade. It was in 1788 that Mr. Wilberforce first gave notice of his purpose to draw the attention of the Legislature to this subject; but indisposition prevented him from executing it; and, on the 9th of May in that year, Mr. Pitt undertook the duty for him. A resolution passed the House, that it would proceed in the next session to consider the state of the Slave Trade, and the measures it might be proper to adopt with respect to it. Even at that early period of his life, so well acknowledged were his talents and his character, that both Pitt and Fox expressed their conviction that the question could not be confided to abler hands. Before the House proceeded with the inquiry, Sir William Dolben, the Member for the University of Oxford, moved for leave to bring in a bill to regulate the transportation of slaves. The bill was lost upon a question of privilege; but, in its passage through both Houses, evidence at great length was examined, proving all the horrors of the system. We have been much struck, in the perusal of the debates, by the identity of tone and sophism between the pro-slavery men of that day and their successors in the present. Lord Thurlow talked pathetically, not of the murder of the slaves, but of the ruin of the traders; Lord Sydney eulogized the tender legislation of Jamaica; the Duke of Chandos deprecated universal insurrection; and the Duke of Richmond proposed a clause of compensation!

On the 12th of May, 1789, Mr. Wilberforce again brought the question before the House, introducing it with one of those powerful and impressive speeches which have justly classed him among the most eloquent men of his day. He offered a series of resolutions for their consideration and future adoption; and on the 25th of May the debate was renewed. The usual evasion of calling for further evidence was successfully practised by his opponents, and the further consideration of the matter was adjourned to the following session. Sir William Dolben's Act, however, for the regulation of the trade, was passed.

In 1790, Mr. Wilberforce revived the subject; but, though more evidence was taken, and on this occasion before a select committee, nothing effectual was done, and the question was again postponed. In the following year, another committee above stairs was appointed to prosecute the examination of witnesses; and on the 18th of April Mr. Wilberforce again opened the debate with a copious and energetic argument. Pitt, Fox, William Smith, and other members, came forward to support him; but, in vain: slave traders in 1791 were not more accessible to the voice of reason, or the cry of humanity, or the reproofs of conscience, than slave owners of 1833; and his motion was lost by a majority of 75.

But Mr. Wilberforce was not to be discouraged. It was the noble trait of his long and useful life, that he uniformly adhered to principle: neither calumny, nor difficulty, nor defeat, could make him swerve, even for a moment, from his determined purpose; and by principle he triumphed. On the 3d of April, 1792, he again moved the abolition; and he was again opposed by all the virulence and all the sophistry of colonial interest. The West-Indian advocates recommended, then as now, palliatives and ameliorations, but protested against the only cure. Mr. Bailey talked of the great religious cultivation of the slaves: Mr. Vaughan recom-

mended schools for education: Colonel Thornton predicted the ruin of our shipping: and Mr. Dundas had the merit of first proposing "gradual measures." The ruse succeeded, and *gradualism* was carried by a majority of 68. Another attempt was made, on the 25th of April, to alter the period of abolition, fixed by Mr. Dundas for the 1st of January 1800, to the 1st of January 1793. This was lost by a majority of 49; but a compromise was subsequently effected, limiting the time to the 1st of January 1796. The Bill, however, did not pass the Lords. There, of course, further evidence was required!

In 1794, Mr. Wilberforce limited his exertions to the introduction of a Bill to prohibit the supply of slaves to foreign colonies. It passed the Lower House, but was also thrown out in the Lords, by a majority of 45 to 4. Is it that Peers, like the geese of Rome, have more intellect than others to perceive approaching danger? or too much strength of mind to be unseasonably affected by the sufferings of their fellow-subjects?

In 1795, Mr. Wilberforce moved an Amendment on the Address. His object was to promote a pacific relation with France; and at a later period of the session, he made another motion to the same effect; but we purposely refrain from entering upon this topic.

Nothing could long divert him from the theme of Abolition; and, even in the midst of these busy times, he made an opportunity of again calling to it the attention of the Legislature. On the 26th of February he moved for leave to bring in his Bill. Mr. Dundas moved an amendment, for postponing the motion for six months; and it was carried by a majority of seventeen. On the 18th of February 1796, Mr. Wilberforce again brought the question forward; but on this occasion he failed, by a majority of four in favour of postponement; and he was defeated by the same majority in 1798, although in the intervening year an address to the Crown, praying for its interposition with the Colonial Legislatures to encourage the native population of the islands, had been carried. The same bad success attended his exertions in 1799, although on this occasion he was strenuously supported by Mr.坎宁。

We believe that it was not till 1804 that Mr. Wilberforce renewed his attempts to awaken the Parliament to their duty; in that year, on the 30th of May, he moved that the House should resolve itself into committee, and he prefaced his motion with one of the most impassioned speeches ever made within its walls. We have generally heard it acknowledged to have been his grandest effort in the cause. His Bill passed the third reading, by a majority of thirty-six; but at so late a period of the session that it was too late to discuss it in the Lords; and, on the motion of Lord Hawkesbury, it was postponed to the ensuing session. This was the last time that Mr. Wilberforce took the lead in this great question. On the 10th of June, in 1806, Mr. Fox, being then in office, brought it forward at Mr. Wilberforce's special request. He introduced it with a high eulogium upon him. "No man," he observed, "either from his talents, eloquence, zeal in the cause, or from the estimation in which he was held in that House and in the country, could be better qualified for the task."

"Bitter experience has since proved how little either talents or eloquence, zeal or public estimation, have to do with the success of public measures that have no better foundation than humanity and justice, even when backed by popular opinion. Mr. Wilberforce rightly calculated on the superior influence of Ministerial power. The Bill, under the auspices of Government, passed the Lower House by a majority of 114 to 15; and, through the efforts of Lord Grenville, was, at length, triumphant in the Lords. But the triumph was fairly given to Mr.

Wilberforce. He was hailed with enthusiastic acclamations on re-entering the House after his success; and the country re-echoed the applause from shore to shore. In the following year, his return for Yorkshire, which county he had represented in several successive Parliaments, was warmly contested; but such was the ardour with which the friends of humanity espoused his interest, that their subscriptions far exceeded the expense of his election, although more than 100,000. We do not recollect the exact sum; but we believe that money to more than double that amount was subscribed.

"He remained in Parliament for many years, until he was nearly the father of the House. About the year 1825 he retired altogether into domestic life, his increasing infirmities having latterly obliged him to relieve himself from the heavy burthen of the county business, by accepting a seat for the borough of Bramber, then in the nomination of Lord Calthorpe. Mr. Wilberforce frequently took an active part in public affairs, after the termination of his Abolition duties. On the arrival of the late Queen he exerted himself strenuously to avert those revolting discussions which he too plainly foresaw must ensue; and he moved his well-known address to her Majesty, entreating her to return to France, as we have heard whispered, in concurrence with the feelings of one at least of her legal advisers, who promised his influence to obtain her assent. That influence, if exerted, availed but little. Mr. Wilberforce, however, had the satisfaction of feeling that he had discharged an important duty to his conscience, as well as to his public character. Had he been accessible to the vanity of ordinary men, he must have felt flattered by the confidence reposed in him by the House on this occasion. His suggestion was received with almost reverential attention, and one and all seemed to regard him as the only man whose acknowledged address, and weight of character, afforded a hope of extrication from the painful dilemma in which they found themselves placed.

We do not recollect that Mr. Wilberforce ever personally introduced any measure of importance after the Abolition Bill had passed.

The general bias of his politics was towards the Tories; but a man more free from servile attachment to his party was never found in Parliament. Though the intimate friend and constant supporter of Mr. Pitt, he never accepted or solicited either place or honour. We doubt if he ever asked a favour for himself, though he never refused his influence to support the applications of men who possessed fair claims on the public justice. Few members attended with more assiduity in their places in Parliament. Though his frame was always weak, and his health indifferent, he rarely absented himself from public duty: he had, indeed, a higher motive to its discharge, than most men. Though more destitute of self-importance than most men, he was sensible that he had gradually risen to a peculiar responsibility, which there were few, if any, to share with him. He was regarded by the religious world, as the protector, in the Lower House, of the public morals and religious rights. He was justly conscious that this was the highest trust confided to his care, and he was vigilant in proportion. He was never to be found sleeping when any question trenching on public decorum, or the interests of religion, came before the legislature. We believe that this high motive impelled him to a more frequent attendance than consisted with his physical strength. In his later years he often availed himself of the too frequent opportunity given by a heavy speaker, to indulge himself with an hour's sleep in the back seats under the galleries; and this indulgence was cheerfully and respectfully conceded by the House. To have disturbed the slumber of Mr. W. would have been,

with one consent, scouted, as a breach of privilege, for which no ordinary apology could have atoned.

We have scarcely reserved time or space for a few particulars of his private habits. He married Miss Barbara Spooner, the daughter of an opulent banker at Birmingham, in the year 1797. We believe that it was about this time that he published his celebrated work on Christianity. It was his only work on religious or miscellaneous subjects; but it procured for him great celebrity, not less for the elegance of its style than the sterling value of its principles. It has passed through many editions, and is now a standard book in every library. For some years after his marriage, he resided at Bloomsbury House, on Clapham Common, except during the Session, when he was generally at his town residence in Old Palace Yard. He removed from Clapham to Kensington Gore, where he lived many years. For a short time, he occupied another house at Brompton; but, on leaving public life, we think about the year 1825, he purchased an estate at Highwood-hill, about two miles from Barnet, where he remained till within two years of his death. His lady and his four sons have survived him. His eldest daughter died unmarried four years ago. His other daughter married the Rev. J. James, and died within twelve months of her marriage. Her loss deeply affected her venerable parent; but, faithful to that God who had never failed him throughout his arduous life, the morning of her decease found him in his usual seat at church, seeking at the altar that peace which the world cannot give. Mrs. James inherited too much of her father's beautiful mind, not to leave a wound in the parent's heart which never healed during the short time that he survived her.

We dare not presume to describe the character of this illustrious servant of God. Nor is it necessary: every one among us, high or low, rich or poor, has been more or less familiar with his virtues; for, in private or in public, the man was still the same. He had formed a little paradise around him, and it attended him wherever he went. Tenderness, affectionate sympathy for the least want or suffering of his neighbour, yet a benevolence so expanded that every man seemed his neighbour, characterized him at home or abroad. He was happy in himself, for he wished and he sought the happiness of all around him. The protection of the Negro was only an emanation from that principle of love, which seemed to govern every action and every thought; a brighter coruscation of that light which radiated in all directions, and spread warmth and comfort on all within its rays. He lived for others; he died for himself, to enjoy in all its fulness the heaven which he had endeavoured to realise on earth, by following the footsteps of that Saviour on whose atonement he entirely rested for salvation.

In his domestic life, Mr. Wilberforce was playful and animated to a degree which few would have supposed, who had been accustomed to regard him only as the leader of the religious world. He was extremely fond of children, and would enter into their gambols with the gaiety of a school-boy. We need scarcely add, that he was the idol of his own. Their veneration, their filial attachment, bordered on enthusiasm; their hourly attendance on his wants, resembled the maternal anxiety of a widowed parent for an only child. Mr. Wilberforce was particularly happy in conversation: his memory was richly stored with classical allusion; a natural poetry of mind constantly displayed itself; a melodious cadence marked every thought and every expression of the thought. He was seldom impassioned; not often energetic; but his tones were mellifluous and persuasive, exactly according with the sentiment they conveyed. Those who studied the character of his elocution in public, can-

not fail to recognise the same distinguishing traits in all the speeches of his later years.

We must not conclude even these lengthened remarks without noticing his religious habits. His attachment to the Established Church was deep and inviolable; but never was a Churchman less tainted with the least approach to bigotry. His feelings were truly liberal. We recollect on one occasion that he received the Sacrament in a Dissenting chapel: a gentleman had expressed some doubt of the circumstance, and Mr. Wilberforce was asked if the report was true. 'Yes, my dear,' he answered in a tone that intimated surprise: 'is it not the church of God?'

In person Mr. Wilberforce was not calculated to excite attention; but, when his countenance was animated by conversation, the expression of the features was very striking. An admirable likeness of him, though inferior as a work of art, was lately painted for Sir Robert Inglis, by an artist of the name of Richmond. It appeared in the late Exhibition.

His remains are interred close to those of Pitt and Canning. It was not less honourable to the age than to his memory, to witness men of every rank, and every party, joining together to pay the last tribute of homage to a man whose title to public gratitude was exclusively founded upon his private worth and disinterested services to mankind.

"Oh! may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE FACTORY.

Voice of humanity! whose stirring cry,
Searches our bosom's depths for a reply,
Long hast thou echoed from the distant wave
The faint heard moaning of the shackled slave;
But England claims her turn,—afraid to roam,
Our hearts turn sadly to the woes of home.
Know ye the spot where sickly toil abides,
And penury its load of sorrow hides?
Go, watch within, and learn—oh! fond to blame—
How much of slavery is in the name?
There, starting from its pain'd and restless sleep,
The orphan rises up to work and weep—
Waite without hope the morning's tardy ray,
And still with languid labour ends the day.
There, the worn body dulls the glimmering sense
And childhood hath not childhood's innocence,
And on the virgin brow of young sixteen
Hard wrinkling lines and haggard wo are seen;
Sullen and fearless, prematurely old,
Dull, sallow, stupid, hardened, bad, and bold,
With sunken cheek and eyes with watching dim,
With saddened heart and nerveless feeble limb,
They meet your gaze of sorrowful surprise
With a pale stare, half misery, half vice.

The day is done—the weary sun hath set—
But there no slumber bids their hearts forget;
Still the quick wheel in whirling circles turns—
Still the pale wretch his hard won penny earns—
And choked with dust, and deafened with the noise,
Scars heads or feels what toil his hand employs?
Pent in the confines of one narrow room,
There the sick weaver plies the incessant loom;
Crosses in silence the perplexing thread,
And droop complainingly his cheerful head.
Little they think who wear the rustling train,
Or choose the shining satin—idly vain,
Fair lovers of the sunshine and the breeze,
Whose fluttering robes glide through the shadowy
trees—
What aching hearts, what dull and heavy eyes,

Have watch'd the mingling of those hundred dyes,
Nor by what nerveless, thin, and trembling hands,
Those robes were wrought to luxury's commands;
But the day cometh when the tired shall rest,
And placid slumber sooth the orphan's breast—
When childhood's laugh shall echo through the room
And sunshine tasted, cheer the long day's gloom;
When the free limbs shall bear them glad along,
And their young lips break forth in sudden song,
When the long toil which weigh'd their hearts is
o'er,

And English slavery shall vex no more!

C. E. N.

THE WATER-LILY.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

— — — The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

Oh! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen!
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of pure heart.

Bright Lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,
The Love of Woman; quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'Midst Life's dark sea.

And Faith—oh! is not Faith
Like thee, too, Lily? springing into light,
Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thoughts,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought:

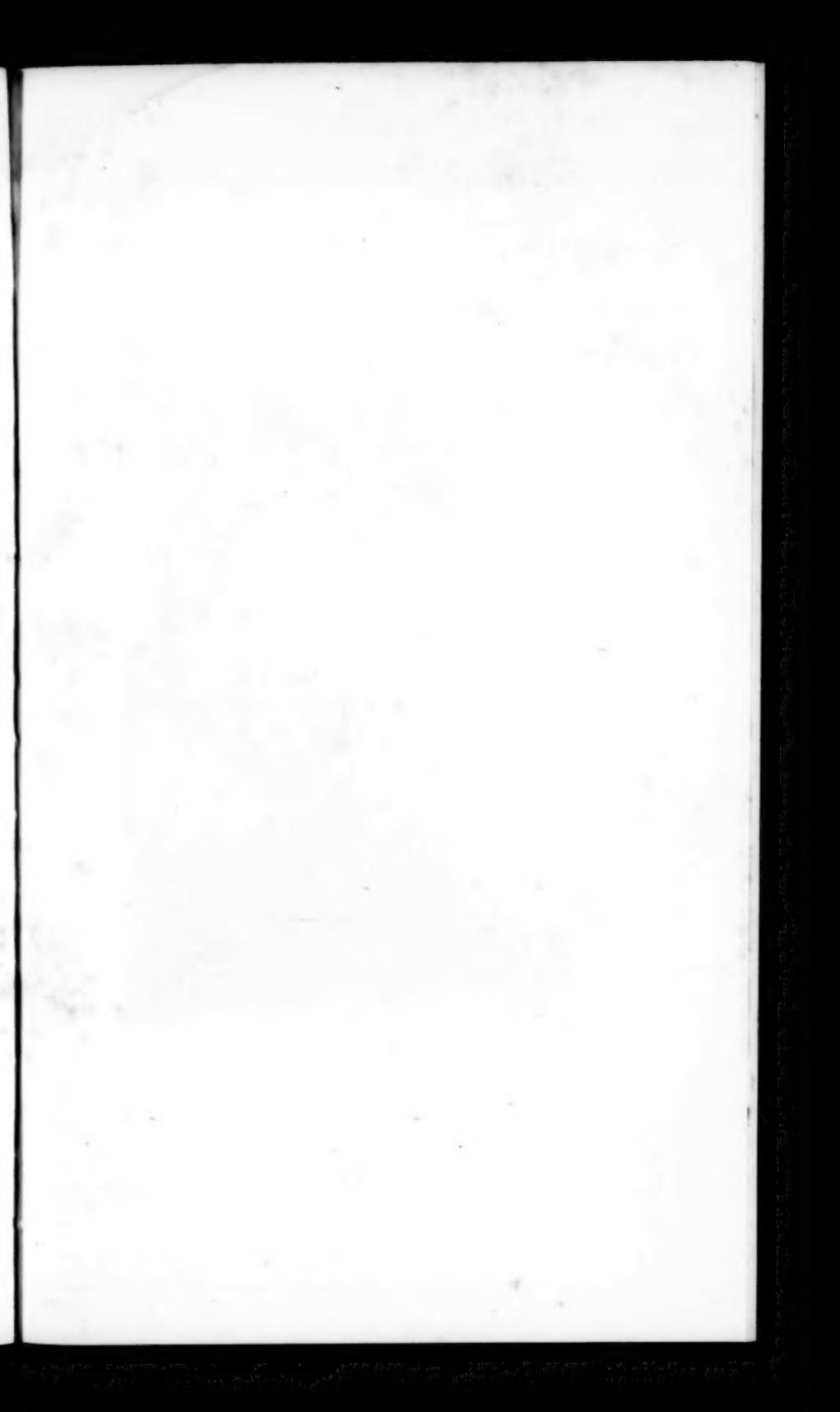
Something yet more divine
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,
As from a shrine.

SONNET.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

LIKE precious caskets in the deep sea casten,
On which the clustering shell-fish straitway fasten.
Till closed they seem in chinkless panoplie;
So do our hearts, into this world's moil thrown,
Become with self's vile crust quick overgrown,
Of which there scarce may any breaking be.

So be not mine though compassed all around
With worldlings' cares; still for the young de-
parted,
And more for the surviving broken-hearted,
For all who sink beneath affliction's wound,
Let me at least some grief or pity feel;
Still may religion's mild and tender flame,
Still may my country's and my kindred's name,
Have power to move! I would not all be steel.



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Engraved by W. Miller

THE BANDIT'S HOME.

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